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JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VI., No 265. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 4, 1882. POSTAGE PREPAID.

A Retrospective View of the Politics History of Upper Canada.

BY A U. E LOYALIST.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

According to their discipline, in case of death or removal of their Bishop, they were entitled to elect one of their Elders to fill the vacancy. Many of the lay members when they learned how they were sold returned to their primitive church Then commenced a persecution by the Wesleyans against the Episcopal non-conformists, they laid seige to their churches, and Courts were found to decide in favor of the Wesleyans; still they increased in numbers and this day are a very popular body, having some of the finest churches in the province.

But to return to the Reform Parliament; the personal of that parliament consisted of some very eminent men. Marshall Spring Bidwell stood the highest as a Barrister, far above any man of his profession in the province, occupied the Speaker's chair; Dr. Rolf, a man of great erudition; Peter Perry possessed great natural abilities, Robert Baldwin of notable memory, W. L. McKenzie, H. C. Price, and several others whose names I do not now recollect. The Opposition was composed of Archibald McLean, ex-Speaker; Attorney-General Boulton, Solicitor General Hagerman, Allen McKnab and others of less note.

Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor of Upper Canada, arrived in the Province in February, 1836, and opened his Parliament on the 14th of February. Previous to his arrival the House had passed a series of resolutions on the grievances complained of, and it was published it in pamphlet form and sent it to the Imperial Government. The subject of this report he (Sir Francis) declared on meeting Parliament, should be his guide in redressing all abuses that existed, and it was generally believed that he really intended so to do; but he was so strongly opposed by the compact that he dare not carry out his instructions from the Imperial Ministry. It appeared afterwards that he was instructed to call to his counsel men that held the confidence of the House, and to appoint M. S. Bidwell to the Judgeship of Queen's Bench. The above he carried out in part; he called to his counsel three Reformers: Robert Baldwin, D. Rolf and John Henry Dunn. This alarmed the compact. They so far overruled him that he dare not give Bidwell the Judgeship, also left his counsel ten days in office without consulting them, while he was conducting Government by what was called, at that time, "back stairs influence." The above counsel was the first coalition cabinet ever formed in the province. His counsel after waiting the aforesaid time waited on his Excellency and wished to know what duties they had to perform. He in answer told them that the belief that he was responsible to his counsel he found on his arrival in the province, was gaining ground, and he was determined on the first opportunity to drag it into daylight. The constitution, he declared, contained no such absurdity; he alone was the responsible Minister of the Crown, and he would not share that responsibility with his counsel. That they were sworn to secrecy he would take their advice or not as he thought proper. What, said he, a poor colony in British North America, whose whole population does not amount to the parish of Marylebone in London and whose revenue does not amount to the private fortune of an English Commoner, presumes to be governed in accordance with British practice! With this answer they returned to the House and a resolution was moved that this House views a sworn Executive Counsel to advise the Governor in his administration of the affairs of the Province one of the wisest and most beautiful features of our constitution. This passed the House with only two dissenting votes, Malloe and McKnab. Soon after the Counsel in a body tendered their resignation, which was accepted. Sir Francis then called to his counsel men all of the Tory party which then comprised the opposition in the House. A vote of want of confidence soon followed which produced no change in the administration. The compact governed when in the minority the same as when they commanded a majority. The Tory party's trump-card was loyalty and denounced all their political opponents as revolutionists. Thus they argued against the premeable of responsible government; the moment, said they, that is once established the tie is severed that binds us to the mother country. But I must here state how their loyalty was shown. During the latter part of the former administration, Lord Goderich, then colonial Secretary, wrote a despatch to Sir John Colbourn, wherein he criticized the conduct of the Crown officers and their adherents for their interference with the pre-discharge of the Elective Franchise On the receipt of the dispute a motion was made to send back the despatch, but it did not pass, the more conscientious tories voted against it. Bolton, Aily and Hagerman, Solicitor-Generals, voted for it. When this action of the House reached the ears of the Colonial Secretary he sent a despatch to Sir John Colbourn to dismiss both of the above Crown officers as their services would be no longer required. This caused great consternation with the Tory party; they began to fear that their absolute power was about to receive a check. They denounced the despatches of Lord Goderich as calculated to alienate the loyal people of the province. Hagerman, in a speech in the House of Assembly, declared that the people of this province were already casting about in their mind's eye for a new state of political existence. The above shows how far their loyalty went when their interest was concerned.

Returning again to Sir Francis and his new Ministry the formation of which threw him completely in the hands of the Tory party. The Reform party soon saw that their hopes in the good intentions of Sir Francis were utterly to be disappointed. To all the addresses of the Reform members he treated contumely. To an address from the citizens of Toronto he assured them that he would answer their addresses as readily as if it had come from the Assembly, but in more plain and homely language, that of adding insult with contempt. On receiving his answer they sent him a rejoinder, a document said at the time to be the ablest article that had appeared in print. It was supposed to be written by the pen of Doctor Rolf and Dr. Ogrady. This Dr. Ogrady was reputed to be the best scholar in the province. He was a priest of the Roman Catholic church, but for some disagreement with Bishop McDonald had been suspended from exercising his ecclesiastical functions. The catholic Bishop McDonald and Dr. Strand, Arch Deacon of York, formed the Lords Spiratual in the colonial peerage. All Bills passed by the Assembly were rejected by the Legislative Council. At this time the press organs of the Tory parts were the most impure, corrupt and survile that ever degraded any age in the province. They were patronized by the party they served to traduce, calumnate and villify the Reformers collectively and individually. The antagonism became so great between the political parties in the Assembly that Legislation completely came to a standstill; no measure however salutary could pass into law, so a recourse to stopping the supplies was resorted to. At this time the revenues of the province was not all under the control of the Assembly, the casual and territorial and some other sources of revenue was at the disposal of the Crown, so the stopping of the supplies did not altogether effect the payment of public servants—only in part.

(To be continued.)

—The Imported English Garden and Field Seeds have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Though good health is preferable to high honor, how regardless people often are of the former—how covetous of the latter! Many suffer their strength to drain away ere maturity is reached, through ignorance of the facility afforded by these incomparable Pills of checking the first untoward symptoms of derangement, and reinstating order without interfering in the least with their pleasure or pursuits. To the young especially it is important to maintain the highest digestive efficiency, without which the growth is stunted, the muscles become lax, the frame feeble, and the mind slothful The removal of indigestion by these Pills is so easy that none save the most thoughtless would permit it to sap the springs of life.

The undersigned begs to announce to his customers and the public generally, that he has one of the finest stock of Groceries and Liquors in Madoc, consisting of Teas, Sugars, Spices, Oat Meal, Dried Apples, Soda, Starch, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines, Corned Beef, Tamatoes, Corn Peaches, Pickles, Baking Powder, Corn Starch, Figs, and everything else kept in a first-class Grocery. The Finest brands of Liquors imported direct from the manufacturers. Gooderham and Wort's Proof Rye and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

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D. W. WRIGHT,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC

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—DEALER IN—
MARBLE & GRANITE,
Upper Bridge, Front st., Belleville, Ont.

MARSHALL MAYBEE,
AGENT AT MADOC.
Any orders left with him will receive our prompt attention. 235-6m.

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Grocer and Provision
MERCHANT.
Front St. Belleville, Ont.
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HEAVY MESS PORK.

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Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
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Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

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Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

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Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
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Meets every first Monday in each month.
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C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, May 8th,
At 8 o'clock.
J. R. ORR, Rec. Secretary.

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.
We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.
$80,000
just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!
A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factry, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 3 Apple Trees. Frame House 16x24 and kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time require by purchaser.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydney Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and time at a low rate of interest
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

FARMERS!
LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT,
241 Belleville.

LOTS FOR SALE!
In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate).
AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, Morgan Ellett, Esq., Belleville.
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to E. ROSSER, Montreal. 13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS!
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25th, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

O'Thello.

O'THELLO.—The follow'ng version of a lamentable tragedy at Cyprus is obviously of Mitetian origin, but the Drawer cannot identify the author:

O'Thello was a sodger bould,
Though black he was by nature;
To Disdemony he was wed—
An innocent young crayture.

Wid her he lived in payce an' quict,
For she was so syrage,
Till on a cursed night he met
A villin called Iago.

See he, "Yer wife's a perjured jade!
Och! she's a faithless lassie—oh!
She doesn't care two pins for you,
But she'd give her two eyes out for Casshio!

"Wid him she gallivants about
All in her houre o' laysure;
To him she gave her pocket-hankerchief,
All for to wipe his rayshure!"

Wid that he fell into a rage,
An' ris a wondhrous riot,
An' swore he'd murdther her that night,
Whin everything was quiet.

But not wid dagger, or wid dirk,
For that would raise a foul sthir,
But he'd take an' blow the candle out,
An' smother her wid a boulsther.

—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

A TRUE PICTURE OF CHINATOWN, IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

A Haze in Which the Sun Never Penetrates—Filth and Squalor—Working Sixteen out of Twenty-four Hours.

I propose, with the reader's permission, to take him on a trip into that famous slum Chinatown in San Francisco, which shall be directed by either the interested cicoronage of a Colonel Bee, nor the unprincipled sensationalism of a flash writer.

The windows of St. James palace look out upon one of the foulest purlieus of London. In the same way the deadliest slum on the American continent exists almost within a stone's throw of the pretentious palaces in which some of the lordliest millionaries of the continent are housed.

Chinatown concists of two main streets, Washington and Jackson by name, half a dozen smaller streets, and a net work of alleys, passages, and no thoroughfares, besides which the old Paris which Baron Haussman has rendered only a legend, was a region of palaces and stately avenues. In its entirely, Chinatown forms a solid section of San Francisco some half a dozen blocks long by two broad.

The main streets of Chinatown are innocuous enough to the view. They are lined by many large an substantial stories of masonry and iron, and though their ensemble it barbaric by reason of the people one meets the business carried on, and the evidence of foreign tastes and habits, contributed by store displays and queer signs, they are altogether bright enough and harmless enough to create rather a pleasing impression on the civilized eye.

They are but the walls of the sepulchre, however. Pass behind them, and the corruption they hide will speak for itself to every sense which is the attribute of decent men.

The ramifications of Chinatown's byways are indiscribable. Winding ways have been burrowed through the hearts of blocks as rats bore their way through solid walls. From serpentine alleys others branch out to end nowhere. So tangled and cut up is the district by these passages that it requires an expert to find his way about in broad daylight. At night navigation is a matter of skill many of the denizens themselves do not possess.

Overhead the houses are built out, story beyond story, as in a mediæval city, until the roofs almost meet. Upon the architecture of the American builder, the invader who has populated the district has grafted his own carpenter work until the commonplace forms of the old houses which he took possession of when the Caucassian abandoned them has entirely disappeared. The lanes and alleys of Chinatown are simply so many lanes and alleys in Pekin for any trace they reveal of their original condition in the hands of the white man.

Within, as without, all the original architectural characteristics of the house have vanished. Ordinary rooms have been petitioned off into sombre kennels, affording just enough space for movement between the bunks which line the walls. Cellars have been excavated under the old cellers, and houses built upon the roofs. Many of the buildings were, in the old days, handsome residences, with quite lofty parlors and dining-rooms. In these flying floors have been erected. This is, half way to the ceiling a plank floor, supported by wooden pillars, has been laid, so that two floors have been created out of one, and these are both divided by partitions, till the whole house resembles nothing so much as a great anthill. There are houses, originally of ten rooms, which now contain hall a dozen times as many. I knew one, whose builder divided it into three stories of four rooms each, which has now under the same roof seven stories, cut up into ninety rooms, on the parlor floor three stories have been made of one.

Life swarms in every hole and corner of these vast barracks. Wherever a human being can be squeezed one is found. Disease and such health as can exist in such a place lie cheek by jowl. The scales of the leper fall upon the sound man in the bunk below him. Families find room in dens which could be set down inside an ordinary New York hall bedroom. Only the very aristocrats of Chinatown enjoy the luxury of single apartments. The colonists of Chinatown resemble in their dense gregariousness, nothing so much as the vermin which prey upon them.

Of course, under such conditions cleanliness is an impossibility, even were it a desideratum with the teeming thousands which gorge Chinatown with unhealthy life. The alleys are deep with offal; the house walls exude a horrible moisture, a species of death damp which breeds a slimy, greenish-black fungus everywhere it touches. Through the narrow gap the house tops leaves between them the sun never reaches the sidewalks, which are slippery with damp. Indoors a crust of grime scales from walls and ceilings, and floors are literally carpeted with foot-beaten filth. This filth has penetrated every pore of Chinatown, and though in certain spots it may be gilded, it is still underneath and needs but a scratch to be revealed.

The industries of Chinatown are adjusted upon thr same sordid and economical basis as its methods of existence. Everything, from the house he lives in and the food he eats, to the work he does, is tested by Ah Sin to its uttermostcapacity. The shoemaker and tailors, who people many of the cellars, toil sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and sink upon their benches to slumber as soon as they drop their work. They devour their rice and their morsel of fish between the strokes of the hammer and stitches of the needle. The cigarmakers only rest with midnight, the carpenter lays his tools by long after white craftsmen are asleep. In short, the only division they make between working and resting time is that created by the fact that they can work no more.

The enslavement of man for purposes of labor is denounced by all civilized statutes as a crime. What can then be said of the enslavement of women for purposes whose very name is a shame upon mankind?

Yet this slavery exists and flourishes in Chinatown, openly, by broad day. The purchase and sale of women to garrison the brothels is as common a transaction almost as the transfer of merchandise. There are dealers in women in China and San Francisco, who prosecute their business as systematically and as fearlessly as if it were the most legitimate commercial enterprise in the world.

I have alluded to the absolute absence on the part of the average Chinaman in America of the domestic element. They marry, but solely for purposes of economy or lust; and marriage, as performed among them, imposes no obligation on the husband which he considers binding.

The reason for this is, chiefly, the most of them have left families abroad in the home to which they intentd to return, and marriage here ise a temporary convenience. This has given rise to the business of providing women a market in which they rate as so much merchandise with a regular scale of values fluctuating with circumstances.—*New York Truth.*

Patent Medicines Among the Monakoes.

Since daybreak we had, indeed, heard the sound of repeated whoops, often accompanied by the tooting of a cow-horn; and when we arrived at the market-place we soon discovered the cause of the noise. In opposite corners of the square two medicine venders had erected their platforms, and incessant yells had already attracted large crowds of the natives. One of the doctors had decorated his booth with all sorts of fanciful pictures, and, while he exalted the merits of his medicine, the mahudis blew their horns, while two assistants and fro distributing spoonfuls and handfuls of a blue powder and collecting copper coins. The doctor had the voice of a steer, and I noticed that his sudden whoops sometimes opened the purse-strings of spectators who had listened with indifference to his quieter remarks.

His rival had no pictures, but talked with astonishing volubility and attracted customers by a very ingenious device. Behind his platform he had made an enclosure with chains and ropes and filled it with a troop of sickly-looking fellows—cripples, lepers, and such like—as he could easily have collected in any back street of the town. Now and then, in the course of his fluent harangue, the doctor would stop and turn toward this cadaverous assembly. "Have you not all derived great benefits from the use of my oil?" he inquired,

"Yes, yes, yes!" the lepers shouted in chorus, whereupon the mahud blew his horn, and the collectors rushed into the crowd to exchange bottles for coin. At times the doctor varied his query: "Is there any disease which my oil will fail to cure?"

"No, no, no!" yelled the chorus, and a shower of coin followed as before. At longer intervals a couple of assistants would bring a large tub from an adjoining building, and, with the appearance of a strenuous effort, lift it up and exchange it for an apparently empty pot upon the stage.

"Another barrelful sold!" then cried the doctor. "By Allah (whose perfection be extolled!) there is no medicine like it! Oh, the wonderful virtues of my oil!" whereupon the mahud blew his horn vigorously till coppers showered in from all sides.

Walking toward the gate, we overtook several men when I remembered to have seen at the stand of the oil-man.

"What is that oil good for, O friend?" I asked a young fellow who carried a bottle of it in his hand.

He looked at me with surprise, "Did you not hear what the doctor said?" he replied: "it cures all diseases, so it cannot fail to be good for something.

"Tell me, O my master," I asked an old burgher, "do you know what that bottle contains?"

"That I cannot tell," said he; "but surely it must be a powerful medicine."

"And do you prefer it to the other doctor's powder?" I asked again.

"Judging from its taste, the potency of this oil cannot be exceeded," said he; "no powder in the world could be so bitter and disgusting."

"Why did you buy that bottle, O brother of my uncle?" I asked one other man, an old fellow with the long hair of a villager.

"I bought it because I saw all the townsfolk do the same," he replied; "it must surely be good for something. I should have bought a larger bottle," he added, "but the times are very hard. Our fields are suffering from a drought, and on the western border people are dying with hunger."—*From "The Travels and Adventures of Ibim Ben Sheytan," in Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Silk Culture.

At a meeting of the Women's Silk Culture Association in Philadelphia it was stated that sufficient had been accomplished to insure the success of the movement, silk having been raised in this country equal, if not superior, to best Italian. Twenty-two yards of brocaded satin, to be presented to Mrs. Garfield for a dress, were exhibited. It was announced the experiment of feeding silk worms on Osage orange was a success.

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

A Frisky Colt and a Broken Neck—A "Fast" Man—Strange Relationship of Husband and Wife, etc., etc.

An Illinois parrot lived to be a nuisance for seventy-two years.

A frisky colt shied so violently, at Harrison, Mich., as to break the neck of a young man who was holding the halter.

The Rev. A. Busch of Winona, Minn., has a special reason to "remember the Sabbath day." His five children were all born on Sunday.

An Omaha girl, intent on suicide, tied one end of a long rope to her waist and the other to the bridge from which she dropped into the river. Her idea was to prevent her body from being lost; but the rope served the more valuable purpose of saving her life, as a man hauled her up again.

A young man asked a Louisville policeman to kill him. The officer declined, though the man pleaded hard that he wanted to die. He was taken to the station where he soon fell into a stupor. He had swallowed laudanum, and the slow action of the drug disappointed him, but it killed at last.

While a man was sitting in the crotch of a tree to saw off a limb, at Saginaw, Mich., the crotch split as the limb fell, letting him down into the opening and then closing on him. It took an hour of chopping and prying to get him out of the trap, and several of his ribs were broken by the squeezing.

Bob Jackson was missed from Winnipeg, having last been seen going away from a barroom drunk. After a week he was found dead, with his feet and hands embedded in frozen earth and his body leaning against a fence. He had stepped into deep mud and, too incapacitated by rum to extricate himself, had stood there until a cold snap fastened him.

A married couple of Leavenworth, after living together thirteen years, are asking for a divorce on the ground that they are uncle and niece, a relationship which they have only just discovered. There is no Kansas law against such a marriage, however, and they are not likely to get a legal separation, though they have already parted.

The *Presse Medicae Belge* describes a pair of interesting children lately on exhibition in Vienna. Each has a well-formed head, perfect arms, and a chest of its own. They unite at the sixth rib, and have an abdomen in common. The spines unite symmetrically. Each possesses a leg, but as the right obeys the will of Baptiste, and the left is controlled by Jacob, walking is impossible, though the limbs are strong. Their personality is well marked; one often talks and sings while the other is sleeping.

A great calamity has fallen on the seafaring population of Brittany and France. At all the ancient fishing towns south of Brest the inhabitants have for years obtained their livelihood from the sardine fishery. Suddenly, without any warning, this industry is in danger of destruction. The men go out in their boats as usual, but they return without any fish being caught in their nets. The sardines have deserted the shores of Brittany for other scnes, and with their absence nothing but poverty is in store in the future for the harcest working section of the Breton population.

An Authentic Ghost Story.

In "Bristol Past and Present," lately published in England, the following ghost story is specially curious as being the only recorded example of a death-bed apparition witnessed and heard by two persons. When the English forces were in possession of Martinique in the seven years' war, Major Blomberg was detached from headquarters to a distant part of the island, and there died of a violent fever. The morning after his decease a Col. Stewart was surprised, while in bed at headquarters, by the appearance of Major Blomberg in regimental dress, who, in answer to an alarmed inquiry why he was not at his post, said: "I died yesterday at 7A. M.," and then he delivered an earnest request that his friend would, on his return to England, attend to the welfare of his young son, then in the island, by seeing him put in possession of an estate to which he was entitled, the deeds of which were secreted in the private drawer of an old calchest, in a house that he named in Yorkshire. He then disappeared, and Col. Stewart directly called to Capt. Mounsey, who slept in the same room, and asked if he had seen Major Blomberg. It proved that he had heard and seen the same as the Colonel. The other officers laughed at the story, but soon afterward came tidings of the death of Blomberg at the hour he had named.

A Sweet Wedding.

The wedding of Princess Maria of Schoa to the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, which took place a few weeks ago in Ankober, was a gay affair. The nuptial festivities lasted a fortnight, during which period a long programme of banquets and balls, races, and hunting practices was carried out to the letter. Throughout the marriage ceremony Princess Maria wore upon her head the most precious heirloom of her family—a massive golden diadem, enriched with twelve huge rubies, which was once the property of King Solomon the Wise. The Schoa dynasty is the oldest royal house in existence and King Menelik claims unbroken descent from the Queen of Sheba, whose visit in state to the Court of Jerusalem is recorded in the Scriptures. Princess Maria's illustrious ancestress, whose charms are supposed to have inspired the Song of Songs, received the diadem in question as a gift from her enamored host during her sojourn in the Jewish capital, and it has ever since her death been worn by her female descendants at their weddings, from generation to generation, down to the present time. As soon as the Archbishop of Gordar, on the occasion above alluded to, had pronounced the nuptial benediction upon the royal pair, this relic was removed from the bride's brow by her father, and restored to its resting place among the regalia of Schoa.

The French government has placed Queen Victoria's chalet at Mentone in direct telegraphic communication with London, and ordered that her messages shall have priority over all others.

Satisfactory Results in Montreal.

Whilst Montreal is a model city in many respects, it is not exactly a quarter section of Paradise, as Capt. Geo. Murphy, Chief of Government Police can testify. A reporter of a Montreal journal waited upon this gentleman a short time ago, and put to him the following query:

"Chief, do you find the duties irksome and dangerous in your strange calling?"

"Irksome," replied Mr. Murphy, "I seldom find them: but that they are attended with danger is very true. There is danger to be faced, of course, from wind, weather and criminals, and the least of these dangers, is not those of exposure and bad weather. The heavy, moist atmosphere that gathers over the water is very conducive to rheumatism, and many of my men suffer from that complaint more or less. I believe that our danger from exposure from this time foward is past, as St. Jacobs Oil, if applied in time in cases of rheumatism, has a wonderful way of knocking that malady out of people. It certainly relieved me of a severe pain in my shoulders."

THE word "laughter" is always printed in the speech of an M.P., so the reader may know when to laugh.

IMITATORS VS. SUBSTITUTORS.—Good points are worth remembering, for the reason that they assist us in avoiding many discomforts, and protect us against the cupidity of overreaching people. When you learn from friends that PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR is safe, prompt and effectual, don't allow druggists to palm off a worthless and perhaps poisonous substitute. His object is quite patent. He wishes to make a few cents difference between a good article and a cheap imitation or substitute. Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold everywhere.

Had Suffered many Physicians.

and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 60, he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery. (29)

Timely Warning.

Now is the season for sudden colds and distressing coughs, treat them with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, it cures influenza, asthma, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption. 26

Lame Back.

Lumbago, Kidney complaint, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all pain and inflammation are speedily cured with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Croup, sore throat, colds, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, chilblains and all wounds of the flesh are quickly healed by Yellow Oil. 28

"Don't Give up the Ship"

were the memorable words of Commodore Perry. We repeat, "Don't Give up the Ship," poor, despairing invalid, but try Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures others, why not you? It renovates, regulates and tones all the organs of secretion, and restores lost Vitality. 27

A. P. 70.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"During my trip down the River Tagus, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of this journal in a recent conversation by the sea shore, "I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, so long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed I am all right. Of late I

carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil, in my little boat—[The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it." The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of St. Jacobs Oil, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

MOULDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, MIRROR PLATES, CHROMOS, &c. Price List to the trade on application. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

FURNITURE. OSHAWA CABINET CO., 97 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

SHEEP Marks manufactured by M. H. Young & Co., 13 Wellington-st East, Toronto, agents wanted.

How to Cure a Cold.

Upon the first feeling of chill or shivering remain indoors if possible, bathe the feet in tepid water, gradually increasing the heat as long as it can be comfortably borne, drink freely of warm ginger tea or sage tea, to induce perspiration, and take Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam according to directions on the bottle. Hagyard's Balsam cures coughs, asthma, and bronchitis. (30)

CHEAP FARMS—640 ACRES, NEAR JAMES TOWN, Dakota; 200 acres near Brandon, in the celebrated Oak River country, Manitoba; 100 acres in tp. Elma, 3 miles from Listowel, Ontario. All the above properties are first-class, and will be sold at a bargain; easy terms. Apply, J. A. HACKING, Listowel.

BRICK MAKERS.

Send for Descriptive Circular, Price List, and Testimonials of

BRICK MACHINES, BRICK PRESSES,

AND TILE MACHINES.

We also make Veneer Machines for Cheese box stuff, or perforated Furniture.

J. CLOSE & SON, Woodstock, Ont.

INDIA RUBBER GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The largest and only complete stock in the Dominion

Also a full line of extra heavy American Oak Tanned Leather Belting, and Pages Patent Lace Leather.

Fire Hose, and Fire Department Supplies

T. McILROY, Jr.

Warehouse 10 and 12 King-st East, Toronto.

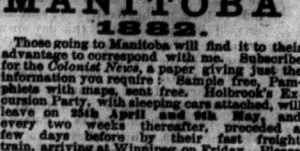
☞ Write for Price List.

MANITOBA

1882.

Those going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to correspond with me. Subscribe for the *Colonist News*, a paper giving just the information you require; Sample free, Pamphlets with maps, sent free. Holbrook's Excursion Party, with sleeping cars attached, will leave on 25th April and 9th May, and every two weeks thereafter, preceded a few days before by their fast freight train, arriving at Winnipeg on Friday. Please address with stamp for reply,

D. A. HOLBROOK, North-west, Emigration and Real Estate Agent, 64 King-st east, Toronto.



NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELT

INSTITUTION (ESTABLISHED 1874)

4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these BELTS, BANDS AND INSOLES.

Circulars and Consultation FREE.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE

Is a sure, prompt and effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats Weakness and General Loss of Power, Impairs Nervous Waste, Refreshes the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.

The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and in no case and under no circumstances can it do harm. Each box contains sufficient for two week's medication, thus being much cheaper than any other medicine sold—and while it is the cheapest, *it is much better.*

☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

JUST RECEIVED

JAMES LAUT,

Has just received a consignment of Samples of

EXTRA CHOICE Y. HYSON

AND JAPAN TEAS,

direct from places of growth. Qualities the same as used by the natives of China and Japan. This TEA has never before been Imported into Canada; and in order to give our friends and customers, living at a distance, a chance to procure a Caddy of this Delighted Beverage, we will send to any address in Canada, express paid, a lb Caddy of this TEA $2.55, just one-half the cost of importation.

JAMES LAUT,

281 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Rheumatic Remedy.

There is no better cure for Rheumatism than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used according to directions on the bottle. It also cures Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Bruises, lameness, and all wounds of the flesh. All dealers sell it, Price 25 cents. 25

The Dressmakers' Lament.

BY HELEN M. TODD.

'Tis cut and baste, and trim and stitch,
From early morn till late at night,
With aching back and cramping hand,
With dizzy brain and blurring sight.

'Tis shir in front, and drape at back,
Revers at left, and fold on fold
Across the right is laid, then piped
With satin, or with silk, old gold.

All forms a head could e'er conceive,
And all a busy brain invent
Of circles, rhombs, squares, angles, cones,
Conglomeration's full extent.

This suit is plaited, box and knife,
The latter headed with a ruff;
Tis gathered, tasseled, panelled piped,
And over all a narrow puff.

'Tis slashed up here, and slashed off there.
'Tis turned and corded, then it's faced'
In front a vest is buttoned close,
Beneath with strings 'tis tightly laced.

'Tis frizzed and netted, braided, gimped,
With scores of buttons loosely sewed,
And ... and loops, and knots and twist,
And *last* 'tis bowed and bowed and bowed.

Oh, weep not for the galley slave,
His bonds bind only hands and feet;
But she who makes your dress is bound,
By bonds, not partial, but complete.

His lungs are free from trimming dust,
His ears acute, his vision clear;
Her plaintive mean is ever this—
"This suit will not be done, I fear."

"Oh, for the wings of doves," I cried,
"To bear me to some distant isle,
Where fashion plates are never seen,
Nor heard these words—'the latest style.'"

Vain wish, tired soul, work on, toil on,
And should your wheat prove only tares,
Be strong and brave, stand at your post,
—And if you fell—why, then—who cares!

Thus did I murmur o'er my lot;
My eyes accustomed were to keep
Long vigils, when sweet Morpheus came
And rocked me till I fell asleep.

I dreamt that through my shoulders flashed
A sense akin to tiny stings,
And looking round at them I saw,
Oh, joy! a pair of monstrous wings.

Yes, wings, no shams, real feathered wings,
Wings like the wings of any bird—
(Have ever eyes such wings beheld,
Or of them have ears ever heard?)

Adieu, adieu, ye plaits and puffs,
I said, and gave a sudden spring,
And, as I floated upward, cried,
"Good-bye, my friends, I'm on the wing.

"Divide my wealth just as you please—
Since I may never here be seen,—
My thimble, cutting-board, and shears,
My scissors, tape, and dear machine,

"I seek a land of peace and joy,
A home with plenty ever blest,
Where aching limbs at last feel ease,
And weary brains find perfect rest."

—*Demorest's Monthly.*

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"In our church de odder Sunday," said the old man, as the hall grew quiet, "our pastor warned young men agin de awful effecks of drink. Dat wask'rect, an' yet two of de elders of dat same church own buildings which dey rent to saloon-keepers.

"De pastor shed tears bekase de heathen of India war' gwine down de wrong path, an' I had only to look frew de winder to see de boys playin' base ball in a vacant lot, an' a dozen men standin' aroun' a saloon door.

"De pastor spoke of de prevalence of evil in high places, an' yet I stood beside him when he woted last year, an' he put in a straight ticket. On dat ticket war' candidates who deserved State Prison wus' dan office, but he swallered de hul bizness at a gulp.

"De pastor said dat de love of dress was bringin' dis kentry to ruin, an' yet his wife sot dar wid a bonnet on which cost eighteen dollars.

"De pastor said it war' a sin to strive for riches, an' den he turned about an' wolloped de congregashun fur not havin' more money to drap into de contribushun box.

"De pastor said dat a Christian must let his own conscience be his guide, an' den he turned about an' warned 'em to keep away from theatres an' circusses an' sich.

"De pastor spoke of de sin of greed, an' yit if we hadn't raised his salary of $200 last Jinuary he was gwine to leave us fur anoder field.

"My frens, do not misunderstan' my posishun. I believe in all dat a true Christian believes in, but I have to wonder at de inconsistencies of our religun. When a pastor preaches one fing an' practices anoder, what's an elder gwine ter do? When an elder prays dat de world may be made better, an' den turns aroun' an' cheats de eye-teef out of a man on a hoss trade, what's a trustee gwine to fink? When a trustee gits up in pray'r meetin' an' says dat greed an' avarice mus' be driben from de heart, an' den walks home an' raises de rent on all his ole tenement shanties, what's a poo' an' humble ebary day Christian gwine to hang to? An', lastly, when three outer five of our poo' an' humble ebery day Christians stan' up ebery week an' confess dat dey have sinned, what show has a sinner really got?

"I tell you dat gwine ter church am only outward show. Jinin' de church doan' take two feet off de distance to Heaben. Prayin' an' singin' an' talkin' may mean much, or noffin' at all. Call no man a sinner bekase he doan' rent a church pew. Gin no man credit fur religun bekase he prays in a loud voice."

ELECTION.

Seventeen members scuffed across the hall and got a drink at the water-pail, and Sir Isaac Walpole then went the rounds with his bean-box and turned up the following new members: Elder Gonedown Smith, Col. Bluffer Jones, Peter White, Prof. Josby, Sartin Johnson, Sunrise Symonds and Wynceep Green. The following list was sent in from Battle Creek, Mich.: George Collins, John Gaines, Wm. Scott, John Adams, J. J. Evans, Henry Olds, Henry F. Snodgrass, Charles J. Artson, Enoch Jones and Perry Sanford.

OF COURSE IT WASN'T.

The reading of the following communication was followed by the silence of the grave:

CANTON, ILL., April 10. 1882.

Brother Gardner, President of the Lime-Kiln Club:

DEAR SIR—A man claiming to be Rev. Penstock was here ten days ago soliciting funds for the purpose of a pipe organ for the Lime Kiln Club. Each subscriber was presented with a chromo, representing Brother Gardner as he appeared on his return from Toledo after delivering a Fourth of July oration. The man had collected about $43 when some one discovered a wart on Brother Gardner's nose. The Rev. Penstock admitted that it was a mistake, and said he would return in a week and exchange the chromos. Up to this writing he has not returned, and we now pronounce the man and chromo both a fraud. The man wore light pants, ulster overcoat, paper shirt front and a silk hat.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM E. BREAKOVER.

The silence lasted only a few seconds, however. Then the Rev. Penstock sprang from his seat, took the centre of the floor, and in clarion tones he asserted, denied, protested, exclaimed and denounced, and wound up by offering a reward of $25 in halves and quarters for the arrest of the unhung villain who had dared to plot and carry out such a scheme. When he sat down, limp and exhausted, Brother Gardner quietly remarked:

"I didn't hardly fink it was you any of de time. If it had been you dey would hab menshuned your eye-glasses an' Roman forehead."

FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

The Secretary then called for profound silence while he read "A Piece" composed by "Rip & Tear," of Birmingham, England. The said "Piece" consisted of nineteen verses of poetry of a cereal and vegetable aspect, and will be planted in rich black soil about the 1st of May, and carefully watched and tended for results.

THE SICK.

The Chairman of the Committee on the Sick reported that Prof. Woodhouse Carter was sick and had applied for relief. The committee paid him the usual visit of inspection, and found him with his head bound up, his feet in hot water and his whole thoughts running to chicken broth. His affidavit to the committee set forth that he had felt his illness coming on for over four years, and to the best of his knowledge and belief it arose from his having jumped out of a third-story window to escape a loose buzz-saw.

ONE MORE GOBBLED.

The Secretary announced a communication from the Secretary of the "Ancient Order of Poultry-Raisers," of Marshall, Mich., stating that the said organization had lost its grip on the public and now desired to be absorbed by the Lime-Kiln Club.

Giveadam Jones arose to announce that he was well acquainted with several of the members of the Ancient Order, and he felt that the Lime Kiln Club would be the gainer by counting them on its list of membership.

"I doan' exactly understan' why dey call demselves 'Poultry-Raisers,'" said the President, as an anxious expression settled down on his face.

"I expec' dey raise poultry," replied Pickles Smith.

"But how?"

There was a painful silence throughout the length and breadth of the Hall for a long minute, and then the President concluded to chance it and ordered the Secretary to call the list of names. The following Poultry-Raisers were unanimously voted in: Charles Weakly, John R. Taylor, Charles Harrison, Dick Taylor, William Coleman, Al. Bodner, Ben Croswait, Geo. W. Hill, Esq., and Alonzo Grant. They are entitled to reduced railroad rates whenever they desire to come to Detroit to attend a regular weekly meeting.

SAMUEL SHIN RESOLVES.

Samuel Shin then took a huge drink of water and offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, Dat in dis struggle for liberty dis club sympathize wid de Normans."

Even Elder Toots awoke during the painful silence which ensued.

"Brudder Shin," observed the President as he brought Samuel within range of his left eye, "do you know who do Mormons am?"

"Ize hearn tell of 'em."

"Did you eber h'ar dat dey was strugglin' fur liberty?"

"Dats what Uncle Bunker on de market tole me."

"Did he tell you to offor dat resolushun?"

"He did."

"Den you let him make a fool of you. Samuel sot down! You am a purty good man at an easy job of stove-blackin' but when it comes to fundamental principles you doan' know a bran-mash from a strawberry short cake. Sot down an' stay down fur de next six months, an' as fur Uncle Bunker I shall drap down on him in de mawnin' an' purceed to enlighten him in a manner dat will be bad fur his bald spots."

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The Committee on Foreign Relations reported that everything was lovely between Uncle Sam and his relatives across the water, and that the coming summer bid fair to be one of profound peace on earth.

THE JUDICIARY.

The Committee on the Judiciary recommended the passage of a national law to make murder an offense punishable by at least a fine, if not by fine and from thirty to sixty days' imprisonment, but the President filed the report with the remark that the committee had thrown away its time.

THE JANITOR

Reported that he had spent five nights watching the hall in hopes to catch the parties who painted the word "Death!" on the back door, but he had thus far failed in his efforts. It was voted that he put in five more nights and that his zealous labors be rewarded by a vote of thanks.

The Director-General of the Museum reported the loss of one of the four hats worn by Oliver Cromwell on his last fishing excursion, and he was directed to supply the vacancy with one of the seven night-caps worn by Martha Washington.

There being no further business to cause the country anxiety for a week to come, the meeting adjourned.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company will transport seed wheat westward free of charge, provided it is unmixed dark Scotch Fife. All other varieties and mixed wheat will be charged full tariff rates.

GORGEOUS WINDOWS.

The Pictorial Windows Which Are to Adorn a Vanderbilt Mansion.

William K. Vanderbilt has summoned by cable M. Oudinot, the famous painter on glass, to New York to mount and put up the seventeen windows which he designed and colored for that millionaire's grand dining-room. The ladies of the Vanderbilt family chose the subjects which M. Oudinot has painted. One sees from their choice says *London Truth*, that Zola has not yet elbowed G. P. R. James out of his place in the American book market. Sixteen of the windows are of uniform size; the largest which will fill an entire end of the banqueting room, is twenty-one feet high, and gives a pictorial representation of Francis I, and Henry VIII. on the field of the cloth of gold. It is divided by five horizontal and four vertical sashes. Nevertheless, the figures do not appear "cut up." Henry is on a powerful white horse, and is seen full face, Francis is given in profile. The subject is a festive one, and as Mrs. Vanderbilt said, "calculated to inspire ideas of lofty courtesy, royal dignity, magnificent hospitality, and chivalrous sociability."

M. Oudinot, who thus revives in New York a pageant in which two merry monarchs of the renaissance were actors, was the favorite pupil of Delacroix, and caught some of the magical glamor of his style. There are in all 133 figures in the big window. They are massed so as not to perplex the eye, and are attired as only French costumers know how to dress actors who have to play in grand spectacular dramas. Each king has a following of knights, squire pursuivants, lance, spear, and battle-axe men-at-arms, falconers, bowmen, whippers-in, jesters, and amusing dwarfs. There are dogs for the field sports of their majesties, and splendid creatures they are.

When the Tudors came to the front in English history the last of the barons was in the tomb. Henry VII. decimated what remained of the feudal nobility, so that Mrs. Vanderbilt will not have the gratification of seeing on the British side of the painted window peers of ancient lineage. But they look so lordly that nobody would suspect they were upstairs.

The ladies who grace the pageant of the field of the cloth of gold are Queen Claude and her attendant, Anne Boleyn. Claude is sandy-haired, and has a complexion to match. She was a prosaic woman, and had not a soul above jam, which she was skilled in making. The *apanages* she inherited make the French crown the richest one in Europe, and Francis drew her rents and spent them merrily and often magnificently. Claude gave her name to a green-gage plum. I have seen, at Blois, an old preserving pan, with her crown and cipher on it. Marguerite's capacity to tell those queer stories, "Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre," is not shown enough in her face. She is handsome, and is sure to be admired in New York. To Anne Boleyn, according to the wish of Mrs. Vanderbilt "the fullest justice" is done. Mrs. Vanderbilt rejects Froude's "tar-washed account" of that ill-starred queen, and esteems her perfectly lovely, and of course, of angelic innocence. I rather sympathize with Anne, but the theory that she was a snowflake is not to be seriously upheld. She was formed by the authoress of the queer "Contes, and took kindly to the French civilization of her time. Nevertheless she was too good for Henry.

To get hold of her true physiognomy, M. Oudinot ransacked public libraries and private collections of pictures. He ended by following a description of her by Michelet, and a portrait in the Aumale gallery, taken in the halcyon days of her reign. It is not certain that she was beautiful, though well established that she was charming. M. Oudinot gives her the benefit of the doubt, and paints her with a small, close coif, a fair, English complexion, and a happy-looking face, ready to break out into smiles. According to Michelet she was at the field of the cloth of gold, and was noticed by Henry VIII. Mrs. Vanderbilt, whose tastes are elevated and aristocratic, desired to have the other sixteen windows decorated with the armorial bearings of eight French and eight English lords who were in the trains of Francis and Henry.

SMILES.

AT a whale exhibition, a youngster asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner. "You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother before the mother could answer.

"WHY do you suppose Rev. John Reed is always driving over to Smithville" asked one gentleman of another. "His wife says he goes over to admire the beauty of the place," was the reply. "Yes, but does his wife know the beauty of the place is a young widow?"

SURPRISED at a smile: "I'm no sectarian," said Job Shuttle, as he grew warm in religious argument. "I believe every man ought to be a strict Presbyterian," and then he looked around in wonder as an audible smile wafted into the evening air.

The Oil City Derrick thus sadly moralizes: "A great many men would rather be a receiver of a defunct insurance company than a door-tender in the house of the Lord."

CONGRESS has a bill to punish persons who use profane language in any postoffice. If the postmaster is any sort of a man he will step out on the street to be talked to.

"WHO inaugurated the fall campaign?" inquired a teacher in one of our public schools. "Adam," quickly responded the sharp youngster.

"CHARITY vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and yet some men expect a puff every time they give a dollar to an indigent old woman's society.

A High-Priced Show.

Seven and a half million dollars is the estimate of the cost of the Czar's coronation, which, after various postponements, is now set down for August. Since he is already as much and as little emperor as he will be with a coronation, the seven and a half millions go for show. And perhaps the ceremony may cost more than that.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Facts from all Parts of the Globe Entertainly Arranged—A few Minutes Select Reading.

THE free zone of Mexico, in which no customs duties are collected, is to be extended up to the western boundary of Coahuila.

THE new great bell of St. Paul's is too heavy to go by rail to London, and a carriage is being constructed to carry it by road.

AT a donkey show lately held in Winter Palace, Bournemouth, England, the animal which played a part in the Ober-Ammergau play was the centre of attraction.

THE French Cremation Society now consists of 406 members. The receipts for the first year were 7,000 francs. The average cost of cremation has been but three francs.

AN association has been formed at Dusseldorf, in Rhemish Prussia, which has for its objects the diminution of the number of school hours and the introduction of English outdoor games.

THE *Journal of Mental Science*, London, says that "criminal responsibility is the psychological possibility of the efficaciousness of the penal code." It is a good definition if one has time to spare over it.

A Michigan revivalist goes out this season with what he advertises as "the most complete camp-meeting outfit ever invented, consisting of a handsome pavilion, splendidly painted, and portable stand, reed organ, and gilded cross in the pulpit."

JAMES H. LICK bequeathed nearly all his estate of $2,000,000 to various California benefits. That was six years ago. Not a dollar of the money has been paid, and the trustees are now openly accused of needless delay in order to continue their salaries.

HORTENSE KITTRELL was appointed a clerk in the Nevada legislature. Henry H. Welch the chief clerk, at first objected to the presence of a woman in the office. But his prejudice has been overcome during the present session. Miss. Kittrell is now Mrs. Welch.

FIRING the canes is a revenge adopted by vindictive negroes in the Antilles, and it is very difficult to detect the guilty. This happened in Santa Cruz in 1877. A map marked with red spots showed the destroyed estates. Scarce one escaped, and the island has not yet recovered from the calamity.

They make short work of strikes in Spain, When the Madrid compositors struck lately, the President and Secretary of the trade union were thrown into jail, and all soldiers, sailors, and civil servants who sould set type put at the service of the newspapers.

THE result of the Great National steeplechase, at Liverpool, which was won by Lord Manners, riding himself his own horse, has created a stir in aristocratic London. The steeplechase was over a course of four and a half miles, and Lord Manners, after a severe competition brought his horse, Seaman, in first by a short head, winning an amount equal to a whole year's income of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The enormoue odds of $95,000 to $2,500 had been taken.

THE sites of Western cities are in some cases determined by men who have special faculties for locating a population, though plans of that kind have frequently miscarried. It has been decided by capitalists connected with the Northern Pacific Railway that a city called Billings shall grow up in Dakota. They took a track of prairie land, appropriated about $100,000 for public buildings, and secured car-shops, stock yards, and other interests enough to ensure 10,000 inhabitants within two years.

LOUISE MONTAGUE, the prize beauty of Forepaugh's circus processions last season, had a leg bruised in a Kentucky railroad collision. The hurts were not permanent, and did not disable her for exhibition purposes, yet she brought a suit for $20,000, and has obtained $1,000 by a compromise with the company.

CASES of arrests of Germans in the neighborhood of French fortifications have been of late of frequent occurrence. Not long ago several such arrests were made near the works of the Franche Comte, and it is now announced that a Prussian has been detected at Auxonne, in the Dofe d'Or, in the act of taking field notes for the construction of a plan of the defences now in course of completion around that town.

A YOUNG woman of Idaho answered an advertisement of a firm of marriage brokers, who soon afterward sent her a bill of $26.50 for advertising, threatening, if she did not pay it, to publish the letter. She preferred to pay the bill. Young women should never deal with such agencies. They had much better remain single until their love is demanded by the spontaneous outburst of a manly heart.

THE new material known as leatherette has been brought into use in numerous mechanical and ornamental applications. It is so perfect an imitation of leather that people are utterly unaware that they are handling something other than leather itself, and its servicable nature renders the detection still more difficult. For all uses to which it has been applied, the article is said to have proved nearly, if not quite, equal in serviceableness to natural leather.

MR. Knowles relates, in the *Nineteenth Century*, in connection with the protest against the channel tunnel, that the French engineer to whom Marshal MacMahon had given the order to blow up the Vosges tunnel thought that it was "not necessary immediately to destroy such finaly constructed work" and did not execute the order at once. The consequence was that the Germans seized the tunnel and got possession of the line, and the capitulation of Sedan followed.

HAD Lamson been in such a hurry to secure a few pounds to put an end to the absolute want from which he suffered, he might have escaped discovery. "Everything comes to him who waits; don't hurry to speak," said the Italian Count Buondelamente, as he stood weeping and sobbing by the bedside of his dying wife, who had been fading away for more than a year. "But I must hasten to tell my ...," gasped the wife. "I cannot die without confessing that I have been unfaithful to my marriage vow, and that I have loved Count Malvazzi." "I know it well enough," returned the Count blandly, "and that is why I began to poison you from the moment he first entered the house."

MANITOBA MATTERS.

As well as a few Items from Further West—Notes of Interest to Intending Settlers.

Portage la Prairie is to have a $100,000 woollen mill.

An independent Winnipeg bank is one of the probabilities of the near future.

Three alligators and a turtle have recently been added to Mr. Bedson's menagerie at Stony Mountain.

Charles Nolin, J. P., of Qu'Appelle, was recently fined $50 for having liquor in his possession.

Twenty surveying parties, will be on the plains by the first of May. By 1883 70,000 square miles will have been surveyed.

The Birtle land sale resulted in the disposal of 153,996 acres, realizing $543,521. At Saskatchewan 24,000 acres were sold, realizing $233,000.

The C. P. R. Company has advices that some 2,500 cars of freight will arrive in Winnipeg within the first ten days after the complete opening of the line from the south.

A man is being treated at Rapid City for frost bite, who, as soon as he gets better, is to be arraigned for manslaughter for the death of his wife, through his neglect. The name of the individual is not given, but he is said to be a druggist from Montreal.

The approximate guess earnings of the Northern Pacific for February were $269,000, an increase of $190,196 over the same month last year. The company now operates 250 more miles of track than in February, 1881.

The Nelsonville *Mountaineer* says that a petition is being circulated, asking the postal authorities to make a change in the mail arrangements here, in the direction of having a daily mail from Winnipeg by way of the South-Western Railway, instead of a semi-weekly mail from Emerson, as now.

The Cartwright *Courier* is one of the latest born members of the Manitoba press family. It proposes to supply a want long felt by "advocating the interests of the Badger River, Rock Lake and Turtle Mountain districts." The *Manitoba Chronicle and North-West Real Estate Indicator* issued its first number at Winnipeg on April 8th.

In most towns of the same size as Winnipeg the visit to the post office is one of the most pleasant episodes of the day, but here it is a thing of horror. To wait perhaps, for an hour, packed in a crowd of all sorts, in a little vestibule that reeks with all manner of foul odors, to have your clothes torn and your corns tramped upon, is anything but pleasant.

During the past three months there was shipped from Emerson 153,811½ bushels of wheat, valued at $164,456.50. Of this amount, 54,336 bushels were shipped to C. A. Pillsbury, a Minneapolis miller, to be ground into flour in bond, and 98,764 bushels shipped to Eastern Canada in bond *via* Duluth. The shipments were divided among our various wheat buyers as follows: —Traill & Maulson, 35,210 bushels to Minneapolis, and 34,868 bushels to Jas. Norris, of St. Catherines, *via* Duluth in bond; McFarlane & Kean, buyers for Capt. McMillan, 19,126 bushels to Minneapolis, at $1.11 per bushel; Ogilvie Milling Co., 57,607½ bushels in bond to Montreal *via* Duluth.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Through Navigation is open on the Fraser River.

Lots are selling rapidly at Port Moody at advancing prices.

A $5,000 breach of promise suit is Nanaimo's latest contribution to the list of sensations.

Sheep raisers around Nanaimo are heavy losers by the raids of panthers among their flocks.

Prospecting has commenced on a new section at Comox, where coal is presumed to exist.

A discovery of coal oil is said to have been made in Saanich district, but its extent and value are yet undetermined.

An Indian boy about twelve years of age, in a spirit of bravado, at the Wellington coal mines, commenced jumping from one to another of the moving coal cars. The daring amusement was kept up for some time, but in his last attempt he missed his footing and fell between the cars, four of which (loaded) passed over his body, completely cutting it in two.

The "Manly" Art in Europe.

What is called an *assault de boxe* came off in Paris the other day under very high patronage. Generals, counts, distinguished painters, and Jockey Club members were present. The noble art of self-defence, just now reprobated by English Judges as brutal, degrading, disgusting, and criminal, is looking up in France, and is not considered more revolting than it used to be years ago when patronized by Lords and Commons. After a few specimens of the peculiar French sport of kicking in the face, the great attraction of the *seance* was a set-too between two English pugilists—Jackson and Brown. They wore the same sort of illusory gloves which English Judges condemn as a shallow evasion. Jackson half knocked out one of Brown's eyes, whereupon the latter cried "All right."

Sun Spots.

A remarkable swarm of sun spots of all sizes, which gave the impression of being entangled in the huge well-like penumbra surrounding them, is now advancing upon the sun's disk from the eastern edge. The motion of revolution will in a few days carry them nearer the centre of the disk, where it is not improbable that they will be visible as a black dot without the aid of a telescope. This group is not less than 60,000 miles in diameter. It is a wonderful-looking object in the telescope, and every increase of magnifying power brings to view spots not seen before, and complicated details of structure. Besides the large group there is a belt of smaller spots extending completely across the central portion of the sun.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 4, 1882.

THE CENSUS.

Two weeks ago we gave a short general sketch from the First Volume of the Census of 1881, which we had just received from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. This week we are constrained to return to the subject with a more extended notice of the facts relating to our own Riding, which we are sure will be of deep interest to the large majority of our readers. The volume before us contains in addition to the general population returns, the religions, origins, and birth-places of the people; the number of superficies, dwellings, families, sexes, and conjugal condition, and also the population of electoral districts and cities and towns compared, during the last census decade. In the different municipalities in North Hastings the following are the exact figures under the above headings:

In Huntingdon, there were 489 inhabited houses, 20 uninhabited, 492 families, 2,555 population, 839 married, 97 widowed, and 1,619 unmarried. Religion—16 Baptists, 34 Free Will, 186 Catholics, 347 Church of England, 898 Methodist Church of Canada, 391 Episcopal Methodists, 252 Bible Christians, 362 Presbyterians, 36 Quakers, and 9 no religion. There are 553 English, 39 French, 462 Germans, 4 Indians, 1,220 Irish, 262 Scotch.

Stirling had 200 inhabited houses, 11 uninhabited, 9 being built, 202 families, 874 total population, 335 married, 40 widowed, 499 unmarried and children. Religion—59 Baptists, 90 Catholics, 170 Church of England, 248 Canada Methodist, 186 Episcopal Methodists, 113 Presbyterian. Nationality—1 African, 254 English, 56 French, 194 German, 3 Indians, 211 Irish, 133 Scotch.

Rawdon—685 inhabited houses, 36 uninhabited, 9 being built, 692 families, 3,692 total population, 1272 married, 111 widowed, 2309 unmarried and children. Religion—145 Baptists, 83 Free Will, 169 Catholics, 867 Church of England, 1178 Canada Methodist, 704 Episcopal Methodist, 17 Bible Christian, 226 Presbyterian (Canada), 293 Presbyterian (Scotland), 7 Quakers. Nationality—13 Dutch, 862 English, 43 French, 805 German, 1548 Irish, 416 Scotch.

Madoc Village—218 inhabited houses, 2 uninhabited, 8 being built, 225 families, 1065 total population, 550 males, 515 females, 187 males married, 186 females married, 10 widowers, 26 widows, 656 unmarried and children. Religion—17 Baptists, 83 Catholics, 133 Church of England, 326 Canada Methodists, 248 Episcopal Methodist, 5 Bible Christian, 247 Presbyterian, 1 Protestant, 5 not given. Nationality—309 English, 25 French, 166 German, 333 Irish, 5 Italian, 244 Scotch, 2 Spanish, 1 Welsh.

Madoc Township—7 shanties, 562 inhabited houses, 5 uninhabited, 6 being built, 573 families, 3182 total population, 1710 males, 1472 females, 1005 married, 29 widowers, 51 widows, 2097 unmarried and children. Religion—5 Baptists, 7 Free Will, 334 Catholics, 455 Church of England, 2 Disciples, 1205 Canada Methodist, 263 Episcopal Methodist, 240 Bible Christian, 661 Presbyterian, 8 Reformed, 2 Quakers. Nationality—4 Dutch, 775 English, 78 French, 428 German, 1550 Irish, 1 Jew, 332 Scotch, 7 Welsh.

Marmora and Lake—15 shanties, 346 inhabited houses, 23 uninhabited, 11 being built, 362 families, 2084 total population, 1079 males, 1005 females, 621 married, 74 widowed, 1389 unmarried and children. Religion—23 Baptists, 5 Free Will, 638 Catholics, 442 Church of England, 7 Disciples, 802 Canada Methodist, 40 Episcopal Methodist, 4 Bible Christian, 76 Presbyterian, 42 Reformed, 1 Universalist, 1 no religion. Nationality—10 Dutch, 381 English, 136 French, 328 German, 1070 Irish, 142 Scotch, 17 Welsh.

Wollaston—92 inhabited houses, 93 families, 423 total population, 250 males, 173 females, 144 married, 6 widowed, 273 unmarried and children. Religion—14 Baptist, 4 Free Will, 1 Brethren, 43 Catholics, 46 Church of England, 147 Canada Methodist, 38 Episcopal Methodist, 2 Bible Christian, 112 Presbyterian, 9 Presbyterian (Scotland), 1 Quaker. Nationality—2 African, 146 English, 60 German, 137 Irish, 77 Scotch.

Montesgle and Herschell—3 shanties, 178 inhabited houses, 14 uninhabited, 9 being built, 185 families, 1072 total population, 570 males, 502 females, 298 married, 23 widowed, 571 unmarried and children. Religion—24 Baptists, 8 Brethren, 449 Catholics, 189 Church of England, 5 Disciples, 25 Lutherans, 127 Canada Methodist, 61 Episcopal Methodist, 12 Bible Christian, 164 Presbyterian. Nationality—73 English, 92 French, 112 German, 20 Indian, 631 Irish, 137 Scotch, 7 Welsh.

Bangor, Wicklow and McClure—1 shanty, 142 inhabited houses, 5 uninhabited houses, 3 being built, 148 families, 855 total population, 468 males, 387 females, 256 married, 15 widowed, 584 children and unmarried. Religion—7 Baptists, 132 Catholics, 199 Church of England, 3 Lutherans, 295 Canada Methodists, 19 Episcopals, 189 Presbyterians, 4 Reformed. Nationality—143 English, 65 French, 30 German, 3 Indian, 391 Irish, 188 Scotch.

Carlow and Mayo 153 inhabited houses, 157 families, 935 total population, 501 males, 434 females, 272 married, 12 widowed, 651 children and unmarried. Religion—60 Baptist, 3 Brethren, 32 Catholic, 127 Church of England, 30 Congregational, 2 Lutherans, 124 Canada Methodist, 1 Episcopal, 34 Bible Christians, 515 Presbyterians. Nationality—180 English, 11 French, 94 German, 5 Indian, 252 Irish, 4 Italian, 388 Scotch.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe—5 shanties, 270 inhabited houses, 25 uninhabited houses, 1 being built, 275 families, 1,514 total population, 759 males, 755 females, 462 married, 38 widowed, 1,014 children and unmarried. Religion—512 Catholics, 237 Church of England, 3 Lutherans, 473 Canada Methodist, 165 Episcopal, 19 Bible Christian, 95 Presbyterians. Nationality—7 Dutch, 233 English, 347 French, 282 German, 545 Irish, 100 Scotch.

Dungannon and Faraday—2 shanties, 165 inhabited houses, 12 uninhabited houses, 10 being built, 171 families, 970 total population, 537 males, 433 females, 281 married, 24 widowed, 665 children and unmarried. Religion—26 Baptist, 114 Catholic, 233 Church of England, 11 Lutherans, 277 Canada Methodist, 59 Episcopal, 250 Presbyterians. Nationality—2 Dutch, 323 English, 17 French, 164 German, 295 Irish, 179 Scotch.

Tudor, Limerick and Cashel—201 inhabited, 6 uninhabited, 205 families, 1,127 total population, 589 males, 538 females, 381 married, 21 widowed, 725 children and unmarried. Religion—12 Baptist, 5 Free Will, 86 Catholic, 208 Church of England, 583 Canada Methodist, 79 Episcopal, 2 Bible Christian, 64 Presbyterians, 72 Reformed, 13 Quakers. Nationality—286 English, 20 French, 281 German, 385 Irish, 155 Scotch.

In 1871 the Electoral District of North Hastings had a population of 16,607. In 1881 it was increased to 20,479.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—It is very evident that the sum and substance of "Backwoodsman's" bliss is popularity in print, and that he could eke out a splendid existence on printer's matter. It was not my intention to provoke a discussion in your valuable columns on such a subject as led to my first letter, but Mr. "B." being the party most nearly concerned and considering his superior talents (which, by the by, he is only just taking out of the hidden napkin), he should have allowed to pass what no one disputes was a foolish and ungallant act, but which any man in the full enjoyment of his senses would not have let disturb his serenity. Being as well, and perhaps far better acquainted than Mr. "B." with most of the inhabitants, I beg leave to say that, "the parties did *not plead* to have it settled," that the case was adjourned as nothing was proved and it was settled *entirely* at the parties' free will, and that *no one* applauds the conduct of either the "rowdies" or the "quiet family." "Backwoodsman's" superlative genius cannot comprehend that *success* of some things comprises conspicuousness and noteriety which he has given them. I do not constitute myself champion of moral lawbreakers, otherwise I should have had "Backwoodsman" under my wing long ago had I been near him, before time had boiled down his animal spirits and left a dormant sediment which occasionally effervesces in print. I congratulate him as a "reviewer," and the able manner in which he picked my letter to pieces, but I am satisfied that the initiated know the truth of my statements. Regarding the threats of violence he must have smiled when he wrote that, some foolish words dropped in anger which could hardly effect the worst specimen of the nervous and cowardly, let alone one of so commanding a presence as the writer. Truly you make me laugh, "Backwoodsman," and the spirit of a dream comes o'er me *of days gone by*, "Oh Mr. 'B.', Mr. 'B.', Tee, hee, hee, Mr. 'B.'" —*Rien n'est beau qui le vrai.*

L'AMABLE.

Hastings Road, 29th April, '82.

A great amount of damage has been caused in Manitoba lately by floods, several important bridges being swept away.

Hanlan and Trickett had another race on the Thames on Monday, which, as usual, resulted in favor of the Canadian, who won by "too many length to count."

Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prin Leopold, was united in marriage Thursday last, to the Princess Hele of Waldeck, with imposing ceremon The Queen kissed the bride at the conclusion of the ceremony.

—Cold Dress Muslins, 32 inches wid only 8c. per yard. John Dale & Co.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST, BELLEVILLE,

WILL make his last trip of this trip to Madoc Village on the FIRST TUESDAY IN JUNE.

Those who desire this service will find it to their advantage to call at office in Belleville.

Mr. Walker tender his sincere thanks to the people of Madoc and vicinity for their kind treatment and liberal patronage for the past fifteen years.

Office directly opposite the Dominion-American Hotel, next door to Bank of Commerce.

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the united Townships of Marmora and Lake, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Marmora Village, on Monday, 22nd day of May, 1882, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., when appeals against the Assessment will be heard and tried in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
Township Clerk, Marmora and Lake.
Marmora, May 6th, 1882. 265-2w

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

THE annual examinations will be held as follows:—

FOR FIRST CLASS At the Normal School, Toronto, to begin on July 10th at 2 p. m.

FOR SECOND AND THIRD CLASS—At the Central School, Belleville, and at Madoc, to begin on July 3rd, at 2 p.m.

It is indispensable that candidates should notify their respective inspectors,

Not Later than the First of June, of their intention to present themselves for examination.

Forms of the notice to be given by each candidate previously can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
JOHN JOHNSTON,
Public School Inspectors.
May 1st, 1882. 265-2n

H. COTTRELL
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
has removed to larger premises,
in the shop
NEXT DOOR TO
BOWEN'S BAKERY,
St. Lawrence Street,
MADOC, - ONT.

SHELL RIVER
Colonization Company.

CAPITAL STOK $300,000,
Divided into 6,000 shares of $50 Each.

LETTERS PATENT APPLIED FOR.

THIS Company has secured three townships, in all over 60,00 acres, in the celebrated Shell River District, in Manitoba, at a low price, and which they purpose colonizing. The property is situated on the Assiniboine River, and at the Junction of the Assiniboine and Shell Rivers. The Assiniboine affords water communication to Winnipeg, whilst the latter river affords ample water power which the Company purpose utilizing and are now making arrangements for the erection of a flour mill on the property the coming season, which is expected will become a commercial centre as the Canada Pacific Railway Company have given notice to the Dominion Government that they will construct a branch line, leaving the main line near Birtle, touching Fortillice, passing through the property of the company to Port Pelly, the Net of Lakes, and proceed north-west to Fort a' la Corne. The tract of land is described as No. 1 by the Government Surveyors in their report, being rolling prairie with an abundance of wood. The soil is equal to land in the vicinity which is held at from $8 to $20 per acre.

It is the intention of the Company to vigorously prosecute the work of settlement and of to the public

$100,000
OF STOCK

The Stock Books of the Company will be open to receive subscriptions at the Office of the Secretary in Belleville at noon on

Saturday, May 13th, '82

Ten per cent. will be required to be forwarded with subscriptions.

The allotment of stock will be made according to the order of application.

PROVISIONAL OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:—

David Gilmour, President.
C. J. Starling, 1st Vice-President.
Charles Ashley, 2nd Vice-President.
D. H. Gordon, Treasurer.
J. C. Jamieson, Secretary.
William Jeffs, Director.
S. A. Lazier, Director.
BANKERS—Canadian Bank of Commerce.
SOLICITOR—Geo. D. Dickson.
April 29th, 1882. 265

CARD

OUR Madoc Office will be closed for a short time from this date. Our Mr. C. W. Peterson will meanwhile be at our Belleville Office.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Belleville and Madoc.
April 20th, 1882.

SIX HORSES!
—and a number of—
BUGGIES, | WAGONS, | &C., | &C.,
—FOR SALE AT—
C. MITCHELL'S
LIVERY AND SALE STABLES, MADOC.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE.

Stock now complete in all lines of
Women's Fine Kid, Goat, Calf, Buffs and Split,
in Buttoned and Balmorals. A splendid assortment of
CHILDREN'S BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Our Men's Wear has never been equal to the splendid stock we have now on hand. To name over the different styles and prices would take several columns, so we must content ourselves by telling our numerous customers that we have now what will please and suit them. Our stock of

MEN'S READY MADE CLOTHING,

is by far the cheapest we have ever handled, and we can guarantee any one who calls on us to give them styles and prices that cannot fail to meet with their approbation. In

MEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS,

our stock is complete. Drop in and see us and our old standard motto—"No trouble to show goods,"—will be fully carried out.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.
Madoc, April 6th, 1882.

TENDERS WANTED!

FOR the erection of a Three-story Brick Block in the Village of Madoc. For further particulars see Plans and Specifications at E. L. Weiss' Jewelry Store, Madoc. Tenders must be sent in by the 10th May. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. WEISS, SEN.
Madoc, April 25th, 1882.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting, take into consideration the propriety of passing a By-law for the opening of a Road between Lots 16 and 17, in the 11th Concession, on to the Queensborough Road, the whole of the road to come off Lot 17. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

MORTGAGE SALE
—OF—
Farm Property,
—IN THE—
TOWNSHIP OF MARMORA,
in the County of Hastings.

UNDER the power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of Sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the

Dominion Hotel, City of Belleville,
—ON—
Saturday, the 13th day of May, 1882,

at 1:30 P. M., by Mr. R. Purdy, Auctioneer, the following valuable property:—Lot number Nine, in the Fifth Concession of the Township of Marmora, containing two hundred acres, more or less.

This property adjoins the Village of Marmora, and is all uncultivated.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE:

The property will be sold in one parcel, subject to a reserve bid, to be in the hands of the Auctioneer at the time of Sale. The purchaser shall at the time of Sale pay to the vendors, or their solicitors or agents, one half of the purchase money, and the balance in three equal annual consecutive instalments, with interest yearly at seven per cent., and interest on arrears secured by Mortgage.

The said Mortgage to contain all the usual covenants, provisos and conditions in the form of mortgage taken by the vendors to secure loans.

Upon making the above payments and executing the said mortgage the purchaser shall be entitled to his conveyance and to take possession.

The vendors shall not be bound to account for, produce or show, or prove the contents of any deeds, documents or evidences of title not in their possession, or furnish copies of the same, and shall not be bound to furnish an abstract containing any further particulars than are contained in a Registrar's abstract of title.

The other conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale, or on application to the undersigned.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned at Toronto, or to

HOWLAND, ARNOLDI & BYERSON,
Vendors' Solicitors, Toronto.
Dated 14th April, 1882. 264

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L.D.S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.
OPEN DAILY.

OTTAWA RIVER.
Grenville & St. Anne
CANALS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, THURSDAY, the 11th day of MAY next, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 3rd day of October, '82, of Oak and Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Lock Gates for the new Locks at Greece's Point, Grenville Canal, and the new Lock at St. Anne, Ottawa River.

The timber must be of the qualities described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which shall be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office where forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective canals, nor until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $300 must accompany each tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract for supplying the timber at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th April, 1882. 263

TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of May next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humbolt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for transmission of messages to the public.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th April, 1882.

D. A. J[illegible]STON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICI[illegible] Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

STEAM FITTING.

THE undersigned is now prepared to do all kinds of steam fitting, on shortest notice.
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Local Lines.

—May!

—Six pounds Tea Dust for $1.00 at John Dale & Son's.

—The adjourned Spring Assizes will open at Belleville to-day.

—Several new buildings are in progress of construction in this village.

—Mr. Wm. Coe is erecting a large, handsome brick barn in rear of his residence.

—The English Garden and Field Seeds for sale by the ounce at Deans' Drug Store.

—The Belleville Chancery spring sittings opened on Monday before Mr. Justice Proudfoot.

—Mr. C. G. Wilson has erected a neat awning over the front of his drug store in this village.

—You can get two papers of Seeds, genuine and true to name, for 5 cents at Deans' Drug Store.

—The vital statistics for Belleville for April were:—Births, 14; marriages, 10; deaths, 15.

—It was snowing heavily at different places in Canada on Monday evening. We had a slight flurry in Madoc on Tuesday morning.

—After fifteen years of monthly professional visits to this village, Mr. G. W. Walker, Dentist, of Belleville, has decided to discontinue them after June. See card in another column.

—The pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in this village was filled last Sabbath by Mr. James Murray, a student from Queen's College, Kingston, owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wishart.

—The proper slope in writing is at an angle of fifty two degrees, and the proper pen for the purpose is one of Esterbrook's. Samples free on application to the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John St., New York.

—The Methodist Church of Canada in this village was unusually well filled last Sabbath evening, owing to there being no service in the M. E. Church, on account of the absence of Rev. Mr. Hatton at Conference.

—Would it not be a good thing for the livery men of Madoc to follow the example of their Belleville brethren, and charge a uniform rate for their horse hire to the different surrounding points? We think they would be better off at the end of the year, if they did.

—Tenders will be received up to Wednesday next, 10th inst., for the erection of a new brick block for Mr. L. Weiss. The block will occupy the entire space between Dale's and the Madoc House, will be three storeys front and rear, contain four stores on the ground floor, and will in every respect be a handsome addition to the business appearance of the village.

—Our compliments to our excellent contemporary the Peterborough *Review*, and we assure it we will be most happy to credit it with anything it "boils down" in future, although it does seem a trifle ridiculous—almost as bad as the Belleville *Ontario* "squealing" because we did not credit it with some local census figures (!) which it happened to publish before we did. Next thing we expect to hear is some sheet asking us to credit it with an Associated Press dispatch, or a parliamentary speech! Be reasonable brother quill drivers, as some of you are cheeky.

Cheese.

All the cheese factories in this neighborhood have resumed operations for the season's work. The prospects are good.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Moore, relict of the late James Moore of this township, and sister of the Messrs. Allen and Hugh Ketcheson, died suddenly at her residence on Friday last. About three weeks ago she gave birth to an infant, and was apparently doing as well as could be expected up to a short time before her death. A large family of children are thus left orphans.

New Tin Shop.

We learn that Mr. George A. Rollins purposes opening a general tin and house furnishing establishment in this village in a few days, in a new building which is now being erected for him two doors north of Mrs. Wright's store. George has been engaged in the tin business for some years past, and is well known in this connection, and we have no doubt he will succeed in establishing a permanent business.

A Good Chance For Investment.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in another column of this issue, of the Shell River Colonization Company, which has lately been organized for the purpose of colonizing three townships in Manitoba, situated in the celebrated Birtle District. The Capital Stock of the Company is fixed at $300,000, and $100,000 of stock is now offered to the public, the subscription books for which will be opened at the office of the Secretary, in Belleville, on Saturday, 13th May, at noon. This we think is a capital chance for those in this village and vicinity who have been on the lookout for some favorable investment in Manitoba property for some time past, as we learn that at the sale of Government lands in the Birtle District on the 1st of April last, the Merchants Bank in Winnipeg marked cheques to the amount of $750,000 for Winnipeg investors who attended the sale. The Hudson Bay Company ask $8 per acre for their lands in the same townships and lands near are held as high as $20 per acre, so that in all probability the tract will realize a huge sum when sold.

The Northern Mines.

About twenty men are now employed at the Batchelor mine in Wollaston, and ore is being "dumped" ready for shipment at the rate of one hundred tons per day. The force of men at work, we understand, will be increased largely in a few weeks, and by the time the "iron horse" reaches there enough ore will be mined to keep the road employed for some time. Two boarding houses have been erected for the accommodation of the men.

A force of men are constantly at work at the Emily mine, in Tudor, "stripping," and this will also be increased shortly, when active mining operations will commence.

White Lake Cheese Factory.

The new cheese factory started in Huntingdon, under the Presidency of Mr. F. Reynolds, has commenced operations for the season, under very favorable prospects.

Deaf and Dumb Institute.

We acknowledge the receipt, some weeks ago, of the Eleventh Annual Report of the Ontario Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, from the Superintendent, Mr. R. Mathison. From this very full and interesting report we learn that the total number in attendance during the past year, ending September 30th, 1881, was 296, 164 males and 132 females, of whom the number of 13 came from this County. These are as follows:—A. C. Alexander, Hannah Burnhardt, Nancy Cronkwright, Matilda Drum, Margaret Patterson, and E. Durand, Belleville; P. C. Allen, Deseronto; C. Filion, E. Messier, Trenton; John King, Montcalm Valley; Jennie McLean, L'Amable; E. O. Robbins, Bridgewater; and Lucinda Wannamaker, Eldorado. The ages of the whole number of pupils range from 6 to 35 years. The total number of pupils admitted since the opening of the Institute in 1870, is 552. The Superintendent requests us to say that there will be room for a number of new pupils when the Institution re-opens in September next, after the summer holidays, and immediate application is desirable.

Is it Epidemic?

During the past few weeks it would seem as if a season of sickness had visited the village, many prominent residents being struck down with more or less dangerous illness. Rev. D. Wishart has been unable to attend to his pastoral duties for some time owing to a severe and protracted attack of malaria. We are pleased to learn, however, that he is now improving. Mr. Lewis T. Wolle, manager for the Bethlehem and Cambria Iron Cos., has been dangerously ill for some weeks with a species of disease which seems to have greatly effected his brain. We understand he has several times been given up by his medical attendants, and now lies in a very precarious condition. Mr. John Armstrong has also been dangerously ill with inflammation, but we are informed is slowly improving. Rev. Mr. Macfarlane suffers every few days with attacks of fever and ague, which greatly hinders his work. A few days ago Mr. Joseph Caverly was laid up with inflammation, at first considered serious, but he has since almost recovered. Mr. A. F. Wood has suffered frequent relapses lately, but is now able to be around. Mr. Charles A. Ross, we are especially sorry to say, after over a year's illness, does not appear to improve any. We can only hope that the fresh balmy air of spring will make a change for the better. We might also add that Mr. Robert Rollins is just recovering from a serious bite of a pig on his right knee, which at first threatened lameness, if not worse. Many others are also suffering from colds, malaria, &c., but happily there are no contagious diseases in the neighborhood.

Railway Notes.

Good progress is now being made with the stone piers of the bridge over Deer Creek, in this village, on the T. & O. Railway. This part of the work is in charge of Mr. F. Tucker, of this village. The grading is also being completed between the bridge and the junction with the Midland, a good force of men being employed on the one rock cut yet remaining. This part will be completed in a few weeks.

The line of the C. O. R. between Eldorado and the Batchelor mine in Wollaston, has been surveyed preliminary, but the surveyors were unable to locate the road on account of the breaking up of the swamps. Work, in consequence, will be delayed a few weeks. At the southern end, the work of construction is being actively pushed forward, and it is expected the track will be laid as far as Frankford by the first of July.

A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* writing from Tweed, says: The engineers have the road located through Tweed, and are now going west from that point. They expect to meet the staff locating east from Peterboro' about the last of this week. They report no great difficulty on the line. The road will keep north of Black Creek Bridge and cross a small cave west of the creek and follow along west, crossing the Moira north of what was known as the old dam, near the lake, thence along between the school house and the Masonic Hall, thence to a point south of Crookston. The camps moved west from Lovelace's on Monday.

Village Council.

The regular meeting of the Village Council was held on Monday. Present—the Reeve and Messrs. Dale, Rollins and Aylsworth.

Two accounts were ordered to be paid, that of Mr. Price, for making an opening under Town Hall, $5.75, and R. Squires, $3.00, for cleaning Town Hall.

The Collector was credited with two receipts for work done for poll tax, on his roll for 1879.

The question of Mrs. Wright's corner was again laid over.

Moved by Mr. Aylsworth, seconded by Mr. Dale, that the Street Surveyor be ordered to make a ditch near D. Wright's new house, available to carry off the water into the pond near by.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Aylsworth, seconded by Mr. Dale, that the ditch leading from Cross' property be changed and made under the sidewalk deep enough to convey the water to Deer Creek.—Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Dale, the Reeve was empowered to procure a suitable desk for the Clerk, in which to keep municipal papers, &c.

In reference to the notices published by both Mr. Tuller and Chief Sills, the Council decided that the latter should look after the sanitary condition of the village same as last year.

Council then adjourned.

BIRTH.

COE.—In this village, on Wednesday, 3rd May, the wife of Mr. Arthur Coe, of a son.

The body of Daniel Davy, who, with a man named Johnson, was supposed to have been drowned last fall in the Bay of Quinte, was found about three and a half miles from Picton on Saturday evening.

To prevent Fevers, Bilious Colds and Ague; to tone up the system and purify the blood, try a course of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

On Tuesday night some one broke into Deacon's bakery, Belleville, and put a quantity of soap amongst the flour in the trough. This was discovered before the bread was mixed. The outrage was no doubt a trade one, as Mr. Deacon bakes for a grocer who is selling bread at 11c. per loaf, while the trade generally demands 14c.

In the Spring of the year almost every one requires a good Blood Purifier, more especially in the month of May. We would earnestly advise our readers to try Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. A few doses will soon convince you that it is the best remedy known for affections of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

Belleville is to have a driving park. We learn from the *Intelligencer* that at a meeting held lately it was decided to accept the offer of Mr. C. L. Coleman and lease the property owned by him on North Front St. Mr. Coleman's terms are: Free rent for one year; $50 bonus; the granting of a seven years' lease at $125 per annum; and in case the lease is not renewed at the end of that period, the owner to pay to the company one-third of the cost of the improvements on the property. The subscription list was then raised to $1,207. It will probably take $2,500 to make the track and construct fences, sheds, &c.

Medicines taken into the Stomach in concentrated form such as Pills and Powders, are most injurious. The great substitute for these nauseous little Calomel pills is Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They cleanse the Bowels, stimulate the Liver and Kidneys, and cure all stomach disorders, such as Dyspepsia and Indigestion. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent.

Vankoughnet, the Buck Lake murderer, was found guilty at Kinston last week, and sentenced to be hanged on the 28th day of June next.

NOTICE!

For the Closing up of a Road.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a By-law to close up the Road laid out on the south side of the east part of Lot 27, in the 10th Concession of Madoc. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

NOTICE!

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Tuesday, 30th May, next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., when appeals against the assessment will be heard and tried, in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

J|U|S|T I|N!

Oranges, Lemons, Nice Graft Apples, Canned Tomatoes, and Canned Peaches.

Oysters and Luncheons a Specialty.

Oysters by the Quart, Can, Plate or 5c. Glass.

S. A. DAVIS.

WALL PAPERS

4c,—6c,—8c,—10c,

PER ROLL AT

Wilson's Drug Store.

THORLEY'S

Horse and Cattle

FOOD,

—AT—

Wilson's Drug Store,

MADOC.

THE LADIES FRIEND CARPET SWEEPER

is the BEST SWEEPER made.

It allows no dust to raise, sweeps perfectly back and forward, makes scarcely any noise, saves the Carpet, saves health—because no dust.

BICYCLES! BICYCLES!

Men's Steel Bicycles, Boys' Bicycles and Velocipedes, Girls' Doll Carriages

The Best ever made in Canada.

Ask for our adjustable Window and Door Screens, and take no other, because ours are cheapest, handsomest, most easily placed or removed. Also Cheese Safes, Provision Safes. *Manufactured by OTTER SWEEPER CO., Otterville, Ont.* 264.

Hardware!

Intending purchasers will find our Stock very complete in

Blacksmiths' Supplies, Carpenters' Tools, Carriagemakers' Hardware, House Furnishings, Builders' Hardware, and Miners' Supplies,

—ALSO—

LINSEED OILS,
TURPENTINE,
DRYERS,
DRY PAINTS,
TUBE COLORS,
WHITE LEAD, BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.

We also manufacture and keep on hand

IRONCLAD BOTTOM MILK CANS, MILK PANS

AND A FULL LINE OF SUNDRY TINWARE.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

MADOC, April 13th, 1882.

JOHN DALE & SON.

We are now passing into stock full lines of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE, &C.

Our Spring Stock will be complete in a few days.

We are showing the

LARGEST STOCK

—OF—

HARDWARE

in North Hastings which will be sold at

"ROCK BOTTOM PRICES."

Hardware Store one door north of Dry Goods Store.

John Dale & Son.

SPRING GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We are showing a large and well selected stock of

WALL PAPER,

—AND—

WINDOW BLINDS,

which will be sold very cheap.

D. C. CLARKE.

THE BEST YET!

FORSYTH'S PATENT PUMP!

Manufactured by W. FORSYTH, Peterboro',

—ALSO—

FORSYTH'S IMPROVED FANNINGMILL & SEED SEPARATOR

The undersigned has opened a branch office for the above articles in REID'S BLOCK, MADOC, where a stock will be kept on hand. Orders for Fanningmills or Pumps may be left at the Windsor House: W. J. G., *Agent, Madoc.*

W. FORSYTH,
Box 61, Peterboro', Ontario.

Madoc, April 12th, 1882.

The School-love's Photograph.

I've happened on this picture,
As old-time study fixture;
Of faces fled,
And days long dead,
brings a curious mixture.

Come days when I was younger,
With heart-beats, quicker, stronger;
When I loved you
And—was it true.
You cared for Smith no longer?

My heart beats like a hammer—
Back comes the olden glamor—
'Neath hair of white
My brain to-night
Reels with love's youthful clamour.

What memories pictures bring us;
What sadness round them lingers;
With lips aflame
I kiss the name
Left by your dainty fingers.

I see your hair of jet yet,
I never shall forget it;
But all my girls
Have golden curls,
Alas! I didn't get it.

Small traces of a lover
In me you'd now discover;
And yet, believe,
Gladly "I'd give—
But who can live life over?"

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"Send a groom instantly with invitations to the Hastings, the Leslies, and the De Veres, and the Cuppaidges. I am positive they are all dying of *ennui* this moment, and will hail with rapture any chance of escape from it. They will all come; and the Leslies have two or three really very presentable young men staying with them."

"Yes, that will be best. Dora, will you go and write the notes for me? Now, would it not be a good thing to exclude all the non-players from our council?"

"Oh," says Harriet, "then *I* must go."

"No, no, Harry, we can't do without you," cry I, imploringly; "*you* must stay. We could not get on without some head to guide us and soothe down disappointed actors. You shall be wardrobe-woman and chief secretary and prime minister and stage manager all in one."

"Yes," says Bebe, who has gotten herself into the ancient robe by this, "and head-centre and peace-maker, and all that sort of thing. Now, don't I look sweet in this flowered gown? Ah! what interesting creatures our great-great-grandmothers must have been! It almost makes me long to be a great-great-grandmother myself."

"But your salary—your salary state your terms," says Harriet. "I cannot be all that you have mentioned for nothing."

"For love, dearest: call you *that* nothing?" replies Bebe, as she struts up and down before a glass.

Presently darling mother, who has slept at Strangemore and breakfasted in her room comes creeping in, and a dispute arises as to whether she must be excluded from the Cabinet and sent into exile until night reveals our secrets. But she is so amused at everything, and has grown so young and gay in the absence of her bugbear, that we make an exception in her favor also; and, as she has a real talent for dressing people, and would have made an invaluable ladies' maid, had let her lot been cast so low, we find her very useful later on.

The invitations are dispatched, and acceptances from all brought back; every one, it appears, will be delighted to come and witness our success or failure, as the case may be. These polite replies cause us no faint pangs of consternation largely tinctured with timidity, making us conscious that we are regularly in for something; that much is expected of us; and that, after all, the performance may prove "flat, stale and unprofitable."

All through dinner we—the intended victims, are mysterious, not to say depressed; while Sir James Handcock, the two men from the Barracks, and Sir George Ashurst make mild jokes at our expense and wish us safely out of it.

At nine the guests arrive; at half-past all is in readiness; the audience is seated, the impromptu curtains are drawn up, and "Rebecca laying the Jewels at Rowena's feet" stands revealed.

Lady Blanche Going, as the Jewess, is looking positively beautiful, as kneeling at Dora's feet, in many colored garments of crimson-and-gold and such gorgeous shades, with much gleaming of precious stones, she gazes with saddened curiosity into the face above her; while Dora, raising her veil—my wedding veil—with uplifted arms to look down on her, presents such a contrast with her dead white robe and fair babyish face, the darker beauty's more glowing style, as takes the audience by storm.

The applause is loud and lengthened; and Sir George Ashurst's enthusiasm reaches such a pitch that when it subsides he has to retire to his room in search of another pair of gloves.

The curtain rises for the second time on Lady Blanche again and Sir Mark Gore as "The Huguenots." This, too, is highly successful, albeit her ladyship is too dark for the part.

Everybody agrees that Sir Mark, with the sorrowful determined expression on his face, is perfect; while Lady Blanche astonished some of us by the amount of passionate pleading she throws into her eyes.

And now comes a hitch. The third tableau on which we have decided is "The Last Appeal." There has been considerable difficulty about the arrangement of this from the beginning, and now at the last moment Sir Mark Gore vows he will have nothing to do with it.

"I couldn't do it," he says, throwing out his hands. "There is no use urging a fellow. I could look murderous, I might look sentimental: I could not appeal. I won't, and that's all about it. They will say there are no more actors if you send me on again so soon; and, besides, these breeches don't fit me. They will go on Chandos; let him take my part."

"How disobliging you are!" says Miss Beatoun, flushing. "Then I won't be the person appealed to. I did not want to, all along. It is too bad I should get no parts but those in which rags and ugly dresses are worn. I shall have to do Cinderella presently in tatters, and in this I have only a short gown, and nasty thick shoes and a pitcher."

"What nonsense!" say I. "You know every one said you looked delicious with that little handkerchief across your shoulders. Lord Chandos, go and dress yourself directly, as Sir Mark will not."

"Of what use is it," says Chandos, quietly, "if Miss Beatoun declines to act with me?"

"Acting with you has nothing to do with it," returns Bebe, reddening perceptibly. "I only decline the 'old clo' ' part of it. Consider how it hurts my vanity."

"Yet you would have worn them had Sir Mark kept his word," I say, in an injured tone.

At this Lord Chandos looks expressively at Miss Beatoun, Miss Beatoun looks witheringly at me, and Marmaduke, utterly innocent, says, persuasively:

"Come, now, Bebe, that's conclusive. Chandos will think you have some reason for it if you persist in refusing."

At this unfortunate remark even I feel some dismay. Considering all that has passed between these two, and the nature of the tableau in question, it *is* unfortunate. Chandos and Bebe color violently; the latter's fingers close with nervous force upon the pretty short gown she is wearing and crumple it recklessly. The loose cambric kerchief on her breast rises and falls with angry emotion. Chandos is evidently furious.

"I shall think nothing of the kind," he says, in a low, distinct tone. "Miss Beatoun should be allowed to please herself. For my part, I think it an odious scene and hackneyed to the last degree."

"Still, as it is on the cards——" I murmur, weakly.

Marmaduke stares at me in wonderment, and then at Harriet, who is also listening. We are every one of us thoroughly unpleasant.

Bebe laughs a rather forced laugh. "I wonder what our friends in the dress circle are thinking all this time?" she says. "Lord Chandos, go and put on your things and don't let us keep them waiting any longer.'

"That's right," exclaims Marmaduke much relieved, moving away to another groupe in the distance engaged in a hot dispute. Still Chandos lingers.

"I am sorry for this," he says to Bebe, in a low tone, almost haughtily. "But it is not yet too late. If the idea is so detestable to you, then give it up now, and I will support you."

"Why should it be distasteful to me?" very coldly. "I will make no further objections."

"I hope you exonerate me. I could not help it. I am more vexed about it than you can be."

"I think you might have said emphatically just at first you did not wish it. However, it does not matter."

"How could I? Such a remark would have been an implied rudeness to you."

"Then I wish you had been rude."

"You are unreasonable, Miss Beatoun," says his lordship, stiffly. Then in a still lower tone, "There, are few things I would not do for you but that is not one of them."

"I think you had better go and put on those garments Sir Mark rejected. We can finish the argument later on," murmurs Bebe, turning away, with a half-smile; and, Lord Chandos hurrying over his toilet, we have them on our miniature stage sooner than we had dared to hope.

But, though they gave in to their own wishes, or rather to their own pride, the performance is a failure; for, though Bebe certainly manages to look the very personification of hardened persistency, Lord Chandos by no means comes up to our idea of the appealing and despairing adorer, and altogether there is a stony finish about it that nobody admires. The spectators are, indeed, polite, and say all manner of pretty things; but they say them from the lips alone, which is palpable and not satisfactory.

And now comes my turn. The "British public," as Mr. Thornton persists on calling our very select audience, is requested to turn their kind attention on Tennyson's "Sleeping Princess," wrapped in mystic slumber. I am the Sleeping Princess, it having struck me in the early part of the day that this *role*, requiring little beyond extreme inaction, would exactly suit me, and cause me less trepidation.

Upon a crimson lounge, clad all in white, I lie, my long fair brown hair scattered across the cushions and falling on the ground beside me. One hand is thrown above my head, the other hangs listlessly, sleepily downwards; a deep-red rose has dropped from it, and now blushes, half lost, amidst the tresses on the floor.

Sir Mark, in the character of the Prince, leans over me, as though in the act of giving the caress that brings me back from Dreamland. His face, I know, is near—so near that, between nervousness and shrinking, I feel a mad desire to break into forbidden laughter; so much so that when the curtain falls I am more than thankful.

Slowly it descends, and as I hear it touch the stage, I cautiously open my eyes—to find Sir Mark has not yet raised himself from his stooping posture.

My eyes look straight into his. There are literally only a few inches between his face and mine, and I fancy I can discern a treacherous gleam in them. Something masterful, too, in his expression, as though he would say, "I could an' I would," strikes me. Instantly I resent it, and springing to my feet, stand back from him, crimson with indignation and some undefined fear.

There is no time for words, had I even the desire to speak, which I have not, as at this moment Lady Blanche Going and Marmaduke come from behind the scenes to congratulate us. I try to recover myself hurriedly, but it is too late; my red cheeks and frightened, half shamed eyes attract their notice; and Marmaduke, glancing from me to Sir Mark, regards us earnestly, coloring very slowly himself the while.

"Oh!" exclaims her ladyship, starting, and assuming an air of surprise; then, with an affected laugh, "How foolish of me! But really for the moment, on account of your attitudes and silence, I fancied I had come on too soon, and that you were still acting."

"How completely you must have forgotten the subject of the late tableau!" replies Sir Mark, in a very calm tone, fixing her with his wonderful keen dark eyes.

Some instinct of evil makes me go and stand close to Marmaduke.

"Was it a success?" I ask, nervously.

"Without doubt," says 'Duke, rousing himself. "You look fatigued, Phyllis; come and have some wine."

I take his arm and go with him gladly.

"Did anything vex you, darling?" he asks me, quietly, as we go into the next room.

"No; it was imagination. I did not know his face was quite so close, and, in consequence, when I opened my eyes I got a start. It was ridiculous of me."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, that was all. I laugh, though in a rather spiritless way, and feel angry at myself for the vague restraint that is quite discernible in my manner while Marmaduke pours me out some claret-cup, without asking any more questions.

"'Duke—Marmaduke—where are you? Oh, come, come," cries Bebe, looking in, "we are all waiting for you. How can I pose properly until you get me the slipper? You said you had it somewhere."

So 'Duke flies, and I, putting from me my small vexation, which even already appears half fanciful, follow him to the sipes, to see how they look before the curtain rises.

Cinderella (Bebe), clad in picturesque rags, is represented in the act of flying, leaving behind her the magic slipper, which Master Chips is eagerly stooping to pick up. He makes a veritable "Prince Charming," in his scarlet cloak and long silk stockings—got no one knows how—and cap and feathers; while Bebe, glancing backwards in her flight to mark the fate of her shoe, casts upon him a bewitching languishing gaze that (supposing the original Cinderella to be capable of such another) must have had more to do with her being Princess later on than anything in the shape of a vow.

Then we close up Dora, as Constance de Beverley, into an imaginary wall—the poor nun, with raised despairing eyes and downward clasped hand, created much sympathy, Yet none of us feel sure that this was the spirit in which the real Constance met her doom; only, as the devotional tearful style suits Dora, we conclude it was, and make no unwelcome inquiries; and every one is charmed.

After this comes "Queen Eleanor presenting the agreeable choice of the poisoned bowl or the dagger to the fair but frail Rosamond," represented by Blanche Going and myself; at the conclusion of which Bebe draws me aside to whisper, laughingly, how Blanch had looked the part *con amore*.

"I would have given very little for your chance of life had there been any reality about it," she says. "She looked—oh, she looked as if——" with a vicious clenching of her small fist, full of meaning.

Bebe as a laughing saucy Beatrice, and Lord Chandos as Benedick, makes a much happier tableau than their last, and eventually we wind up with a scene from the "Queen's Maries" of Whyte Melville, in which everybody generally is brought in, and where Blanche Going, as Marie Stuart, in black velvet and the inevitable cap, is the principal feature; though Bebe makes a very charming Seton, and even I feel some admiration on beholding Marmaduke as Darnley.

With a sense of relief we come down from the stage and mingle with our audience, accepting modestly the compliments showered upon us from all sides.

Mother, who has not been inside a theatre since she was nineteen, comes up to tell us it was the prettiest sight she ever saw, and to compare us favorably with all the celebrated actors and actresses of her time.

Presently we leave the scene of our triumphs and wander into the great cool ballroom, where the decorations of the foregoing evening are still to be seen. Then some body orders in a piano, and somebody else sits down and begins to play on it, and in another minute or two we are all dancing.

"I don't believe poor Mary Hamilton ever had your laughing eyes," says Sir Mark to me, during a pause in the dance. "She must have been a sadder, more sedate sort of a person altogether. See how differently love works in different people."

"You forget she was unhappy in hers. Besides,"—saucily—"how do yo know love has anything to do with *my* eyes?"

"I don't know, of course; am only supposing——"

"Never suppose. It is foolish, and—fatiguing. Though now we are on the subject, Monsieur Chastelar, you shall give me your definition of the words 'to love.' If we may accept Whyte Melville's opinion of you, you must be a comprehensive judge."

"I have no theory of my own; I am a skeptic on that point. I will give you the orthodox definition if you wish, which everybody—in a novel—is bound to accept. It means, I fancy to merge your own existence so entirely in to that of another as to obliterate oneself and live only for him or her, as the case may be. Also, it would be strictly necessary to feel lost and miserable in the absence of the beloved one. You may call *that* fatiguing if you please. Do you like the picture? Horrible, isn't it?"

"Not only horrible, but impracticable, I should say. I might manage to be supremely happy in the presence of the adored; I do not think I could be 'miserable' exactly in his absence." Then laughingly, "Is that really 'pure love?' If so, I am a skeptic too. It would be absurdly weak-minded, and would confine one's happiness to too little a world, to indulge in such a belief. It must be wiser to take enjoyment as it comes in every way, and not be so hopelessly dependent on one."

"I entirely agree with you. Indeed, I fancy most people would agree with you," replied Sir Mark, carelessly, looking straight before him, with so much meaning in his gaze that instinctively I follow it, until my eyes fall upon Lady Blanche Going, at the other end of the room.

Evidently tired and flushed from dancing she has sunk with a lazy grace into a low chair, and now, half turning, is laughing up into Marmaduke's face, as he leans solicitously over her. Even as I look she raises her hand to repossess herself of the bouquet he holds, and to my impatience it seems that an unnecessarily long time elapses before the flowers go from his hand to hers.

My late careless frivolous words appear to mock me. Why does he look at her like that? Why is he always by her side? Are there no other women in the roo.m

Again the vague jealously of the evening before returns in twofold force, and I bring my teeth rather tightly together. After all Marmaduke said to me on the balcony last night about making myself conspicuous with one, it is, to say the least of it, rather inconsistent with his own behavior now.

What a perpetual simper that woman keeps up, merely to show the whiteness of her teeth! How pleased 'Duke appears to be with her inane conversation! Now, if I I had ever loved him this probably would have vexed me, as it is——

Bah! I *will* think of something else.

I turn to Sir Mark, with a very successful little laugh.

"A living illustration of my text," I say, bending my head in my husband's direction."

"Where? Oh! there." He stares at Lady Blanche reflectively for a minute or so, and then says, "She is certainly good-looking."

"'Good-looking!' How very faint! Surely she is handsome. Are you one of those who consider it impolitic to admire one woman to another?"

"As a rule I believe it to be a mistake," replies he, coolly; "but in this case I had no thought of policy. I am never quite sure that I do think her ladyship handsome. That she is generally thought so I admit. Marmaduke and she were always good friends."

"So I should say."

"At one time we imagined a *tendresse* there and dreamed of a marriage, but, you see, 'Duke was bent on doing more wisely."

"Thanks. That is a pretty put. Was the *tendresse* you speak of on her side or his?"

"A mutual business, I fancy, if it existed at all. But, as we made a mistake in the principle part of it, we probably did so in all. Besides"—lightly—"I ought not to tell you all this, Mrs. Carrington. Tales out of school are malicious. Such mere suppositions as they are too."

"Why? Surely I may congratulate myself on having gained a victory over so much beauty? It would be a pity to deny me this little gratification."

Nevertheless, at heart I am sorely vexed, and, through pique and wounded feeling, make myself more than agreeable to Sir Mark for the evening. Not once does 'Duke come near me; nor does he even appear to notice my willful flirtation.

Just before we break up, indeed, finding myself near to him in the supper-room, a strange desire to test his real mind towards me, to compel him to pay me some attention, seizes me. He is as usual in close attendance on Blanche Going, who has kept him chained to her side—willingly chained, without doubt—during the greater part of the evening.

Having dismissed my partner on some pretext, I look straight at Marmaduke, and, shivering slightly, say, "How cold it is!"

"Cold?" replies he, nonchalantly. "Is it? I thought it warm. Better send some one for a shawl. Here, Gore, will you get Mrs. Carrington something warm to put round her? She finds a draught somewhere?'

And, as Sir Mark departs obedient, 'Duke turns once more to his companion, as though forgetful of my very existence. Lady Blanche smiles disagreeably.

Yesterday—surely only yesterday—he would have been kinder; he would have gone for the shawl himself. How eagerly with what extreme tenderness, has he ever anticipated my wants! And now the attentions of a stranger are considered good enough for me. Is he tired of me already? Has he so soon discovered the poverty of my charms? Or has that old fascination returned with redoubled power, to make him regret what is, alas! irrevocable?

Sick at heart, and mortified to the last degree, I turn away, yet with lifted head and proud, disdainful lips, lest he or she should rightly guess my thoughts.

All the next day a marked coldness exists between me and my husband. We mutually avoid each other, and, the better to do so, fall back for conversation upon those nearest to us. The nearest to me, at all events, is Sir Mark Gore.

Not being by and means a "gushing" pair this temporary estrangement is unnoticed by the greater part of our guests; to the few, however, it is plainly visible. Bebe sees it, and is vexed and troubled. Sir Mark sees it, and is curious. Lady Blanche sees it and is triumphant. It is clear that, for whatever end she has in view, all things are working well. Once or twice during the evening I catch her eye fixed upon me, and as I do so her glance falls slowly, while a malignant, insolent smile creeps round her mouth. At such moments I am pagan in my sentiments, and would; if it were possible, call down all evil things upon my enemy.

Next day, however, the clouds partially disperse, Naturally forgiving, I find a difficulty in maintaining wrath for any lengthened period, and Marmaduke appears only too glad to meet my advances.

The third day, indeed, all seems forgotten; our animosity is laid, and peace is proclaimed. This time, however, there has been no explanation, no kindly reconciliation, and only Marmaduke and I know that underneath our perfect amiability lies a thin stratum of ice, that any chance cold may harden into hopeless solidity.

"Phyllis, we have agreed to let the birds hold high holiday to-morrow, if you will promise us a picnic. It seems a pity to let this last glimpse of summer go by unmarked," says Marmaduke, speaking to me from the foot of the dinner-table.

"Oh, how delightful!" cry I, flushing with pleasure, and dodging all the flowers on the table to get a good look at his face. As he is also carefully dodging them in his turn, with the like laudible purpose of beholding me, it is some time before we manage it When our eyes do meet we smile sympathetically.

I hardly know why I do so, but as I withdraw my gaze from Marmaduke I turn it upon Sir Mark Gore, who sits at my right hand. The curiously cold, calculating expression I meet startles and somewhat displeases me.

"Do you not like picnics?" I ask him abruptly.

"Very much indeed. Why should you think otherwise?"

"Your expression just now was not one of pleasure."

"No? It ought to have been. I was inwardly admiring the charming enthusiasm with which you received your husband's proposition."

"Oh!" return I curtly. "Yes, as I told you once before, when I am pleased I show it; I am more than pleased now; I am enchanted," smiling brightly against the thought. "Do you know I have not been at a picnic since I was a girl—that is, unmarried."

"Not since then' Why, you must almost forget what a picnic means. Shall I refresh your memory? It means salted pies, and sugared-fowl, and indescribable jellies and warm fluids, and your knees in your mouth, and flies. I don't myself know anything more enjoyable than a picnic."

"Dear me, how I pity you! Whose picnics have you been at, may I ask?" inquire I with scorn. "To-morrow, I promise you, you shall see a very different specimen."

To-morrow comes to us as fine as though bespoken. Lady Blanche, walking into the breakfast-room in the most charming of morning robes, addresses herself to my husband.

"Well, most noble, what are your plans for to-day?" she asks, with a pretty show of animation.

Thought I am in the room, and she knows it, she takes no notice of me whatever—does not even trouble herself so far as to bestow upon me the courtesy of a "good-morning." She looks up at Marmaduke, and smiles at him, and awaits his answer as though he alone were to be consulted. Evidently in her opinion the mistress of the house is of no importance—a mere nonentity in fact; the master is everything.

It occurs to me that she might be even gracious enough to smile in my direction, but she confines her attention entirely to Marmaduke.

Has any one else in the room noticed her insolence? There is rather a hush, I fancy, as I move composedly to my seat and alter the cups and saucers into more regular rows. I wonder curiously whether Marmaduke has remarked her breach of etiquette. Not he! What man ever saw anything wrong where a pretty woman is the transgressor, more especially when the pretty woman's banishments are directed towards him? He gives back her smile placidly, and then speaks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURRENCY.

The oyster does not belong to the human race. There are seasons when he keeps his mouth shut.

England had to import 750,000,000 eggs last year to come out even. English hens put on too many airs.

A spring-gun doesn't cost much, never gets out of repair, is always on hand, and is warranted to kill a neighbor inside of a year.

The Greek language is very easy to understand when you once get the cue. The cue is a band of brigands who want $5,000 for your ransom.

An Eastern railroad brakeman who roasted his passengers one day and froze them the next was struck on the temple by a thermometer and killed.

David Swing, of Iowa, who is 83 years old has had to come down with $3,000 for kissing his hired girl. He thought he had cheap help and was sadly disappointed.

A plague has broken out among the ostriches of Africa, and if you want a plume to hang down over your right ear you'd better buy it before the advance in price.

One of the American missionaries to Japan has shipped home and sold to speculators in the last two years over $7,000 worth of idols. It pays to save the souls of the heathen.

James J. Noon is the name of a chap who offers to fight any man in the worald. He'll find somebody yet who'll make him wonder why his name stopped short in the middle of the day.

In olden times, in classic lands, a husband who could prove that his wife had threatened him could secure a divorce. In these days she can knock him down with a broomstic' and make him pay all the costs.

STATE OF IRELAND.

It is stated that 250 Irish suspects have been released during the past fortnight.

Egan reports that the Land League's entire outlay has been £126,000. It has on hand £59,000.

The report of a general release of imprisoned suspects being imminent is contradicted n high authority in London.

The police have seized three American rifles with bayonets, and sixty pounds of ammunition at Bally-bunnion, County Kerry.

Four suspects were unconditionally released from Naas gaol recently. Three farmers of Westmeath have been gaoled on suspicion of inciting murder.

521 agrarian outrages are reported for March, including two murders, twelve firing at persons, seven aggravated assaults, thirty arsons. 237 outrages were committed in Munster, 124 in Leinster, 122 in Connaught, and 48 in Ulster.

Witchcraft in England.

From Wells, in Somersetshire, England, an extraordinary case of superstition is reported. The wife of a workingman became mentally affected, and was removed to a lunatic asylum. Immediately before her departure it was stated that she was bewitched, and the following mode of removing the spells was proposed to the husband: First, he must stick a large number of pins in an animal's heart, which, in the dead of night, was to be roasted before a quick fire, the revolutions of the heart to be as regular as possible. After roasting, the heart was to be placed in the chimney and left there, the belief being that, as the heart rotted away so would the heart of the witch rot, and the bewitched would be released from the power of her enemy. It is said that not a few persons in the region are believers in witchcraft.

An Ominous Furlough.

The Russian Ambassador in Constantinople recently announced that he intended to go on furlough for several months. This is considered a warning to the Porte that Russia's patience is nearly exhausted by the indemnity negotiations. The Sultan is making efforts at conciliation.

A MAN'S CHOICE.

The Mistake in Buying a Bonnet.

"Now, whoever saw an old-gold rose!" she cried, appealing to the mirror, "or black asters, or brown lilies of the valley, or pea-green chrysanthemums? It's just like a man! Not the least idea of taste! And they'll put anything on to him. Probably some old things they had left over from last year, and then stuck them together on a child's hat and told Jack it was the latest style! And he believed them, the ninny! It's just like him! Well, he may wear it, if he wants to: I sha'n't!"

Jack arrived at this juncture, his face beaming like a bran-new tin pan in noonday sunshine. Seeing the millinery in the hands of his helpmate, he exclaimed gleefully:

"So you've got it, Mary! A little surprise, you know. It's a stunner ain't it?"

"I should say it was, Mr. Jack."

It was the tone of these words rather than their intrinsic intelligence that caused Jack's face to elongate suddenly.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" he exclaimed in alarm.

"Matter, Mr. Jack!" returned Mary, holding the bonnet out at arm's length, as if it had been a recent occupant of the small-pox hospital. "Matter, Mr. Jack!" she repeated; "I should think you'd ask! Just look at it!"

"Why," said Jack, beginning to lose confidence in his ideas on taste, "isn't it pretty?"

"Pretty!" screeched Mrs. J.

With that she left the millinery fall from her grasp, and then dropped all in a heap on the nearest chair and fell to weeping like a force pump.

It was hard on poor Jack. He had promised himself no end of pleasure as the result of his little surprise. "Mary will be so happy!" he had said to himself. "It will come so unexpected, too! And how she will admire my taste!" Instead of this that beautiful bonnet lay neglected on the floor, and his wife was on the verge of hysterics!

What was he to do under these distressing circumstances? Do? What would any husband do in the presence of tears?

"Oh, well, Mary," he said, coaxingly, "if it doesn't suit you, of course you can change it. I ought to have known that a man isn't fitted to pick out a bonnet. There, dear, don't cry any more; but put on your things and go right down to Plushinston's and pick one out yourself. Now don't cry, dear. I've got to go to the office; but you'll go to Plushington's right away, won't you, dear?"

Mrs. Jack's tears gradually dried, though a great sob every now and then showed the terrible anguish which still rent her bosom. She deigned no answer to her lord's entreaties, excepting something or other about that "horrid thing," and was about to break out again into fresh weeping, when Jack begged her again to go to the milliner's right off, kissed her hastily, and discreetly left her alone with her grief. When the door was safely shut behind him—the truth must be told—he did say something that rhymed with lamb, but it is certain that "lamb" was not the word he used.

It was wonderful how quickly Mrs. Jack recovered from her sorrow. Hardly had the street door closed ere she was herself again. There was now a look of triumph on her face. Hastily putting on her street garments, she shoved the despised bonnet into the band-box, and a minute later was on her way to Plushington's.

It is needless to follow her thither. If you are a woman, you know how a woman disports herself in a millinery shop; if a man, the less you know about such places the better for your peace of mind.

The next day was Sunday, Easter Sunday and as Mrs. Jack walked down the broad aisle in her new bonnet—the bonnet of her own choice—she was supremely happy. And Jack was happy, too, to see his spouse is so heavenly a frame of mind.

"Well, I vum!"

Thus said Mrs. Jack, as she took her seat for right in front of her in the Bangupton pew, there sat Mrs. Bangupton—the recognized leader in the fashionable world—with a bonnet the very counterpart of that "horrid thing" which Jack had sent home as a surprise to Mrs. J.

This is what Mrs. J. "vummed" about. There were the identical neutral things; the nondescript roses, chrysanthemums, lilies and asters, were all there; the "mean, scrimpy, night-cappy thing" was before her in every particular.

It is safe to say that Mrs. Jack got little edification from the service that morning. Mrs. Bangupton's bonnet was mixed up with the hymns; it was everywhere throughout the creed, collects, prayers; the morning lessons were entirely devoted to millinery; the sermon, from text to finish, was Bangupton and bonnet; and the benediction was made up of the same ubiquitious elements.

On her way home Mrs. Jack was not so cheerful as when she started thence. On the contrary, she was taciturn, sad, not to say morose. Jack saw that something was wrong, but, being a discreet husband, and having yesterday's episode fresh in his rememberance, he said nothing. It was, no doubt, the wiser course.

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Jack flew up the stairs, but not until she was in the solitude of her own chamber did her sorrow find words. Clutching convulsively at the strings of her new bonnet, she pulled it off and then sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"I don't care, *there*!"

This was her only exclamation. She continued to weep and sob for five minutes, perhaps. Then suddenly she dried her eyes took up her bonnet, scanned it all over, and, with a look of satisfaction rather than of joy, exclaimed:

"Well, I picked it out myself, at any rate! None of *his* buying! I'd a died rather than have him buy my bonnets!"

And no doubt she would.—*Boston Transcript.*

German Press Muzzling.

The editor of the *Tageblatt*, Berlin, lately sentenced to three months' imprisonment for libelling Prince Bismarck, has been sentenced to another week's confinement for publishing a letter about M. Gambetta, which the court considered blasphemous. At the instance of Prince Bismarck the circulation of a comic paper has been prohibited for two years.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH NEWS.

As Well as Other Foreign Items of Interest—Notes to Entertain Everybody.

The jewels stolen from the ladies of the Brazilian imperial family have been recovered.

The ex-Syndic of Palermo, recently abducted by brigands, was liberated after payment of £2,000.

In Vienna they are making bonnets and ladies' hats of glass. They are intended to be worn at the theatre.

A colonel of the Life Guards has received an anonymous letter, threatening to blow up the Windsor cavalry barracks.

An explosion occurred at Black Horse colliery, Sunderland, on Tuesday, by which thirty-five persons were killed.

A Darlington despatch of Wednesday says: Fifteen persons have been killed by colliery explosion at West Stanley.

Seven million worth of bonds of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railway have been put on the London market.

It is reported that a high Russian police official has been arrested at Warsaw on a charge of sheltering the Nihilist Hartmann.

Two hundred Jewish refugees passed through Lemburg on the way to America. Two hundred more were expected from Brody.

The *Standard* says correspondence is still proceeding between the United States and the British Government regarding the imprisoned Americans.

It is stated that the Czar has accepted the offer of the nobility of St. Petersburg and Moscow to protect the Imperial family and maintain order at the coronation.

A riot occurred on Tuesday at Camborne, Cornwall, on account of ill-feeling against Irish miners. A mob wrecked the Irishmen's houses and the Catholic church.

There was great excitement on Tuesday in the Hungarian Delegation. Count Andrassy violently opposed the Government, complaining of the application of military law in Bosnia.

A Tripoli despatch says an Italian traveler has been arrested and maltreated at Derna and other Europeans insulted. Foreign consuls at Benghari sent a vessel to bring Europeans to that place for safety.

Prolonged drought is causing great distress among the working class in Spain. The Government has consigned large sums to the authorities in Andalusia, to give employment to the people.

It is stated that the expense of administering the Land Act thus far has been £90,000. Reductions in rent by land commissioners are estimated at £30,000.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday Sir Charles Dilke said it was true the American suspects had been offered conditional liberty, but he knew nothing of Mr. Lowell's demanding their immediate trial or release.

It is stated in Madrid that the authorities on the frontier in Catalonia fear an attempt at a rising, a quantity of arms having been landed on the coast. Alarmist reports, however, were not credited in official circles.

Mr. John Jones, who is bringing out a number of children from London to star them in a Canadian life, is connected with the London Samaritan Society, and he tells a most touching story of the want that exists in the rich metropolis. It has been found that thousands of the scholars in the public schools come without breakfast in the morning and with a prospect of little dinner afterwards. The Society has given no less than sixty thousand free meals to such children in the past three months, and is arranging to establish a convalescent home for those whose recovery from sickness is difficult, if not impossible, in the smoky city atmosphere.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He wins at last, who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.

Every good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every bad appetite is more strengthened by its indulgence than before.

FORGETTING.—We talk of forgetting. As a matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there forever.

Obedience is a habit, and must be learned like other habits, rather by practice than by theory, by being orderly, not by talking about order.

In some things habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in the formation of character it is an inestimable advantage.

Health, beauty, vigor, riches, and all other things called "good," operate equally as evils to the vicious as they do as benefits to the just.

Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can. This is the advice given by old Scotch David to his lassie.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. This earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

The world is not won by denunciation. Tell a boy that he is disagreeable, and how quickly one loses influence over him. We must commend the good in people.

THE USE OF PERFUME.—Mr. Ruskin has said of color that its true beauty lies in the moderate use of it. The same may be said of perfume, especially as applied to personal use.

SELF-DENIAL.—The value of self-denial does not reside in itself as an end, but only as a means to a higher state in which it is no longer needed.

A mechanic's wealth is real, it consists in his strong arm, his expert hands, his knowledge of his trade, his physical endurance, his reputation as a superior and faithful workman.

WHY do elderly spinsters have a predilection for parrots? Well, they have no man about the house, and they want something round that can swear.

NOTABILITIES.

It is said that Gen. Skobeleff has received as many as twelve challenges in a day, but he doesn't care to go out and muss his jewel-hilted sword.

There is a rumor in England that the Princess Beatrice is to be married to the Earl of Fife, who is a handsome, clever and unusally agreeable young man.

The golden rose which the Pope blesses on the fourth Sunday in Lent and sends as a special mark of favor to one of the Catholic Princesses is this year destined by Leo. XIII, for the Princess Stephanie, wife of Rudolf, Prince Imperial of Austro-Hungary.

Queen Sophie of Naples, the heroine of Gaeta, is as accomplished a horsewoman as her sister, the Empress of Austria. She passed all last winter at Paris breaking horses and ponies at the Hippodrome, which was closed against the public for the season.

The new die for the next issue of golden coinage from the British Mint is now completed and in the possession of the authorities at the mint. This is only the second die taken during the reign of Queen Victoria, who is represented with an imperial crown, and the likeness is that of the Queen of the present year.

An eminent Queen's Counsel in England, who has found time in the midst of legal work to amass one of the finest collections of postage stamps in the country, has decided to part with it to a French collector even more highly esteemed in the postage stamp world. The price given is $40.000—a truly marvellous sum for a batch or defaced postage tokens.

Lanza, the late Italian statesman, was told one day that one of the Roman theaters was giving a piece containing scenes insulting to some of the Cardinals. Lanza sent for the manager, and said to him: 'I cannot permit these attacks directed at the Cardinals; but, after you've made amends, I authorize you to insert a scene in which you can abuse me as much as you please!' and with this he dismissed the manager.

Count Geza Zichy, the one-armed Hungarian pianist, has accepted an invitation from the Prince of Wales to appear in several concerts in London during the forthcoming season. The Count, who is now in his 32d year, lost his right arm when a boy by an accident, but his musical performances on the pianoforte with his left hand only are truly wonderful. He performs only for charitable purposes, and he has earned and distributed $80,000 during the last two years.

The King of Italy has presented Gen. d Cesnola with a superb gold medal of honor, bearing on its obverse side the royal effigy in relief, and on its reverse side the following inscription: "To the General Count Louis Palma di Cesnola, Discoverer and Illustrator of the Cypriote Antiquities." In the official letter of presentation it is expressly stated by the Prime Minister that the King has caused this testimonial to be designed and executed in recognition of "the honor and lustre" which Italy, his native country, has derived from Gen. di Cesnola's efforts "in the field of science as well as in the battlefield."

How Weapons First came to be Used.

The idea of employing weapons for assault or defense was a logical result of the first contests that took place between man and man. In these contests the strongest man with his native weapons—his fists—was unconsciously the father of all arms and all armed strength, for his weaker antagonist would early seek to restore the balance of power between them by the use of some sort of weapon. The shorter-armed man lengthened his striking power by the use of a stick, and found, after a time, the help its leverage and weight afforded him. The first case in which the chance-selected, heavy-ended staff or club showed that weight or hardness had its value, was a first step toward furnishing it with a strong head. Hence the blow of the fist was the forerunner of the crushing weapon. In the same way the pointed stick became the lance or dagger; and the thrown shaft, helped, as knowledge increased, by the bow or "throwing-stick," was the precursor of the dart and arrrow. The character of the first weapons, were largely determined by the nature of the materials which they were derived, and their shape partly from this and partly by copying the forms of the weapons possessed by the animals the primitive men slew. Hence arises the general similarity in character and shape of the earliest tools from all parts of the world.—*From "The Genesis of the Sword," in Popular Science Monthly for May.*

The Way They do it in Russia.

Whenever a personage of high rank visits Warsaw the imperial police authorities commission their secret agents to watch every action of that personage by day and night, and to report the results of their observations regularly every morning. One of these reports handed in to the police office of the district in which is situated the Hotel d'Europe, where Skobeleff lodged during his recent sojourn in the Polish capital, is textually reproduced in the columns of the *Czas*. It runs as follows: "Last night at the hour of his Excellency the General deigned to leave his hotel. He wore an elegant silk hat and no less elegant overcoat. In his hand he carried a walking stick. His Excellency condescended to hire the droshky No. 217, and, seated therein, to drive to Ziazd, where he alighted, and straightway disappeared. His Excellency did not return to his hotel until 7 o'clock this morning, wearing, however, a jacket and cap, both of which were covered with mud. It was, moreover, his Excellency's pleasure to appear considerably intoxicated." "This report," concludes the *Czas*, "is absolutely authentic. We have seen it, and are fully responsible for its publication.'

Dr. Lamson.

The Manchester *Guardian* says, regarding Dr. Lamson, that enough had been shown to prepare us to hear that Sir William Harcourt and the authorities do not see their way toward authorizing the execution of a man concerning whose moral responsibility so great doubt is shown.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

Dr. Brehm, manager of the Hamburg Zoological Gardens, notices that monkeys in the happy family department outlive the solitary prisoners.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

An English horticulturist, who is a careful observer of insect life, has noticed that honeybees rarely go near those flowers which bumble-bees seem to like best.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it.

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

Chaucer received a pitcher of wine every day from the cellar of Edward III.

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The reasons by which they are enabled to sell their Goods cheaply: They buy all their Goods for Cash, thereby being enabled to purchase from Manufacturers direct and not from Dealers; they buy at the very closest prices and get the cash discount; they buy in very large quantities, getting the additional allowance given to large New York and Chicago buyers in European Markets, as also by Manufacturers in this country; they buy all their Goods by expert Departmental buyers, who, buying for their special rooms only, bring to bear on all lines bought great attention, knowledge, and experience; doing a large trade, they are enabled to make the rate of expense low, which would be impossible in a smaller trade; and selling largely, they are satisfied with a small profit.

From the foregoing reasons and others they are enabled to sell to Wholesale Jobbers and direct Importers Goods at a price what they could not themselves import them for. Call and inspect or request representative to call.

$15 SILVER WATCH FREE!

Address, C. W. DENNIS,
Toronto, Ontario.

GURNEY'S
NORTH-WEST
COOK STOVE

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR

All the purposes of a Family Physic,

CURING

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disorded organs into action; and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but formidable and dangerous diseases. Most skilful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar coated, they are easy to take; and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & CO.,

LOWELL, MASS.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine

Burdock
Blood
Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS, BRANTFORD, CANADA,
Sole Manufacturers and Owners of Canadian Patent.

N. M. MAYBEE, FURNITURE DEALER AND UNDERTAKER.

A good supply of Furniture alw[illegible] hand, Funeral Furnishings, Adult's Robes, Ch[illegible] Robes, &c.

WAIT'S
HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by these are radical and permanent. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger proportion of cases, and in less time than any medicines known.

PRESCRIPTION NOS.	CURES	PRICE.
1.	Fever, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
2.	Worms, Teething, Fretfulness,	25
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants,	25
4.	Diarrhœa, Griping, or Cholera,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Bloody,	25
6.	Cholera, Bilious Vomiting,	25
7.	Cough, Hard or Bleeding,	25
8.	Cough, Loosening, Expectoration,	25
9.	Headache, Sick, Nervous, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dysmenorrhœa, Painful Periods,	25
11.	Whites, Too Profuse Periods,	25
12.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
13.	Salt Rheum, Humor, Eruptions,	25
14.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
15.	Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague,	25
16.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
17.	Ophthalmia, Inflamed Eyes,	25
18.	Catarrh, Acute and Chronic,	25
19.	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughing,	25
20.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Difficulty in Urinating,	25
21.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions,	25
22.	Sore Mouth or Throat, Ulcerated Throat,	25
23.	Urinary Complaints, Wetting Bed,	25
24.	Dropsy and Scanty Secretion,	25
25.	Sickness of Stomach, Vomiting,	25
26.	Sore Nipples or Breasts, Garget in Cows,	25
27.	Scarlet Fever, Severe Inflammation,	25

If your Druggist does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Manual (free). Address, WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS MANUFACTORY, T. WAIT, Proprietor, London, Ontario.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 24th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

W. T. WHITE

is prepared with a

FIRST-CLASS NEW HEARSE

to furnish funerals on the shortest notice.

COFFINS, SHROUDS, AND GENERAL COFFIN TRIMMINGS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Thanking my past customers for their generous support, and soliciting a continuance of the same, as they may depend on first-class work.

W. T. WHITE.

Madoc, Feb., 22nd, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

MADOC, - ONT.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

BOWEN & ELLIS

HAVE pleasure in announcing to the people of Madoc and vicinity that they have purchased the stock and good will of Mr. N. D. Peters, and will continue the business in the same stand, O'Flynn Block.

A general stock of

TEAS, SUGARS, PROVISIONS, TOBACCOS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

will be kept constantly on hand. A call solicited.

TERMS CASH.

BOWEN & ELLIS.

Madoc, 7th March, 1882.

All parties indebted to D. Bowen are requested to call and settle at once.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods

ESTABLISHED 1856.

G. D. RAWE

DESIRES to notify the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that his stock is now fully complete, but as it is the

LARGEST AND MOST VARIED

he has even had the pleasure of offering for their inspection, it would be impossible to particularize.

A call will convince every one that the stock is LARGE and NEW, the quality of the Goods GENUINE, and the prices FAIR.

MILLINERY!

Just received a case of

SPRING HATS,

in all the new and different styles. We have also added a variety of other goods in connection.

A splendid assortment of

WOOL GOODS, BEEDS, AND EMBROIDERY.

A good variety in

SILK TIES, COLLARS, FRILLINGS, ROYALIST TRIMMINGS, AND LACES, MANTLE TRIMMINGS, & LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING.

See our new

RIBBONS,

in all new shades.

MOIRE, PLAIDS, & SASH RIBBONS.

MRS. W. T. WHITE.

Madoc, 30th March, 1882.

Gray & McGregor

GENERAL—

—GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, ana BISCUITS,

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Portes!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., etc.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

1882. SPRING and SUMMER. 1882.

John Robertson,
GENERAL MERCHANT.

New Goods always arriving at lowest Cash prices, also keeps on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, Hats and Caps,

READY—|—MADE—|—CLOTHING.

Crockery, China and Glassware.

STONE SETS FROM $2.50, UP. 3,000 ROLLS WALL PAPER FROM 5 CENTS.

A CALL SOLICITED.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Wall Papers.

We invite attention to our stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES and BORDERINGS, which we have just opened out for our spring trade. Our Papers are all full width. Wall Papers from 5 cents a roll.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, Feb. 1st, 1882.

EMBROIDERIES, INSERTIONS, LACE CURTAINS, LACES.

We invite careful inspection of these Goods, feeling assured that one glance at them will convince the most skeptical that they are the

Cheapest & Largest
ASSORTMENT

ever shown in Madoc.

Embroideries commencing at 3 cents a yard.

Inspect our stock and note the prices.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Madoc, March 8th, 1882.

R. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE, Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VI., No 266. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 11, 1882. POSTAGE PREPAID.

The Great North-West.

Probably the greatest living authority on the Great North-West is Professor Macoun, who has written the following letter to the Secretary of the Shell River Colonization Company respecting the tract secured by that Company at the Shell River in Manitoba:—

J. C. Jamieson, Esq., Secretary of Shell River Colonization Company:

SIR.—To your letter of inquiry respecting Townships 23 and 24, Range 28, and Township 23, Range 29, west of the first Principal Meridian, I may state that I was at the mouth of Shell River last fall on my return from the north. The lands are located on both sides of the Assiniboine and include the mouth of Shell River and the Railway crossing immediately below. At this point there is a ford on the river caused by a sand bar, and the old road from Shoal Lake crosses here. As the valley is wide at this point and contains much excellent land above the influence of the floods, a large town will necessarily grow here whether the railway crosses or not. It is quite certain that more lines than one will converge to this point, as it is the best, if not the only crossing between Fort Ellice and Fort Pelly. Having taken my boats from Pelly to Ellice last September, I can assure you that there are no impediments in the river between these points to prevent a steamer from ascending the Assiniboine. Last July a steamer ascended to Fort Pelly. Twelve miles from the mouth of Shell River, Mr. Denmark, formerly of this city, keeps a store, and the Hudson's Bay Company have a grist mill either in operation, or will be next spring.

Leaving out the broken lands along the slopes of both river valleys, I am safe in assuming that all the remainder contains excellent soil, as no bad land is reported in that quarter. The land seen by me was all good, but the ascent out of the river valley was very steep on both sides. In my opinion you have secured the best location, as regards its future importance, of any Company to which the Government has granted public lands.

JOHN MACOUN.

Belleville, May 4th, 1882.

P. S.—I may mention that your lands are within the Province of Manitoba, as the western boundary of it is just outside of your western limit. J. M.

It will be seen by advertisement that the Company have decided not to sell the stock in the Company, which was advertised for sale on the 13th inst.

In the Spring of the year almost every one requires a good Blood Purifier, more especially in the month of May. We would earnestly advise our readers to try Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. A few doses will soon convince you that it is the best remedy known for affections of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

Report of Uniform Promotion Examination, December, 1881.

The following is the report of the receipts and expenditures in connection with the Promotion Examination held December, 1881:

RECEIPTS—Madoc Model School, $2.25; Stirling School, $2.00; the following schools contributed the sum of seventy-five cents each:

S.S. No. 2, Madoc	S.S. No. 9, Madoc
" 13 "	" 8 "
" 16 "	" 6 "
" 4 "	" 19 "
" 7 "	" 12 "
" 14 "	" 3 Elzevir
" 1 Elzevir	" 2 "
" 6 "	" 9 Marmora
" 2 Marmora	" 1 "
" 6 "	" 4 "
" 14 Rawdon	" 20 Rawdon
" 15 "	" 8 "
" 4 "	" 1 "
" 3 "	" 19 "
" 17 "	" 7 "
" 13 "	S.S.No. 12 Huntingdon
" 4 Huntingdon	" 2 & 5 "
" 10 "	" 1 & 4 "
" 1 Tudor	S.S. No. 3 Wollaston &

Limerick; the following schools contributed the sum of twenty-five cents each:

S.S. No. 7 Elzevir S.S. No. 2 Tudor.

Total Receipts, $33.25.

EXPENDITURES—Examination Papers, $20.20; Circulars, Programmes, Certificates, $6.20; Paper for Examinations, $5.96; Postage, Telegrams, $2.29. Total Expenditures, $34.65. Balance paid by Association, $1.40.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Invalids distracted by indigestion and discouraged in their search for its remedy should make a trial of this never failing remedy. A lady, long a martyr to dyspeptic tortures, writes that Holloway's Pills made her feel as if a burden had been taken off her. Her spirits, formerly low, have greatly improved; her capricious appetite has given place to healthy hunger; her dull, sick headache has departed, and gradually so marvellous a change has been effected, that she is altogether a new creature, and again fit for her duties. These Pills may be administered with safety to the most delicate. They never act harshly, nor do they ever induce weakness; they rightly direct deranged, and control excessive, action.

Up to 31st March 872 suspects were arrested in Ireland. A large proportion of these have since been set at liberty.

H. R. H. the Princess Louise will arrive at Halifax on or about the 25th of this month, and will reach Qeubec about the 5th of June.

—The Imported English Garden and Field Seeds have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L.D.S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

OPEN DAILY.

NOTICE!

For the Closing up of a Road.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a By-law to close up the Road laid out on the south side of the east part of Lot 27, in the 10th Concession of Madoc. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

NOTICE!

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Tuesday, 30th May, next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., when appeals against the assessment will be heard and tried, in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting, take into consideration the propriety of passing a By-law for the opening of a Road between Lots 16 and 17, in the 11th Concession, out to the Queensborough Road, the whole of the road to come off Lot 17. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

The undersigned begs to announce to his customers and the public generally, that he has one of the finest stock of Groceries and Liquors in Madoc, consisting of Teas, Sugars, Spices, Oat Meal, Dried Apples, Soda, Starch, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines, Corned Beef, Tamatoes, Corn Peaches, Pickles, Baking Powder, Corn Starch, Figs, and everything else kept in a first-class Grocery. The Finest brands of Liquors imported direct from the manufacturers. Gooderham and Wort's Proof Rye and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

D. W. WRIGHT,

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC

NEW — FIRM!

THE undersigned having purchased the stock and goodwill of Mr. John Harper, begs to solicit a continuance of the patronage of the public. They will keep constantly on hand a full supply of

CHOICE GROCERIES,

AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds, including

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL AND PORK

at the lowest possible prices.

—ALSO—

C|R|O|C|K|E|R|Y

of different kinds.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Remember the stand—Harper's Block, St. Lawrence St.

CHAMBERS & M'KINNEY.

Madoc, November 3rd, 1881.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P.O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland, Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, May 22nd, At 8 o'clock.

J. R. ORR, Rec. Secretary.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,

Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc. Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fil all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to: S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Money to Loan!

Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and time at a low rate of interest

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,

with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD, Madoc.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville.

241

J|U|S|T I|N!

Oranges, Lemons, Nice Graft Apples, Canned Tomatoes, and Canned Peaches.

Oysters and Luncheons a Specialty.

Oysters by the Quart, Can, Plate or 5c. Glass.

S. A. DAVIS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON, BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON, BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER, ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c., LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc.

DOUGALL & FALKINER, BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates. A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP, BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds. GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GEO. W. WALKER, SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON, BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates. Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block. Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts. A.M.PETERSON, B.A. C.W.PETERSON, B.A.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,

ELDORADO, ONT.

FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.

GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.

The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH, BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville. Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St. HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH. N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

AND

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from

7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,

according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than the cost of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.

BLAIR & HOUGH, Barristers, &c., Ashley Block, Belleville.

Oct. 25th, 1880.

Two Years Old.

BY EMMA MATHEWS WHITE.

Mortimer's birthday blows,
Must surely be more than two;
Give him one for his every beauty
From his brow to his little shoe.

A kiss for every dimple,
For lips and cheeks so red,
And for every cunning curlie
That shines on its darling head.

Don't prate of a dismal future,
And hope that he will grow wise!
Just toss him as high as the ceiling,
And see the laugh in his eyes!

Nor cry how fleeting is childhood,
While living is full of pain!
You'll drown your sweetest roses,
If you're always pouring rain.

O hush that wearisome croaking
Of darkness and fading light;
Just give us a chance to be happy—
Robins don't sing in the night!

Nor make yet another mention
Of sorrow and all the world's woe;
I've found here another warm dimple—
Peaches can't ripen in snow!

Don't sigh o'er a maybe future,
Darling and I know to-day
And we'll have our share of sunshine,
Though all the world looks grey.

A kiss for every dimple,
For lips and cheeks so red,
And for every cunning curlie
That shines on his darling head.

For two dear years I have had him,
Sure as the sun is in the skies;
Just toss him up to the ceiling,
And see the laugh in his eyes.

Last Words.

Final Utterances of Distinguished People on Their Death-Beds.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and many difficulties, that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming, "All my possessions for a moment of time!" George IV., met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Waltrea Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried: "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII, who had altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims: "Monks! Monks! Monks!" Edward VI., the was boy-king, with his fast fading eyes, commended his soul to God: "Lord take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said: "Then I am safe," and was silent for ever.

The last words of Charles I., on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxon was "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers. Ann Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small;" and Sir Thomas Moore, as he yielded himself to the executioner, said, with sorry wit, "For my coming down let me shift for myself." Joan of Arc at the stake ended her eventful, stormy life with our Saviour's name upon her lips, as brave as Gen. Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearing the enemy's retreat, cried, "What do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Philip Sdyney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to a humbler comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round, saying, "Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness. Mozart's last words were: "Let me hear once more those notes, so long my solace and delight;" but Haydn, forgetful of his art, cried: "God preserve my emperor." Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in the words "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die," Goethe cries "Light more light;" Tasso, "In tuas manus, Domine;" Byron, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And these who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missoloughi in the Florida and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapt in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples; the profile of exceeding beauty. Boileau, congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying: "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue;" and Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end was near, said: "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnston, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear." Washington, dying at Mount Vernon, cried, "It is well." Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily." Mme. de Staal, whose secret trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my father, and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were "Patty—joy;" Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat;" Adams, "Independence forever;" Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country;" Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bedfellows are cramp and cough; we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words are "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharpe, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done;" Farmer Ormsmer, Hooper, and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit," and these are but a few of many such utterances. The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts," were the last words of a most noble life.

An officer of the Vermont Central Railroad has gone to England to instruct the Great Western Rail's employees in our system of checking baggage.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

A French vetinary surgeon has discovered that vaccination may be usually applied to dogs. It apparently prevents the development of those diseases that in many cases prove fatal to pups.

During the year 1878 the fine arts in France were supported to the tune of 7,500,000 francs; England spent for the same purpose $1,500,000, and the German Empire over $600,000.

The Marquis Ginori, proprietor of the Florence Porcelain works, has gained judgement in the Naples court against the ex-Kedive for the sum due for the dinner service ordered by the latter, and presented by him to the Prince of Wales.

A curious termagant of eighteen, servant to an old lady in Paris, was in such a rage at being reproved that, after nearly strangling her mistress, she endeavoured to throw her out of the window, and infallibly would have succeeded had not a neighbour come to the rescue.

The Princess de C., the other day, on the occasion of her twenty-second birthday, gave a dog feast. Each of the guests was to bring his or her favourite dog, and beside the master's cover a silver platter was laid for his dog. Each four footed guest had a footman to wait upon him.

Cardinal Newman has sustained a deep bereavement in the death of Monseigneur Russel, the president of Maynooth College, who converted him from Protestanism. "He sent me, at different times, several letters. He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone." And thereupon he won the perplexed prophet of the new oxford school.

When in a Venice glass works an artisan fails in blowing a fine ornament he turns it into a bottle, and his fellow labourers cry "fiasco!" When a Florentine lady this season wished to jilt her admirer she at the end of a cotillion presented him with a small fiasco or flask of wine. When Florentine society hears that a bow has been jilted he receives from many people fiascoes of all forms and sizes.

The Republic of San Marino, will not become a gambling den. To silence the rumours that have circulated on the subject, Signor Giuliano Bellazzi, the Minister of the Interior of the republic, announces that the Sovereign Council has brought an action against Commander Palamede Malpeli for entering into negotiations with foreign capitalists with a view to making San Marino another Monaco.

Mr. Yates says that their seems to be no end to the literature of quarrels among authors. The last, which creates much amusement in literary circles, is between a novelist and a journalist. The story goes that the novelist has drawn the journalist's portrait, and has made him the villian of a novel now passing through a monthly magazine.

Lady Adelaide Forbes is to marry Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, second son of the Duke of Leinster, and the match has caused grave dissension between their families, the bride being a Roman Catholic, the bridegroom a Protestant. The Duke and Duchess of Leinster have resolved not to attend the ceremony, as the priest have refused to allow any Protestant prayers to be introduced into the service.

The yaching world will be glad to hear that Lord Ocho Fitzgerald intends shortly to launch upon the waters a splendid new yacht, which is now building for him on the Clyde. She is to be of 300 tons burden and to combine the advantages of sailing and steam vessels—much in the style, though considerably smaller, of the Sunbeam—and is built with three raking masts. She is to be christened the Fair Geraldine.

In "Daniel Rochat," Mlle. Bartet has her hair dressed charmingly in wavy bandeaux with small frisures on her forehead, the chignon is composed of a nœud Psyche and plaits, and the only ornament is a gold comb. This new mode of dressing the hair has been christened by its inventor the "coiffure Lea," from the name of the personage represented by Mlle. Bartet in Sardou's piece. The coiffure has been at once adopted in the salons of fashion."

London *World*:—"There is, I understand every reason to believe that a contract of marriage will shortly be entered into between a Prince of our royal house, whose modesty and learning have won for him golden opinions, and a debutante who was universally admitted to bear away the palm for beauty at the last drawing room, and who is the daughter-in-law of a scottish earl distinguished for his gallant bearing and literary attainments."

It is said that the plot to blow up the Winter Palace was discovered by the Berlin police, and information giving many details of the designs of the conspirators was forwarded to St. Petersburg under Prince Bismarck's instructions by special couriers ten days previous to the catastrophe which has startled the world. It is no wonder that the two officials who had charge of the palace one has since shot himself and the other has had a paralytic stroke.

The chateau of Bagatelle, which the Comte de'Artois, afterwards Charles X., had built in six weeks in order to win a bet of 100,000f. that he had made with Marie Antoinette, is now in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace. At the entrance of the garden were two bronze statues, Hippomene and Atlanta. The other night some thieves scaled the park wall and stole Hippomene and escaped with their heavy booty. The police have not yet discovered any trace of them.

Extract from *Pepys' Diary*, to be published March, 1960:—"To the great salesrooms in King street, where a mighty fine collection of blue and white old ginger pots from China; and I did see one man give £550 for one, and another man £620 for another. Yet they do say there be poor folks without dinners and many little children with no clothes to put on them, over in Ireland. All which do seem to me mighty contradictory and not a little and to think on, so I will no more trouble myself about it."

A church organist at Aratoff, near Kieff, lately confessed on his death bed of the murder twenty years ago of a farmer. He committed the crime with the priest's pistol, which he stole, and then placed in the sacristy, confessed to the priest, so as to preclude the latter from giving evidence against him without infringing the obligation of secrecy, and then went and denounced the priest as the culprit. The priest, who vainly protested his innocence, was sentenced to hard labour for life, and, on his liberation being applied for, on the strength of the organist's death bed confession, the reply was that he had died a few months ago.

The result of the experiments with heavy guns and test target at Spezzia in the Autumn of 1876 has been the production of compound armor-plates for ships of war. These plates consist of steel having an iron backing. Liquid steel is poured on the heated iron plates, and the latter becoming partially fused, a most intimate weld is effected, the steel running into the fibrous iron and the iron into the steel. All the new ironclads are to be protected with this description of plate.

The wife of the French Consul at Adrianople writes that thousands of Mussulmans, driven by the result of the war from Bulgaria, East Roumelia, and Thrace to take a refuge in Adrianople, are starving to death. What with the war and two bad harvests, Thrace can't support her own poor, much less any outsiders. There are 20,000 of these refugees in Adrianople, more than a third of whom are in absolute destitution. The French Government has kindly given some assistance, and the consulate is surrounded all the time by a throng whom it is impossible to relieve.

Major Sharrat says that the prevailing ignorance of the proper way to burn illuminating gas results in great injury to health and comfort as well as in heavy pecuniary loss. He estimates that of all the gas which passes through a meter, from 30 to 50 per cent. is wasted. The principle causes of this enormous waste are bad burners, excessive pressure, and unsuitable arrangeof gas globes and fittings. To insure the best results with the greatest economy it is essential to burn gas under low or very moderate pressure, with the aid of good burners and efficient regulators.

A scientific explanation is asked by Mr. S. J. Capper of certain facts observed by him during the time the Lake of Constance was frozen over last winter—an occurence which happened only twice during the past 185 years. When the air was perfectly still and the frost intense, the ice broke away in the middle of the lake, and, crashing upon that near the shore, piled itself up in great heaps. Every twelve hours there was a forward and backward movement of ice fields. Can this be due to a true tidal movement? Again, near the shore, there were large white spots seen in the ice, some of them having a diameter of two or three yards. When these white spots were pierced, gas escaped, which, when ignited, produced a flame from two to six feet in height.

Highland Hospitality.

Should the traveller come well recommended by a letter of introduction from some one or other of a numerous family of cousins up to the fourth or fifth degree, he will be received with Highland honours by the better class of crofters. The best room will be prepared for his reception. In this room he will probably find two concealed beds, with a profusion of Highland blankets. On the mantelpiece he will behold a few china ornaments, shells, and perhaps relics of other days and climes. After a sound sleep he must not feel in the least degree surprised if his rest is disturbed by the sudden opening of his chamber door, and the entrance unannounced of a favourite sheep, followed by a collie dog in pursuit of the same; a procession of hens, ducks, and other domestic fowls; and a strapping Highland lass, who brings up the rear with a broomstick. After a wash and a sniff of the collar morning air—so fresh, so clear, so freely charged with ozone—he is hospitably placed at a Highland breakfast table. The memory of that feast will undoubtedly haunt him through life. The menu at the finest restaurants in New York sinks into insignificance beside this wholesome meal of homemade oatmeal cakes, boiled Iona flounders, fresh eggs, cheese, butter, milk, tea, and scones. When the master of the house has laid his bonnet reverently aside and all are seated, the traveller is treated to a grace in Gaelic as long as a tether, and then the feast begins. It is an insult in the Highlands not to eat; and to praise the good wife's scones or cakes or mealy puddings is the very height of good breeding. Breakfast over, the visitor is free to enter the sacred precincts of the kitchen and light his pipe—to saunter along by the beautiful white sands, and watch the waves come lazily in to visit their favourite nooks and crevices among the rocks. Or maybe he may take a fancy to visit one or other of the neighbours' houses. As he enters he is greeted with the utmost respect. The eldest daughter of the family dusts and places a homely chair for the stranger, and the old "calaich," or grandmother in the chimney corner, stretches forward her withered neck so get a sight of the man from America. The husband greets him heartily, and the sonsy wife, with her brood of healthy, little kilties, smiles and listens to his talk, of which she probably does not understand one word. He is offered milk, which to refuse would be an unpardonable affront. The Highlander is hospitable to the last degree, but he is likewise quick to take offence. As the little kilted children come tumbling in, the American beheld a picture of rosy health which insensibly brings to mind the crowded city with its pale and prematurely aged faces. Not a shoe or a stocking on those feet—nothing but a rough-spun shirtie and the irrepressible kilts to keep these hardy little bodies warm. But they never feel cold, and when they are not out playing among the heather, or fishing for "cuddies" among the rocks, they are herding the sheep or attending to the cattle on the hillside.

In the town of Mounthope, New York, which has a population of 1500, there are twenty persons whose united ages aggregate 1689 years.

The Rev. W. A. Roberts, vicar of that Welsh parish with a yard of unpronounceable names, having applied to the Dean of Arches for mitigation of sentence of three years' suspension for drunkenness, Lord Penzance, observing that it was a terrible thing to seen clergyman declare on his oath that the evidence given against him was not true, adhered to the judgment he had pronounced and ordered the sentence to be published on the doors of the church.

Lord Chelmsford and His Staff in Africa.

As to Lord Chelmsford's staff, its inadequacy was flagrant. He commanded what was virtually an army corps, and an army corps, too, in detachments, and therefore demanding the services of an exceptionally efficient staff. Modern warfare has made apparent the inestimable value, to a General in command, of a good chief of the staff. But Lord Chelmsford would have no chief of the staff. He had indeed a Military Secretary, a man of proved capacity—in originating, stimulating, and perpetuating friction. His Adjutant-General was respectable, and it may have facilitated the despatch of business that throughout the campaign he and the Military Secretary were not on speaking terms. Until the eve of the invasion, Lord Chelmsford had no functionary discharging the duties of Quartermaster-General, and when at length an able officer was nominated *ad interim* to that appointment, he had no adequate or stated assistance, and had to content himself with such casual service as was rendered by the poor lad who fell at the Ityotosi River and the man who let him to his fate. His intelligence officer was a man who palpably, and, indeed, confessedly, knew nothing of the region through which lay the line of invasion. It was not until a day or two before the march from Landsman's Drift that Lord Chelmsford thought proper to brigade Gen. Newdigate's division, and he saw nothing incongruous in leaving later one of the Brigadiers whom he then nominated, in command of a wayside post garrisoned by a few companies. But, indeed, Lord Chelmsford not only was the Commander-in-Chief, but essayed to be his own chief of the staff, his own division General, his own Brigadier, his own Sergeant-Major, his own road-mender, his own ox-driver, his own mealiscob-collector. A Nasmyth hammer is a wonderful instrument; it will punch a hole through an armor-plate, and it will fashion a pin. But it is of no account, and children may mock it, when the motive power is lacking.

Light in the Home.

The eminent English writer, Dr. Richardson, produces in one of our contemporaries, an article called "Health at Home," which is replete with wisdom. A most important point, and one on which he dwells, is the fact that so many people are afraid of the light. "In a dark and gloomy house you never can see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it." Accordingly, when a house is dark and dingy, the air becomes impure, not only on account of the absence of light, but from the impurities which are accumulated. Now, as Dr. Richardson cleverly puts it, we place flowers in our windows that they may have the light. If this be the case, why should we deprive ourselves of the sunshine and expect to gain health and vigour? Light, and plenty of it, is not only a purifier of things inanimate, but it absolutely stimulates our brains. It is in regard to sick rooms that this excellent authority is particularly impressive. It used to be the habit of physicians in old times to sedulously darken the rooms, and this practice continues to some extent even today. In certain very acute cases of nervous diseases, where light, the least ray of it, disturbs in over exciting the visual organs, this darkening of the room may be permitted, but ordinarily to keep light out of the room is to deprive the patient of one of the vital forces. Children or old people condemned to live in darkness are pale and wan, exactly like those plants which, deprived of light, grow white. Darkness in the daytime undoubtedly makes the blood flow less strongly and checks the beating of the heart, and these conditions are precisely such as bring constitutional suffering and disease. The suppression of the light of day actually increases those contagious maladies which feed on uncleanliness. Dr. Richardson states: "I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light."

Contagion.

Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and in the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighbourhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vapoury emanation, it would be equally diffused through the sick room, and all who entered it would, if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case; for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances to a given contagion, one may suffer and the other escape. The explanation of this is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere, so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubit space. Suppose that a hundred germs are floating about in a room containing two thousand cubit feet of air. There is one germ for every twenty cubit feet. Naturally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room; or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling, or near the floor. In a given twenty cubit feet there may be a dozen germs, or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain there an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size of the room by one half, and you do the same. Keep the windows shut, and you keep the germs in; open them, and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants.

The Murder of the Hymn.

"Rock of Ages" had been given out in church, and the people were eagerly expecting a genuine congregational tune, when, to their horror, the quartet choir up aloft start another kind of concoction altogether.

"Oh, it was a distressing spectacle! The half-open lips of the worshippers closed suddenly, and their books too. Disappointment took the place of expectation. Countenances fell. Old saints sank sadly into their seats. The young looked quizzingly round upon the quartet. The frivolous snickered. The sceptics sneered. The worldlings nudged one another and smiled, as if to say, 'Gay, isn't it?' The earnest-hearted were disgusted. The devout prayed instead of praising; asked forgiveness instead of giving thanks.

"The quartet went on with the murder of the hymn—showing by merriness of face and tone, their relish of their triumph and the discomfiture of the congregation. The hallowed words struggled bravely but ineffectually with the horrible tune. The mystic sentiment writhed and moaned as the voice of the gross bass tore it and defiled it. Gentle memories flew shrieking through the edifice, as the frantic solo of the female tenor scratched and slit the face of the holy hymn, until its most intimate friends did not know it from the gaudy musical hag that captivates the groundlings in the sensuous uproar of the opera. Then the whole four of the 'performers,' as if exasperated at the vivativeness of the object of their musical hate, brandished their 'artistic' clubs, and brought them down with terrific violence upon the head of the saintly song of praise. When the organist pulled out a stop, he pulled at the heart-strings of the dear hymn, and when he pushed in a stop, he stabbed a dagger to its vitals. The furious flights of the tenor were the screech of triumph over the prostrate hymn, the surly growl of the bass was a defiant bravado flung by art into the face of adoration. The combined performance was a chorus-shout of glee over the substitution of frolicsome vanity for the beauty of holiness.

"And so with organ, organist, and the blower, with bass and tenor, and treble and alto, with screech, and yell, and hoot, and trill, the choir was victorious. The venerable melody staggered to its last fall. After a most valiant struggle for life, it went down under the murderous hand—a martyr to the "spirit of the age.' Another pull at the heart-strings, another stab in the vitals, another slit in the face, another grab at the throat, and all was over. The hymn was dead. The quartet rested from their murderous work, with their mouths wet with the blood of this sublime old song of the saints. And, as if to enjoy their rest the more privately, or to agree upon their next victim, they closed the cracks in the red curtain, and gathered down behind it.

A Happy Home.

Is the highest and dearest gift on earth. There is in this city one home that must certainly be of that kind. The other day while the guests in a fashionable up-town boarding house were at dinner there was heard in the main hall the sound of little pattering feet. That was unusual, for there are no children in that house (more's the pity), and every boarder involuntarily paused with uplifted face and a look that meant hush! Presently a babyish face peeped shyly into the dining-room, and a small voice asked: "Where's my mamma?"

"Mercy on us! Who *is* the child?" exclaimed the landlady, a motherly woman with the most benevolent pair of spectacles always astride of the most benevolent of noses and making a pair of the kindliest and most sympathetic eyes.

"Why! who can it be?" chorused the ladies.

"By jingo! here's an episode." Thus the oracle of our boarding house.

The romantic young gentleman of the party, who is understood to have been "engaged" seven times in the last twelve months, tempted the little visitor to his chair-side with a shining nickel, and entered into conversation with her.

"What is your name, baby?"

"Darling," was the artless reply, in a tone of great sincerity.

"Darling what?"

"Little darling," with a slight emphasis and a nod that tossed the yellow curls over the big mild eyes in which was not a trace of insecurity.

"What is your papa's name?"

"Just dear papa."

And your mamma?"

"Mamma, dear."

"What does your papa do?"

"Loves me an' mamma and smokes cigars and reads and tells me stories and—that's all."

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, in a big, big, pretty house. I've got a nice dolly that cries when I squeeze her, and she's got a new dress, and a parasol and blue shoes."

"But what street do you live in?"

"It's a house." (With some surprise.)

"Yes, I suppose so, but——

"Oh you little rogue, here you are!" (Excuse me ladies and gentlemen, I've been in such a flutter about this runaway that I didn't stop to ring, but came round to the side door, as I heard my baby had been seen on your steps.)

The speaker was a young woman of whom the child was a duplicate in miniature. Her flushed and happy face was like the first spring flowers, and a single look at her was enough to convince the looker that her baby was the greatest care she had perhaps ever known—and what a loving, happy kind of a care it was everybody could see. Again apologizing for her unceremonious entrance, and blushing with embarrassment at the manifest interest which all present had in her and her little truant, she vanished. The romantic young man is understood to have committed himself. It is probably true, for such a pair as that mother and her little prattler are a powerful protest against bachelors and their dismal condition.

Two chambermaids and a cook in a Pittsburgh house argued, as the latter stirred a huge kettle of boiling mush. The argument culminated in a remark unpleasant to the cook, who retaliated by throwing a ladle of mush in the face of the offender. Then the row became general. Hot mush flew thick and fast, burning wherever it struck, and sticking, too. The lamb was there badly burned and discharged domestics.

Holy Dews.

BY C. A. M.

"What sparkles in the grass as the night wind flies
Mother dear?"
"Tears for the sins of earth from angels' eyes
Falling here."

"Falleth so swift the sacred seed,
Mother mild?"
"As swiftly as the sins of earth have need,
Sweet my child."

Shall I, Or Shall I Not?

Janet Blair, at the age of forty-five, was a gentle, refined, somewhat fatigued-looking woman, with eyes that looked coldly and sadly out among most things, though they could smile and flame upon occasions as only eyes of her colour can. No one was ever sure what that colour was. Neither blue nor gray nor green, it varied with her mood, and that was changeable as an April day. No eyes could look sadder, and none laughed more merrily when the sun was shining. Forty-five years of life, as it had been imposed upon Janet, should have tamed and tutored those glances to reveal less of the spirit that dwelt behind them, but they had proved untamable, and with them she spoke many a word her lips would not utter.

Let me introduce her to you, as she sits one afternoon, in a shabby black gown, which falls with easy grace about a thin yet shapely figure. She is knitting a boy's stocking, but the needles are idle for the moment, and she is reading the book upon her lap, an old unbound copy of Moliere's "Misanthrope" in a yellow cover. As Janet reads, a little tender moment flits across her careworn face, like the shadow of a cloud falling upon a sunlit hill. Other days had come back to her, and she was thinking of her first love, not Mr. Blair, I am sorry to say, but some one else very different, as Janet's fancy pictured him, the fair curly-headed youth who had once been able to make her heart beat, as it had never beat since. Janet looked back, and saw herself again the day when she stood by her father's dying bed, and pledged herself to Mark Blair, and his expectations, and turned away from the fair penniless youth, who had nothing but love to offer her; and she again heard her father's voice, as it cried, "Thank God, there is one of them provided for," as he looked at the cluster of bonny lasses he was leaving almost destitute. She remembered her short gleam of happiness in securing a home, to which her young sisters were ever welcome. Mark had been generous, and his wife was grateful. She recalled the unsatisfied yearnings of her heart as she tried to attach herself to the man she had wedded, her young severe resolves, her early rebellions and struggles, her despair, as she recognised the impossibility of uniting her soul to the soul of life. A light foot behind the screen aroused her, and she looked up for the answering glance of the face that she knew would peep round it.

There it came, soft, arch and bright. Janet's daughter was the pleasantest sight a mother's eye could rest upon.

"What are you doing, Mrs. Blair?" cried the girl, as she stood with her soft round chin upon the edge of the screen, an inquiring look of fondness in a pair of mischievous brown eyes.

"Well, child, trying to do two things at once, as you may see, and to serve me right, I have dropped half the stitches off Benny's stocking. You may as well come in, and open the piano. Not a note of music have I heard to-day, and I am as dull as any old owl." Then round the old pictured screen came the maid at her mother's bidding; but she did not go to the piano. She crossed the room rapidly, and popped down at Janet's feet, laying her arms on the maternal lap, and her round golden head upon her arms, and there she lay.

"Touch me," she said, in a soft imperious voice, "stroke my hair, fondle me, as a proper mother should."

"Goose," said her mother, laying her hand immediately upon the shining head, and caressing it, as love alone can caress.

She sits with her hand upon her daughter's head for a few minutes in silence, then with a furtive look at the soft young face she suddenly asks, "When does Mr. Terrot arrive, Lucy?"

"This day week," says Lucy, with a little shriek. "Is it not enough to make my hair turn grey? What, ah! whatever shall I say to him?"

"Fie, child, you will find plenty to say to him, of course. Nothing to say, forsooth, to a man who comes over sea and land, just to have a look at your baby face?"

"A great waste of time and trouble," said the girl with a sigh, and as from a faithful mirror, the sigh and the smile trembled back from the heart of the mother.

Janet was troubled, and trouble had so dimmed the fine glass of her mind that she could not at that time look into its depths and take counsels with herself as she was wont. Turbulent and discoloured, the stream of her life rushed by, and bore away on the wild whirling waters, like broken twigs and straws, the motives and principles of calmer hours.

Mr Blair's expectations had somehow melted into very unsubstantial proportions. A concatenation of misfortune, folly, and shortsightedness had entangled the poor man in a web from which he made futile efforts to free himself, railing the while against fate, and anathematising all things animate and inanimate with impartial unreasonableness. He was thereby so grievous a comrade, that his family fled at the sound of his ravings. Nor had Janet always power to soothe his irritated spirit, though sometimes her fingers wandering over the keys of her piano would charm him to peace, as David's harp had charmed King Saul with music's holy spell. So once more Janet was face to face with the problem that she had considered more than twenty years ago. She met it again in the light of a ripe and eventful experience, yet the same old pitiful, throbbing uncertainty tormented and puzzled her, and the mature woman trembled, and hesitated more painfully for another, than the innocent inexperienced girl had done for herself.

The life, whose future was now to be decidedly shaped, was a thousand times more precious than her own, a mistake seemed more fatal, and it was with a sensation of terror, and shame, that she now stood puzzled at the critical moment, nor dared to take the unravelling of destiny's web out of the young hands that must now, for the first time, do their own appointed work unaided.

A small matter, you say, to be disturbed about! A girl's first proposal! A thing to decide with a word! Yes, one of those small things upon which hang the issues of futurity. A word! What a little thing! yet when breathed from divine lips, mighty worlds sway this way or that; the gates of Eden open, or close; death or life triumphs; light reigns, or chaos. A word, and the Divine idea is incarnate, and a world is redeemed;—spoken by the Fiend—woman-hood falls from her high estate, and the earth is smitten with a curse; whispered by a girl, and the threads of two lives are twined together for ever, it may be in a silken bond of living colour and beauty, or a knotted rope for a penetential scourge. Lucy had spoken her word, and echoes harsh and ominous sounded in her soul. Janet was watching her child curiously, not unobserved as she imagined. Brave words passed aloud between the women, whose hearts were both quaking with apprehensions, and misgivings, which neither would confide to the other.

Meanwhile Hugh Terrot, on the other side of the channel, was thinking a great deal of his promised bride, but taking no trouble to assure her of the fact. He was pacing up and down, this very afternoon, under the stately horse-chestnuts, in the kingly pleasure gardens of a foreign *Residens*, in his usual dreamy fashion. A regimental band was playing at a little distance, and the music of "Lohengrin" mingled with his dreams of the fair girl in England, who had promised to try to love him, for poor Lucy had promised only this, when he sought her hand and heart two months before. Here in this foreign city, he had first seen her, with her mother and sister; for Janet, lured by the musical prestige of the Conservatoire, and vainly imagining that a year or two of hard work with foreign masters might rectify years of intermittent idleness and bad teaching in provincial corners of England, had carried her two daughters hither in a moment of domestic upheaval, and lived a brief period of peace and study, alone with them and a piano in a secluded street of the gay little capital. She had sought no acquaintances or distractions, save what ministered to the professional whim of the moment, but devoted the hours to the study of art, and the culture of the young creatures at her side. Here they had encountered Hugh Terrot, reading German, and dawdling about the galleries and concert-rooms, in the aimless indolent way of a man with no particular object in life, and the means of doing with himself and his time as he chose. Grave, dreamy, and reserved, he made no special efforts to ingratiate himself; yet on one pretext or another, he became a constant visitor to the little quiet home on the Sophien Strasse. Lucy laughed at his melancholy face, the fashion of his beard, and his dillettante ways. Little Teresa patronised him. With Janet he talked politics, and exchanged English books and papers; coached young Ben occasionally, who was of the party, and was ever ready to read aloud to the ladies, if they were found disposed to listen to him. Janet became mildly interested in him, put him through a course of the poets and theologians; she reproved him maternally for not coming to church with sufficient regularity, and listened to his translations of German ballads. She would welcome him, if he appeared in the pleasant public gardens, to her table, where she and her girls sipped coffee under the chestnut trees, their lesson-books before them. Here the young fellow would sit, silent and absorbed, and if he stole an occasional furtive look at the soft face of the girl who was busy noting down harmonies at her mother's elbow, no one observed it. When two years of this gentle, studious, uneventful life had stolen away, Janet was summarily recalled to London. With a sigh she obeyed, and returned unwillingly to pass a forlorn period of suspense and anxiety in London lodgings.

Mr. Blair had excelled himself at last. His money was all gone, he had pawned the family plate, and received his wife and daughters with effusion in the apartments he had occupied during their absence. When he had kissed them all impartially, sworn at the luggage, and discovered that he had no change for the porters, he began a rambling address on irrelevant topics, then gaily said ta-ta till dinner-time, and Janet was once more installed mistress of a difficult station. The first day or two passed in peace, then the old torture, from which the poor woman had fled, began again.

"This is a confounded bad business, I must say, your coming over with empty pockets. Never could have dreamt of such a thing! D—n those rascally Germans! What on earth were you about to make such a mistake about things? Oh, you've been cheated right and left!"

"Well, no, you exaggerate, I think. I don't very well see how you could expect to bring over any money. Anyhow, I have brought none, but there was no cheating in the case."

"Well, it's a confounded bad business, that's all."

The man was genuinely glad to have his wife beside him, to fume over and torment. Without a grievance, and some one to bluster to, Mr. Blair was seriously unhappy. Nor did he ever guess the torture he inflicted. Janet had learned from long habit, to listen indifferently to these outbreaks, but her nerves would now and then give way, and she had long since ranked a sunny temper as the first among cardinal virtues, as she realised what life might have been, and for her might never be. When Benny was in the way, Mr. Blair, who was in secret very fond of the child, found another victim. Any excuse was sufficient for the outpouring of his bile. If the delicate boy refused his breakfast, he was hailed with a sharp torrent of paternal irritability.

"Confound your fastidiousness—eat your food, can't you! You're working for the doctor's bill, are you? You'll have nothing else for dinner."

A sickly, impudent smile from Benny, a sharp box on the ear from the fatherly hand, then a nervous supplication, in indignant tones, from Janet, and, at the sound of her voice, Mr. Blair would sink grumbling, with flashing eyes, behind his newspaper, feeling triumphant and appeased. At such moments Janet's heart would sink. Deprived of the outlets and consolations she had hitherto found in the pursuits of a country life, shut up in the drear prison-house of a London street, her windows blinded by a thick lace curtain, the fogs of November seemed to creep under her chin, and to chill life at its fount.

There is no drearier spot on earth than a great city to a penniless, country-bred woman, with an unfortunate relish for the beautiful. Closely surrounded by all manners of enchantments for an artistic nature, and debarred from all possibility of participation, the cup is ever at her lip, ever withdrawn. She is as one dying from thirst upon an ocean of water. The music and song that would charm and sooth the strained nerve, is not for her. Not for her the exhilarating whirl on easy cushions, when she faints for air, but the languid trail along dusty pavements for feet that have been used to move free upon turf or a sea-shore. If she covets a rose, she must not have it, for it costs more than a loaf of bread, and for her the gentle luxury becomes a sin. Lucy grew pale and languid. She pined for green leaves, and country sounds.

One day Hugh Terrot suddenly appeared. He gravely and shyly saluted his old friends. They received him with the soft feminine effusion that invests the absent with an interest partly real, partly fictitious. Hugh recalled no unpleasant memories. He was welcome, and in a day or two he revealed to Janet his errand. He wanted Lucy for his wife. Janet's heart stood still.

"I hope you are not offended with me, Mrs. Blair," said the young man, "though you are possibly surprised."

"Certainly not," she gently answered, "but the idea is new to me, and I am sure it will be utterly new to Lucy. I can hardly imagine—I fear—your suit will be unsuccessful," and she thought with confusion, and an inclination to smile, of the girlish satire that had too frequently been launched against the poor fellow, who sat nervous and pallid before her.

"The decision will not rest with me," she added.

"Of course not," he quickly replied, "but before addressing your daughter directly, I should like to satisfy you as to my position."

"Well, my dear Mr. Terrot, it has never occurred to me to ask who you are, but perhaps now you had better tell me. You know as little of us," she went on softly. "Are you not rather rash, in seeking to ally yourself with strangers?"

"I do not feel as if you were strangers," he said. "I have known you for two years, and require no further knowledge of yourself and daughter."

"And are you indeed so attached to her?" said she.

"I am, and devotedly," he answered; "and, if you will trust me, my life shall be passed in trying to make her happy."

Janet was touched.

"You shall at least have an opportunity of pleading your own cause," she said. "I will tell her and her father of the honour you have done her. If you will come again to-morrow, you shall speak to herself."

Then he took his leave, and Janet spoke to her daughter. Both the girls began to laugh.

"How much money has he got?" they cried in a breath.

Janet looked uncomfortable.

"He has £20,000," he said, "and he is deeply in love with *you*, Lucy."

Then Lucy become very grave, and Teresa said softly to herself, "Poor Terrot."

Next day Lucy refused him. But no sooner was he gone, with a gloomy face enough, than the wind began to blow from another quarter, and as the sisters sat together looking at their shabby frocks and shoes, and feeling the doleful uncertainty of ever renewing them—

"It's a pity after all," sighed Lucy. "Think, Tessy, of £20,000."

"I cannot bear to think of it," Tessy.

"Oh, but think of his wretched teeth, Tessy!"

"Oh, you could have made him get a new set," quoth practical Tessy.

"And his height, Tessy? He was not as tall as I am. I know it."

"Oh yes, he was," said Teresa. "After all, where is the use of being a maypole. He has a very pleasant and amiable face, Lucy."

"What does it matter what sort of a face a man has," says Lucy, wrathfully, "if he has no figure? And oh, how badly he dresses. Why does he looks so foreign and different from other people?"

"No, Teresa, I'm not at all sure. After all" (with a deep-drawn sigh), "the heart is the main thing."

"And £20,000 is not to be despised, either," says Tessy. "Is he quite irretrievably gone, Lucy?"

"Oh dear yes," says Lucy. "I told him it was quite impossible, *quite*, that I should ever change my mind, and that I knew I should never, never love him like *that*, you know."

"Well, if you couldn't, it was better to have nothing to say to him, I suppose. How dreadfully frayed your dress is, Lucy. You should mend it, dear."

"It's past mending," said her sister, dolefully.

That night the dinner was a sad meal. The soup was burned, and the potatoes scanty. Benny spilled his beer, and Mr. Blair, jumping at the opportunity, scolded and stormed, till Janet laid down her fork, with a pained expression.

"I cannot eat, Mark," she exclaimed piteously, "if you are so unpleasant."

"D—n humbug!" was the reply. "You just encourage the boy with your nonsense. No, sir, you get no more beer," snatching the jug, as the boy began to pour another glass. "A cool proceeding, I must say. Leave some, if you please, for the rest of us."

"The rest of us" was Mr. Blair himself, and the dinner was finished in silence, and gloomy looks.

"The old man is a disgrace," cried the indignant Tessy, "and one of these days I shall have to tell him so."

Her mother overheard her.

"Hush, little firebrand," said she; but Tessy knew she was unrebuked.

"Mother," said Lucy, "you are disappointed. Do you wish me to marry Hugh Terrot?"

"No, no, dear love!" cried her mother, looking at the sweet, pleading face. "If you don't love him, there's an end of it. Do as your heart directs, in Heaven's name!"

And after this little burst she hid herself in her own room, and tormented her poor soul with conjured visions of coming misfortune and helplessness. She pictured the sweet girlish face, in moments of loneliness and poverty. The mole hills were mountains of trouble, barring the way. The lions were roaring around, and Hugh stood for the moment before her imagination, as a saviour and prince sent by Providence, and wantonly scorned. "How much," she asked herself, "is a girl's romantic fancy worth? What does a girl know of the real value of things in this world? Or is it I, the storm-tossed weary woman, who am truly ignorant just because the first courage of youth is past, and rest and shelter seem out of all due proportion precious?"

Certainly it was for Janet a trial of faith. Here stood her fair portionless daughters, with, as one might say, the thinnest of planks between them and the great devouring ocean, and there stood an honest gentleman, deeply in love, and only desiring to offer the shelter of his heart and home, to a being ill calculated to battle with a rough world. And because a girl's whimsical fancy disdained him, the chance was for ever thrown away! Yet her heart ratified Lucy's decision. Hugh Terrot mas no fit mate for the spirited, gracious young creature Janet told over and over the points in her favour, and made the most of them; but as her keen critical instinct reviewed him, she knew he was wanting. So two days passed. At the end of that time Lucy had persuaded herself she had been rash.

"What was I thinking of?" she said, with a gesture of comic despoir, only half assumed. "I suppose no one ever finds the ideal impossible He. The beautiful, brave, broad-shouldered ones never have any money, so they never can have wives."

"And I daresay they are often great rascals," quoth Tessy.

"Hugh was certainly worthy," Lucy went on; "yes, very, very worthy. Not absolutely frightful to behold, and he did not mind my being poor in the least. Now, if I had only taken him, half your troubles would have been ended, you poor old mammy."

"Not if you had taken him and hated him, child."

"Oh, as to that, hate him I don't; in fact, I told him I liked him after a fashion; and it's just possible, you know, I might have got in the end to be quite fond of him."

Then Tessy put on her little black hat with the nodding cowslips, and said mysteriously, "He shall come back again," and slipped out and around the corner; and if any one had peeped into St. Sulpicia's Church, they would have seen a little figure on her knees behind a pillar, very busy at her private devotions.

Meanwhile, the object of all this mental disturbance had gone quietly down into a little country parish, where he had friends, and to the woman who knew him best in the world he opened his grief.

"Aunt Esther" heard her boy's tale with ready sympathy. She had been all the mother the poor fellow had ever known, and was a pious, judicious, tender-hearted woman. When she found Hugh's heart was set upon its object, and heard his warmly expressed praise of the girl he loved, when he spoke of Lucy's beauty and pretty household ways, of Janet's tenderness and wit, and of all the domestic sweetness he had witnessed in that little foreign home, Aunt Esther pondered much, and the result of this pondering was a letter which Janet found upon her plate one morning at breakfast-time. Hugh was at his best in a letter. He wrote eloquently and simply, and now he pleaded so well for a reconsideration of his case, in terms of respectful urgency so well chosen, that the wind again blew in his favour. Lucy also had a letter for herself. It was her first love-letter. Her mother handed it to her with a tender smile.

"He knows the value of what he seeks," she said, and then Lucy and Tessy carried off the wonderful letter, and read it together. This time Lucy did not hesitate. The poor child was pleased and flattered that her suitor should have shown perseverance. His letters to her mother and herself were manly and persuasive.

"Do not reject me," he wrote, "because you fear you do not love me as I love you. That I cannot yet expect, But let me try to win your heart. I know how well it is worth the winning, and if I can succeed in this the dearest wish of my heart," &c. Lucy thought it was very prettily said. Janet was pleased when she saw Lucy pleased. She chose to forget the objections that had seemed a few days so potent. Hugh wrote that he should pass through town on his way to the continent, that he should have, alas! but one day, but that day he should devote to Lucy if she would see him. Then Lucy said she would see him. But when the day arrived, and the poor lover came, his evil genius came with him. Paler, colder, more dreamy than ever, he lacked so entirely the *bon air, la bonne mine, les belles dents surtout*, that the kind welcoming glances faded on the women's faces, as the blossoms of the pimpernel shrink up at the approach of rain. The light chatter which Hugh loved to listen to stiffened and froze on their lips.

"Mr. Terrot, you must have a cup of tea, and Lucy shall make it for you. Tessy shall bring me a cup when it is ready," cried Janet, retreating.

"Stay, mother; do stay," Lucy's beseeching voice called after her.

But her mother was gone.

When an hour later Lucy sought her in her chamber, she said, fixing her eyes gravely upon her, "Well, mother, it's over. I have promised to be Hugh Terrot's wife," but there was neither blush nor smile on the girl's face when her mother kissed it.

That night Mr. Terrot departed, and when Lucy awoke the next morning she could hardly persuade herself that it was not all a dream, a strange uncanny dream.

Lucy now wore a little ruby ring, which was too large, and always slipping over her finger. Hugh had sent it to her, and as she tried it on, she laughed a little awkwardly; she disapproved of it. She liked any stone better than a ruby. She would toss it in the air, and roll it across the table, with little expressions of scorn and derision, till Tessy's great brown eyes glowed with horror and disapprobation. At other times she would hold it in the firelight, and, nodding complacently, declare that even this shabby little ring had its "moments."

Meanwhile the engagement was formally announced to the different members of the family, who would have been righteously offended had they not been duly informed, and the various views and comments furnished Janet and her daughters with much food for reflection, had they been reflecting people. Most of these family criticisms were received with little explosions of merriment, that might not have appeared quite respectful, had they reached the ears of those concerned.

"Grandmamma" besought her granddaughter to be very sure she had got hold of "Mr. Right," but when she heard of the £20,000, she became immediately quite sure it was indeed Mr. Right and no other. She gave her blessing, and promised £100 towards the trousseau. The religious aunt wrote that she considered it quite unnecessary that a girl should be what is vulgarly called "in love" before marriage. She was was warmly congratulatory on her dear niece's exemplary behaviour. A precocious little schoolfellow, who had seen the bridegroom, and had been confederate and confidante in many innocent sarcasms a year ago, indited, "I suppose I must congratulate you, but I don't know how to do it. I'm sure I hope you'll be happy, you darling dear, but I have my opinion, you know."

The only letter Lucy paid the smallest attention to, was from her brother Tom. Tom was Lucy's senior by five years, a clever young master in a public school, and Tom's opinions always carried weight with his doting sister. But Tom was cautious.

"If you love old Terrot, have him, and I dare say he'll make you a good husband enough. Mind, I don't think he's half good enough for you. Still, in the present adverse state of affairs, you may probably be more comfortable as Mrs. Terrot than as Miss Blair. But don't let any temporary pecuniary difficulties tempt you to marry a man you don't care about. The case lies in a nutshell. If you like him, have him; if you don't, let him alone."

It would have been well if Hugh Terrot had written a few letters on his own account, for he could write well, but, with singular fatal negligence, he wrote but little. In the young man's character there was a total absence of effervescence. Lucy had accepted him as her betrothed. It was enough. He would be married to her in a few months, and live with her forever. He sat and dreamed of his coming felicity, with a steady absorption, that erased the present from his consciousness. There was no one like Lucy in the world. He mused with tender admiration upon the charming childlike creature, whose mischievous brown eyes looked so lovingly at every one but himself. He wrote and translated love-songs for her, which he kept so long beside him, polishing and perfecting, that they never reached the eyes they were intended for. After a long silence, Janet grew uneasy, then indignant.

"My dear child, what an extraord'nary thing Hugh does not write!"

"Not at all, you fussy old mother," says Lucy, airily. "He knows I do not care whether he writes or no." Yet in secret she chafed.

The infatuated young man gathered violets for his love, and instead of sending them fresh and sweet, with some of the tender thoughts he was nursing, he dried them, day by day, in a little wreath for her solace on some future day. When at last he put them into her hand, it was too late. The flowers were withered, and so was his little love-dream, for ever. But as yet, Lucy had no thought of breaking her promise. She said to herself, that a lover, after all, was not a very agreeable addition to life, and rather perplexing than otherwise. She dreaded the notion of leaving her mother and Tessy. When she thought of it, she made droll faces of disgust, and disliked Hugh more actively than usual. At last came a tender happy letter, announcing his proposed arrival, that he might pass a little time in her company, and the girl shrank like a sensitive plant from his approach.

When at last he found himself again alone with her, his evil genius again paralysed and overthrew him. What would he not have given for courage to throw a gentle arm round the slim graceful figure, and kiss the pure lips, where a little provoking smile lay lurking. As he trembled and hesitated, he had somehow ensconced herself in an inaccessible position, and was asking, in a voice like rippling water, some indifferent question about his travels, to which he heard himself replying with solemn precision. Presently, awkward but happy, he brought out a silver bracelet, and asked leave to clasp it on her arm. As he did it, he looked into the dancing eyes with yearning.

"Willst Du mir nicht einen Kuss geben?" said he.

The girl reddened. She turned her round cheek, and with shy tenderness he took his first and last kiss of the face that he loved. Then he got more shy, and more silent.

For two or three days the little comedy—tragedy: which you will—proceeded. Lucy made dutiful efforts to please and encourage him, but her gaiety fled. She sang with him whenever he asked her, she lifted the window-curtain to wave a kind smiling salute, as he passed out and in. He thought never was there so charming a creature. All at once, out of the clear heavens fell the thunderbolt. Lucy had revolted. She flew to her mother.

"Mother, it must end, I cannot endure him."

"O Lucy, my child, I see it. What shall we do? Shall I speak to him?"

"No, no, dear, I must do it myself. Can I do it? I cannot. Yes, I can. I must. Dear mammy, don't you see how wretched it all is. I will tell him the moment I see him again."

"Ah, Lucy, have you courage?"

"Yes, yes, darling, I have courage. Go away, please, and leave me alone. No one shall tell him but myself."

Certainly she must have had courage. She said afterwards that how she said it she never knew. Pale, startled, miserable, he refused at first to believe her to be in earnest, but he pleaded in vain. The girl had seen too clearly into her heart for a moment, and nothing would tempt her back to his side. Hugh had lost his prize for ever.

GOOD use is made of converts in China as colporteurs and teacher. In the Presbytery of Shantung, several approved men have spent the entire year, others several months, itinerating and circulating books and tracts in regions extending over from 200 to 300 miles inland. They received and expected no compensation beyond the plainest food, not exceeding in cost $3 per month for each person.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 11, 1882.

A DARK DEED IN IRELAND !

Murder of the New Chief Secretary, Lord Cavendish, and also the Under Secretary, Mr. Burke.

The greatest of all the vast number of crimes which have tarnished the fair name of Ireland during the present land troubles, was that which occurred on Saturday night last, resulting in the double murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, Under Secretary. The horrible crime was committed between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, before it was yet dark, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, by four unknown men, and was the most daring assassination of modern times in the United Kingdom. The details of the tragedy as given by an eye-witness are that when he first noticed the group of men they appeared to be engaged in a scuffle, and thinking they were roughs, paid no attention, until he saw two men fall, and four others jump on a car and drive off at a rapid pace. Two gentlemen then happened to come along on bicycles, and noticing the men lying on the ground bleeding, they informed the police of what they had seen. The police at once proceeded to the scene of the murder and conveyed the bodies to the hospital. On examination it was found that Mr. Burke had received several stabs near the region of the heart, and that his throat had been cut completely across. His clothes were absolutely saturated with blood, and the hemorrhage must have been tremendous. His clothes were also torn, his gloves had been torn in many places, and his hands bore marks suggestive of a fierce encounter with his assailants. Lord Frederick did not wear gloves. He had been stabbed in several places about the chest. One wound was through the right lung, and penetrated deeply. At the time of the dreadful occurrence the park, as might be expected on a lovely evening, was crowded in many places with people. It is a remarkable fact, and one suggestive that the murderous onslaught must have been short, terrific and decisive, that many persons sitting and walking within a few hundred yards of where the bodies were found heard nothing of the affair. When the astounding news flew through the city, people recoiled with horror, and refused to believe that in broad day-light, within sight of the vice-regal lodge, and a short distance from the official residences of both gentleman, the Chief Secretary and the Under-Secretary had been foully assassinated.

Lord Cavendish was only appointed to the position a few days ago, on the resignation of Mr. Forster, and with his appointment a new policy was adopted by the English Government for the settlement of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Forster's coercion measures were to be abolished, and milder and more pacific means were to be tried. The brutal murder of the official who had only arrived in Dublin from England that same day to carry out these reforms, will be a heavy blow to a peaceful settlement.

A Land League manifesto was immediately issued, signed by Parnell, Davitt, and Dillon, expressing their abhorrence of the dastardly crime, and entirely repudiating the same as in any way connected with the agitation. The fearful event has everywhere throughout the United Kingdom and America created a feeling of the most intense excitement.

Several important arrests have been effected, and every exertion is being made to bring the murderers to justice.

Mr. George O. Trevelyan has been appointed Lord Cavendish's successor.

SPRING WORK on the Farm, in the Garden, in and about the House, will be materially facilitated by the many and varied suggestions of the *American Agriculturist* for May, with its hundred or more of articles, illustrated with a large number of engravings. Besides the editorial staff, this number has contributions by Prof. W. H. Jordan, of Pennsylvania Agricultural College, on Experiments on the best time of Cutting Hay; Hon. J. S. Newman, of Georgia, on Use or Cotton Seed; Experiments with Fertilizers by several farmers, systematized and presented by Prof. W. O. Atwater; Dr. I. H. Mayer, on Experiments with Durra; Testing Milk, by Col. M. C. Weld; Raising Turkies and Poultry for Profit, by D. Z. Evans, Jr. etc. A Prize House Plan for the country, with engraved plans and specifications; a medium Bank Barn, with specifications; a multitude of labor-saving devices and contrivances, with illustrations; Peach Culture; many Garden Articles; Spring Birds; Exposure of Sundry Humbugs; full Household and Children's Department, etc., etc., make this a most valuable number. $1.50 a year; 15 cts. a number.—Orange Judd Co., New York, Publishers.

Fatal Runaway.

A YOUNG MAN HURRIED INTO ETERNITY.

It is again our sad duty to record a frightful accident near this village, through which a young man not yet out of his teens was hurriedly ushered before his Maker. This time the victim was a young man named David Brown, son of Mrs. James Brown, a widowed woman who resides on lot 20, 11th concession of Marmora, a few miles from Malone. On Saturday last the deceased and his sister started from their home to come to Madoc, driving a double team, attached to a lumber wagon. One of the horses was a very fiery and vicious beast, and had often given considerable trouble in driving it on former occasions. While passing the Hematite mine this horse was scared by the steam-hoisting bucket, and the driver had considerable difficulty in keeping his team under control until he reached the summit of the hill about half a mile on this side of the mine. Here, unfortunately, the bolt of the single whiffletree, behind the ugly horse, fell out, allowing the former to fall on the animal's heels. The not yet quieted animal immediately sprang forward, dragging young Brown out over the dashboard, as well as throwing his sister out on the other side of the wagon. The horses dashed down the hill, completely wrecking the wagon, and before they were stopped one of the horses was also considerably injured. After being dragged out, young Brown jumped up for the purpose of running after the horses, but before he had taken half-a-dozen steps he fell back into the arms of his sister, who happily was uninjured. A team happening to come along he was conveyed to the house of Mr. J. Ellis, and Dr. Dafoe summoned, but shortly after the latter arrived he breathed his last, having never spoken a word after he fell from the wagon. An examination of the body revealed no cuts or bruises other than the supposed mark of the wheels on his back between the shoulders, so that it is reasonable to suppose his death was caused by the wheels striking him in that place, the injuries being internal. The affair has caused a feeling of sadness throughout the community.

The deceased was a member of L.O.L. No, 1133, Hazzard's Corners, and was buried under the auspices of the order, at that place on Tuesday, Rev. James Macfarlane preaching the sermon. As was to be expected the funeral was an unusually large one. He was only 19 years of age.

BIRTH.

DALE.—In this village, on Friday, May 5th, the wife of Mr. James C. Dale, of a daughter.

DIED.

MCBETH.—At her residence, Madoc Township, on the 5th inst., Ann McBeth, aged 75 years. Deceased was a native of Rosshire, Scotland.

—The English Garden and Field Seeds for sale by the ounce at Deans' Drug Store.

—Cold Dress Muslins, 33 inches wide, only 8c. per yard. John Dale & Son.

To prevent Fevers, Bilious Colds and Ague; to tone up the system and purify the blood, try a course of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of more favorable reports being received from the Birtle District, the Directors of the Shell River Colonization Company have decided to withdraw the Stock offered for sale on the 13th inst.

By order,
J. C. JAMIESON,
Secretary.

May 9, 1882. 266

NOTICE!

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the united Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Bridgewater, on Monday, 29th of May, next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., when appeals against the assessment will be heard and tried, in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES,
Tp. Clerk, Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.
Bridgewater, May 5th, 1882.

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HORSES, BUGGIES, HARNESS, &C., &C.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction at

SIMMONS' HOTEL, MADOC,

—ON—

SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1882,

the following stock and articles:

6 DRIVING and Farm Horses, 6 Buggies, (4 nearly new); 1 new Ludlow Pleasure Wagon, 1 Lumber Wagon, 3 Cutters, 1 Pleasure Sleigh, 4 sets Single Driving Harness, (2 sets new); 2 sets Double Driving Harness, (1 set new); 1 set Double Draught Harness; 4 Wolf Robes, (new); 3 Buffalo Robes, 3 Rubber Rugs, 3 Summer Rugs, Horseblankets, &c.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of $20 and under, CASH; over that amount, Six months' credit, on approved endorsed notes with interest at seven per cent. Five per cent. off for cash.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp.

C. S. MITCHELL, Proprietor.
T. SCOTT, Auctioneer.
May 8th, 1882.

—Six pounds Tea Dust for $1.00 at John Dale & Son's.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

THE annual examinations will be held as follows:—

FOR FIRST CLASS—At the Normal School, Toronto, to begin on July 10th, at 2 p. m.

FOR SECOND AND THIRD CLASS—At the Central School, Belleville, and at Madoc, to begin on July 3rd, at 2 p.m.

It is indispensable that candidates should notify their respective inspectors,

Not Later than the First of June,

of their intention to present themselves for examination.

Forms of the notice to be given by each candidate previously can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
JOHN JOHNSTON,
Public School Inspectors.

May 1st, 1882. 265-2in

TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of May next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for transmission of messages to the public

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 18th April, 1882.

H. COTTRELL,

BOOT AND SHOE

MAKER,

has removed to larger premises,

in the shop

NEXT DOOR TO

BOWEN'S BAKERY,

St. Lawrence Street,

MADOC, - ONT.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Farm Property,

—IN THE—

TOWNSHIP OF MARMORA,

in the County of Hastings.

UNDER the power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of Sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the

Dominion Hotel, City of Belleville,

—ON—

Saturday, the 13th day of May, 1882,

at 1:30 P. M., by Mr. R. Purdy, Auctioneer, the following valuable property:—Lot number Nine, in the Fifth Concession of the Township of Marmora, containing two hundred acres, more or less.

This property adjoins the Village of Marmora, and is all uncultivated.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE:

The property will be sold in one parcel, subject to a reserve bid, to be in the hands of the Auctioneer at the time of Sale. The purchaser shall at the time of Sale pay to the vendors, or their solicitors or agents, one half of the purchase money, and the balance in three equal annual consecutive instalments, with interest yearly at seven per cent., and interest on arrears secured by Mortgage.

The said Mortgage to contain all the usual covenants, provisos and conditions in the form of mortgage taken by the vendors to secure loans.

Upon making the above payments and executing the said mortgage the purchaser shall be entitled to his conveyance and to take possession.

The vendors shall not be bound to account for, produce or show, or prove the contents of any deeds, documents or evidences of title not in their possession, or furnish copies of the same, and shall not be bound to furnish an abstract containing any further particulars than are contained in a Registrar's abstract of title.

The other conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale, or on application to the undersigned.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned at Toronto, or to

HOWLAND, ARNOLDI & RYERSON,
Vendors' Solicitors, Toronto.

Dated 14th April, 1882. 264

NEW TINSHOP IN MADOC

:OXO:

THE undersigned wishes to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that he will open out on Monday next 15th inst., in the NEW BUILDING, 2 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S, a new and first class stock of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

AND

GENERAL TINWARE,

and respectfully solicits a share of the Public Patronage.

All kinds of work in my line done on the shortest notice, in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable prices.

Madoc, May 10th, 1882. GEORGE A. ROLLINS.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE.

:O:

Stock now complete in all lines of

Women's Fine Kid, Goat, Calf, Buffs and Split,

in Buttoned and Balmorals. A splendid assortment of

CHILDREN'S BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Our Men's Wear has never been equal to the splendid stock we have now on hand. To name over the different styles and prices would take several columns, so we must content ourselves by telling our numerous customers that we have now what will please and suit them. Our stock of

MEN'S READY MADE CLOTHING,

is by far the cheapest we have ever handled, and we can guarantee any one who calls on us to give them styles and prices that cannot fail to meet with their approbation. In

MEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS,

our stock is complete. Drop in and see us and our old standard motto—"No trouble to show goods,"—will be fully carried out.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April 6th, 1882.

JOHN DALE & SON.

We are now passing into stock full lines of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE, &C.

Our Spring Stock will be complete in a few days.

We are showing the

LARGEST STOCK

—OF—

HARDWARE

in North Hastings which will be sold at

"ROCK BOTTOM PRICES."

Hardware Store one door north of Dry Goods Store.

John Dale & Son.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

BELLEVILLE,

WILL make his last branch office trip to Madoc Village on the FIRST TUESDAY IN JUNE.

Those who desire his services will find it to their advantage to call at his office in Belleville.

Mr. Walker tenders his sincere thanks to the people of Madoc and vicinity for their kind treatment and liberal patronage for the past fifteen years.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel—next door to Bank of Commerce.

WALL PAPERS

4c,—6c,—8c,—10c,

PER ROLL AT

Wilson's Drug Store.

THORLEY'S

Horse and Cattle

FOOD,

—AT—

Wilson's Drug Store,

MADOC.

OTTAWA RIVER.

Grenville & St. Anne

CANALS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, THURSDAY, the 11th day of MAY next, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 3rd day of October, '82, of Oak and Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Lock Gates for the new Locks at Greece's Point, Grenville Canal, and the new Lock at St. Anne, Ottawa River.

The timber must be of the qualities described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which shall be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office where forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective canals, nor until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $300 must accompany each tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract for supplying the timber at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 15th April, 1882. 263

NEW BUSINESS!

Having purchased the business lately carried on by FOSTER and RIED, I am prepared to offer a full stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready Made Clothing

I also carry a full stock of **GROCERIES & BOOTS & SHOES,** which will be sold cheap.

Millinery! Millinery!

Having secured the services of MISS ELLIOTT, this department will be kept complete with a choice selection of the latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, and other Parisian Novelties.

Madoc, May 6th, 1882.

M. McLEAN.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

STEAM FITTING

THE undersigned is now prepared to do all kinds of steam fitting, on shortest notice.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Local Lines.

—You can get two papers of Seeds, genuine and true to name, for 5 cents at Deans' Drug Store.

—Two new billiard tables have just been put up in the Madoc House, which was lately licensed by the Council for this purpose.

—The Marmora stage is doing a rushing business at present, large numbers of passengers going and returning between here and the Gatling mine.

—Mr. R. S. Henderson, Solicitor, &c., of this village, is lying seriously ill at the Madoc House. His friends will join us in hoping for his speedy recovery.

—Potato buyers have been busy in this neighborhood for some time past, and there is not now enough of the "murphies" left in the village to supply the demand.

—Two weeks from yesterday will be 24th of May. Are we going to have any celebration this year, or is there not enough life in the community to organize some kind of amusement for the day?

—No more hand aching from using steel pens, when Esterbrook's turned up point pens afford the most delightful relief. Ask your stationer for their Telegraphic, Tecumseh and Choctaw. Robert Miller, Son & Co., agents, Montreal.

—The new building two doors north of Mrs. Wright's, which is being put up for Mr. Geo. A. Rollins, is nearly completed, and he expects to have in his stock of tinware and house furnishings next week. See advt. in this issue.

—A couple of Yankee potato buyers attempted to play sharp on Mr. Francis Reynolds, of Huntingdon, on Thursday last, at the station here. One of them visited Mr. Reynolds' house some days previously and engaged to purchase any quantity of his potatoes delivered here. On Thursday the latter delivered a number of bags at the station, and on asking for his money, the other buyer refused to pay, alleging that his partner had contracted for at least 100 bushels. A few threats of legal proceeding, however, had the effect of making the sharp buyer "fork over" the amount.

R. R. Casement & Co.

Have just received a supply of Land Plaster, Plaster Paris, Water Lime, and Portland Cement.

Important Sale.

Attention is directed to the important sale of Horses, Harness, Buggies, &c., advertised in this issue by Mr. Chas. S. Mitchell, to be sold by public auction at the Madoc House on Saturday, 20th May. Those in want of anything in the above lines should keep this sale in remembrance.

Our Mail Service.

It having been intimated that the Post Master General intended cancelling the stage arrangements for carrying one mail between this village and Belleville, a petition has been in circulation during the past few days to Hon. M. Bowell, asking him to use his influence to have the present arrangements continued, so that the stage may be enabled to run. About 500 names have so far been obtained to the petition.

Clerical Appointments.

The Kingston *News* says: "The Right Reverend Bishop Cleary has just made the following changes in the location of his clergy: The Rev. Michael Donohue, having been relieved of the burden of the pastoral office in Erinsville at his own request, has been appointed to Belleville, as assistant to Monsignore Farrelly; the Rev. J. T. Hogan has been transferred from the Cathedral, Kingston, to the position of pastor in Erinsville; the Rev. Patrick Harrigan from Peterborough to the Cathedral; the Rev. James Connelly from Madoc to Peterborough; the Rev. John Fleming from Lindsay to Madoc; and the Rev. Morgan C. O'Brien from Brockville to Trenton as assistant to the Rev. H. Brettargh."

Sold Out.

Mr. A. McInroy has lately sold out his farm in this township, and for the remainder of this year, we understand, he intends to run one of the boarding houses at the Batchelor mine, in Wollaston, for Mr. Coe. Next year we believe it is his intention to invest in some farm property up west.

St. John's Church.

Regular service again commenced in the Church of St. John the Baptist in this village on Sabbath last, Rev. Mr. Nears having been appointed as the officiating clergyman. We are informed this is the rev. gentleman's first appointment in Canada, he having just arrived from London a few months ago.

M. E. Church.

The following is the draft of stations of M. E. Ministers in this district, as fixed at the Ontario Conference: James Curts, Presiding Elder; Belleville, T. N. Maverty, E. I. Badgley, W. P. Dyer; Cobourg, J. H. George; Colborne, W. J. Maybee; Brighton, D. O. Crossley, G. W Dewery; Trenton, E. E. Howard, W. P. Ferguson; Frankford, A. Martin, one to be supplied; Stirling, F. B. Stratton, J. A. Rankin; Madoc, B. L. Hutton; Campbellford, R. B. Denike; Blairton, W. Laidlaw; Norham, T. Meyers; Wooler, G. Horton; Haldimand, R. W. Marsh, one to be sent; Hope, R. Taylor; Orono and Clark, C. A. Simpson; Darlington, G. W. Stevenson.

Mining Troubles.

The Italian miners imported by the Consolidated Gold Mining Company have caused considerable trouble since their arrival. We understand their agreement with the Company was that they were to work for a certain length of time in lieu of the expenses paid by the Company in bringing them here. Last fall they deserted their work, but were induced to go back, and again last week four of them started for Belleville, on account of some real or fancied grievance, but they were brought back on Friday by Chief Sills, and again went to work. On Tuesday, however, the whole number (10) were off again, and this time they were not pursued, having, we understand, paid the Company the balance of their unfulfilled time.

Presentation.

When it was learned in this village that Rev. Father Connelly, assistant R. C. Priest in this village, was about to be removed from Madoc to Peterborough, by order of the Bishop, the members of his congregation here resolved not to let him depart without some tangible evidence of their esteem and love for him. Accordingly before he left on Tuesday he was met by a representation of the congregation and presented with a very flattering address, accompanied by a purse containing over two hundred dollars. The following is the address:—

To The Rev. James Connelly.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,— We, the Catholic Congregation of Madoc, hear with the deepest regret that you are being removed from amongst us, still, if it is the will of our beloved Bishop to remove you, then we bow in submission. It is now nearly two years since you were appointed as assistant Priest for this parish, and during that time you, by your kind and loving manner, have so endeared yourself to us that we cannot find words to express that deep feeling that is in the Hearts of all those that have become acquainted with you.

We now wish and always will pray that God may direct you in all your undertakings, and may you be one of the brightest Stars in our Holy Religion. In conclusion, we beg of you to accept of this small donation as a slight token of that lasting friendship we will always bear towards you.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,

JOHN GILLEN,
CAPT. O'NEILL,
MICHAEL GILLEN,
DENIS FOX,
THOMAS MCCANN.

Father Connelly was completely taken by surprise, but returned his acknowledgment in a few feeling remarks, expressive of his love for the members of the Madoc congregation, and regret to be severed from them. We may add that Father Connelly was unusually well esteemed in this village, and carried away with him the best wishes of the whole community.

Medicines taken into the Stomach in concentrated form such as Pills and Powders, are most injurious. The great substitute for these nauseous little Calomel pills is Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They cleanse the Bowels, stimulate the Liver and Kidneys, and cure all stomach disorders, such as Dyspepsia and Indigestion. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent.

A "Riled" School Trustee.

In future when we find ourselves so unfortunate, as to incur the deadly hatred of an *ignorant* man through an exposure of his ignorance through our columns, a passing experience will teach us that we need ask for no sweeter satisfaction than that our adversary should attempt to annihilate us by writing a letter through the public print. Two weeks ago, our readers will remember, we rebuked a bumptious member of the Stirling School Board, a Mr. Boldrick, for the unwarranted insult, which was contained in his bombastic resolution, offered to the Inspector of Schools for this Riding, without the mover advancing the slightest proof or a single instance of the latter's incompetency or unwillingness to discharge the duties of his official position with equal justice to Stirling as well as other parts of the Riding. Mr. Boldrick replied through the columns of the *News-Argus* last week, and we would be well content to apply the above in this case, in consideration of the pitiful exhibition he makes of himself in that letter, did we not think it necessary to effectually dispel the hallucination he appears to be struggling with — that in his own mammoth brain is centered the whole collective educational wisdom of not only the Stirling Board of School Trustees but a very considerable portion of North Hastings as well. We may know but little of the Stirling School Board, as he says, but this we do know, and they ought to know it, although it is very evident that Mr. Boldrick does *not*, that their persistence in retaining a teacher who was not qualified for the position, was in direct opposition to the orders and regulations of the Educational Department, and the Inspector was quite right in refusing to unduly extend this teacher's certificate because the Board was too niggardly to pay a little higher salary for a duly qualified successor. The excuse that "they could not get another teacher" is not only childish but evidently untruthful as well, as in the same paper Mr. Mackintosh tells them where a competent teacher may be secured, although perhaps not at their low salary, but true to their principles their secretary is instructed to correspond with the lady, but to give *no higher salary* than the incompetent teacher was getting. "Cheap" teachers, then, is their idea, in spite of school law and school officials, and because Mr. Mackintosh will not countenance such proceedings, and is firm enough not to be led by these "know-alls," this mouthing individual undertakes to "bounce" him! A great pity, indeed, that the machinery of the grand and much boasted educational system of this province could not be changed to run "in harmony" with the "ideas" a man of such calibre as Mr. James Boldrick! We guarantee to say he will get that knocked out of him before long, in spite of all his prating about "their knowing best their own requirements." The resolution was a cowardly and gratuitous insult to the Inspector, whose every action in the matter, so far as we can learn, was open and above board, and who bore with the penurious actions of this Board as long as he could maintain his official respect. It will do no harm, however, as the mover has only succeeded in relieving himself of a good deal of unmitigated and abusive bosh in the matter, apparently the principal element of his composition. His ignorant and low bred idea of manliness crops out in the very first sentence of his letter, proving him all that we have claimed for him, when he says:—"I notice in one of your exchanges, an obscure and filthy sheet, and only known through the press of Belleville, published, I think, at Madoc, and named the Hastings REVIEW, a purported editorial criticizing the actions of the Stirling School Board, and especially myself. Now, sir, it is not often you will find a so-called editor of a paper stoop to such base and vulgar personalities of an utter stranger to him." He goes on to speak of our "villianous and slanderous attack" on him by "an obscure newspaper man of Madoc." We give these quotations simply for the purpose of exposing the nauseating character of the individual we are dealing with, not that they are in any way calculated to relieve our "obscurity" in North Hastings. The REVIEW was evidently not a "stranger" to him, at least, and we can assure him we have had for some time past a due estimate of his *conspicuousness* in a certain direction, when he succeeded in breaking up an entertainment of the well known Kennedy family of vocalists in Stirling because (and his townsmen should blush to have it said of one of their citizens) the Kennedys would not allow him to occupy a fifty-cent seat, for the price of only a twenty-five cent ticket! We don't desire very close acquaintance with such people—rather be "obscure" if it please Mr. Boldrick, thank you. And this is the person who would "remove" the Public School Inspector. Pshaw!

THE LADIES FRIEND CARPET SWEEPER

is the BEST SWEEPER made.

It allows no dust to raise, sweeps perfectly back and forward, makes scarcely any noise, saves the Carpet, saves health—because no dust.

BICYCLES! - BICYCLES!

Men's Steel Bicycles, Boys' Bicycles and Velocipedes, Girls' Doll Carriages

The Best ever made in Canada.

Ask for our adjustable Window and Door Screens, and take no other, because ours are cheapest, handsomest, most easily placed or removed. Also Cheese Safes, Provision Safes. *Manufactured by OTTER SWEEPER CO., Otterville, Ont.* 264.

Hardware!

Intending purchasers will find our Stock very complete in

Blacksmiths' Supplies, Carpenters' Tools, Carriagemakers' Hardware, House Furnishings, Builders' Hardware, and Miners' Supplies,

—ALSO—

LINSEED OILS,
TURPENTINE,
DRYERS,
DRY PAINTS,
TUBE COLORS,
WHITE LEAD, BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.

We also manufacture and keep on hand

IRONCLAD BOTTOM MILK CANS, MILK PANS

AND A FULL LINE OF SUNDRY TINWARE.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Madoc, April 13th, 1882.

SPRING GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We are showing a large and well selected stock of

WALL PAPER,

—AND—

WINDOW BLINDS,

which will be sold very cheap.

D. C. CLARKE.

THE BEST YET!

FORSYTH'S PATENT PUMP!

Manufactured by W. FORSYTH, Peterboro',

—ALSO—

FORSYTH'S IMPROVED FANNINGMILL & SEED SEPARATOR

The undersigned has opened a branch office for the above articles in REED'S BLOCK, MADOC, where a stock will be kept on hand. Orders for Fanningmills or Pumps may be left at the Windsor House: W. J. G., *Agent, Madoc.*

W. FORSYTH,
Box 61, Peterboro', Ontario.

Madoc, April 12th, 1882.

Epigram on A Miser.

BY CECIL HARCOURT.

An aged miser chanced to fall
Into a river's tossing breast ;
A fisher heard his piercing call,
And hastened to assist.

"Be quick, be quick, my friend and give
Your hand to me, that you may live !"
The miser cried, with snarling sound,
"I've nought to *give you*"—and was drowned.

A Boon to Married Men.

An Ingenious Invention Which Saves Many Curtain Lectures.

Miraculous inventions are the order of the day. Even Edison has been surpassed by a genius who has invented what is called a "Married Man's Indicator." It is a wonderfully sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer, in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks, which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say at midnight. He takes out his "indicator," thrusts it in the keyhole, and leaves it there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly, he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gleaming. If it marks "S. A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses his night-key with bated breath, gives the door a quick shove to keep it from creaking, steals tremblingly to bed, and when his dear little wifey wakes up about two seconds afterward and wants to know how long he has been home, he is so sound asleep that Gabriel's trumpet couldn't wake him.

If the "indicator" scores "A. A. C. B. D. K. W. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is,) the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth ; opens the door boldly ; walks in with a slam-bang air, hits his foot intentionally against a chair ; wants to know why the devil the chairs ain't kept out of the way ; gets desperately mad on general principles ; scares his wife clear out of her crossness and intended curtain-lecture ; refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night, nowhere ; remarks gruffly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty-five minutes after ten," and then turns into bed in such an apparently awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him—at which he is very sad, of course.

There are numerous other marks on the indicator, showing just where it will do to "play the lodge dodge" or the "sick friend ;" or "been standing on the corner talking with so-and-so for more than an hour ;" or "general or honourable this or that from you know where, was in town, and had to go away on the 2 o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed up to see him off, although it was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy."

But the most awfully awful of all the cabilistic signs on the dial is the one at the top, about two marks above boiling point. When the weary husband comes home about 4 A. M., from the direction of the butcher-shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air, so that everyone he passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the "indicator" in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on end he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him from the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out on his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts, as he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed smack up against "R. H. S. H. W. F. Y. J. I. D." (red-hot and still a heating and waiting for you just inside the door). The inventor of the instrument says that when this terrible misfortune overtakes a man he feels that there is nothing left in this life worth living for, and appreciates the full force of these beautiful lines :

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given.

He slings the meat out into the yard, and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. Be he ever so gifted a liar, his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the general off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact, nothing will avail. It is an absolutely indefensible case. He is caught in *flagrante delicto*. Even the ghastly gayety with which, two hours previous, he had said to the boys that he "guessed he'd see it out now—might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb"—had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact situation of things he knows just what to do, and that is nothing, but get into bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears, and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband's mind of part of its load.

The indicator is a great invention, and no family should be without one. For sale at all stores where they are kept.

A Shot for Luck.

How a Despondent Miner at Last Filled His Sack with Gold.

[Boulder (Col.) News and Courier.]

Some time last spring the owners of the Emerson took up an extension of that lode, naming it the Concord. When only five feet down they sold out—one-third interest to S. B. Sutherland, and the other two-thirds to G. F. Geer, of Boulder, and a brother of his who lives in Odgensburg. Mr. Sutherland was a poor man, but a practical miner. His labour was put up against that of two men furnished by the Messrs. Geer, who are capitalists, and the work of development went on. For the first ten or fifteen feet good pay was taken out in the form of rusty and free gold. Then the "streak" was either lost or played out. Confident that he was on a true extension of the Emerson crevice Mr. Sutherland continued his work all summer and fall without faltering, though the tedious days yielded nothing but barren rock. Week after week and month after month wore away, each more weary than the last, and still no returns. He was getting in debt, and had to borrow money to pay taxes on his little house. Still the plucky miner picked away at the obdurately worthless granite, breaking and blasting a road in the direction where he felt sure the treasure lay. Christmas and New Year came, and he hadn't enough money to buy the wife a new dress or the baby a new rattle. His friends advised him to give it up. "Knowing ones" declared it was only a "blow out," and he had exhausted the pay the first fifteen feet—would never get another cent, etc., etc. All through January he worked on with unabated energy, but with a heart growing heavier, as each day made it seem more likely that he would at last be forced to abandon his undertaking and yield his hopes of fortune. February came. A mortage was coming due on the little home. Creditors grew impatient. The wife, grown nervous and despondent on "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," spent days in weeping, and every night pleaded with her husband to quit and go to work where he could earn something. At last he began himself to be discouraged and made up his mind to give up the Concord, but—would work the week out. On Tuesday he stood in the bottom of the shaft, looking disconsolately at the pile of worthless "gang rock" and rubbish that must be hoisted to the surface before he could go any further. He picked up a drill, drew a sigh, and said to himself : "While the boys are cleaning out, I'll put in a shot here, just for luck." By the time the boys had the bottom cleared, the shot was in, and when it went off he put the rock in the bucket and told those above to dump that on one side till he should come up. This was on Tuesday, but he never thought to look after the product of his "shot for luck" until Thursday. Carelessly examining it then his practiced eye discovered a small piece which bore the undisputable marks that made his heart leap with hope. He hurried down the shaft, got things in shape, and by Saturday put in a blast where he now felt sure the long-lost streak lay hid. When that shot went off he gathered up a sack full of glittering specimens, that, to look at, would make old Midas himself smile again. We saw a few pieces at Mr. Geer's rooms, and could not rest until we had looked at the whole bagfull. So, in company with a friend to introduce us, we called on Mrs. Sutherland and were kindly permitted to overhaul the lot—about half a bushel—of pieces ranging in weight from an ounce or two up to seventeen pounds, and not a piece that does not show free gold or the still richer vein of telluride of gold. Experts estimate the value of his sack at not less than $1,000 ! And now Mr. Sutherland is sure that he can work right back toward the surface—as well as downward and laterally along the lode—and find the rich streak all the way.

CHATS BY THE WAY.

IT is said that the Scotch are so economical that they only milk half a sheep at a time.

A MAN must have great self-control to do what is right, but he can do what is wrong by just letting himself alone.

THE poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said :—"Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does it would mos' skeer us to death."

THE negro's definition of bigotry is as good and as inclusive as that in "Webster's Dictionary." "A bigot !" said he, "why, he is a man who knows too much for one and not quite enough for two."

SOMEBODY said to Sir Robert Peel about the portrait of a very sarcastic man, "Why, it is so natural you can see the very quiver of the lips." "Yes," was the reply, "and the arrow coming out of it."

MEN need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life ; and to marry where you cannot freely love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice.

A RECENT accident has called up the old question as to how long a man can live on very little brains. And the old answer to the old question also recurs to the effect that some people can live a great while on none at all.

IT is very easy to say that if a man is given to falsehood we ought not to believe more than half he says, but it is sometimes a very serious matter when you try to make up your mind which is the true half and which the false.

How curious it is that in our fasionable cemeteries we may find a huge white monument weighing many tons on the grave of some one, and then read the words inscribed on the monument, "May the earth rest lightly above him."

THERE is a deal of religion in the world which is not very unlike the German of whom we heard the other day. When he went to the Registrar's office he was asked, "Are you a Protestant ?" and he replied, "No, sir." He was asked again, "Are you Catholic, then ?" and he once more replied, "No, sir." "Then, of course, you must be a Lutheran," was the last question, and the Teuton, somewhat puzzled, answered, "Well, if I am anything I am Lutheran. Now I think of it, I believe I inherited something of the kind on the mother's side."

MR. MOODY used to say that every man ought to be definite in his requests when he makes a prayer. It is not well to ask for too many things, or to ask for anything in a general way, as though you thought it the fashionable thing to pray, but really did not expect much to come of it. The better way, says Mr. Moody, is to feel sure that you want some one thing, and then ask for that alone. A little girl once followed these instructions almost too literally when she prayed that the Lord might send her a porcelain doll with rolling eyes, and then, for fear there might be some mistake about it, added—after the amen—No, 225 King street.

A BEAUTIFUL incident, and one that has its moral, happened in 1871 at Oberamergan during the representation of the celebrated "Passion Play." A German soldier was walking through the streets of the little village wearing on his left breast the Iron Cross. A friend accosted him and said with astonishment, "Why, Johann, where did you get that cross ?" "The Emperor gave it to me," replied the soldier proudly. "Ah ! I congratulate you ; and pray, what did you do to deserve it, for one never gets that without earning it ?" "Oh," said the soldier, "it's a very simple story. You see, there was a battery which our regiment was ordered to take. The officers, all except myself, said it was impossible. I told the General that if he would give me a thousand tried men I would take it, and I did. That's all, except that somehow Bismarck heard of it, and after a while I received this cross."

ONE may possibly be so very sharp that he becomes dull, and so fearfully shrewd at a bargain that he succeeds only in cheating himself. A young man belonging to Teutonic race fell in love, or at least thought he did, with the daughter of a banker. When, however, he seriously thought of the subject of matrimony he concluded that love, though very beautiful in its way, needs a little money behind it to make it permanent, a conclusion to which other than Teutonic youths sometimes arrive. He wanted to marry the beautiful girl but he wanted also to have the marriage certificate cover at least a small portion of the old gentleman's substance. A proper combination of love and cash make a delightful house. He went, therefore, to the paternal parent to talk the matter over, and, as though he were bestowing his conceited self, he said, "I can't possibly marry your daughter, my dear sir, unless she has a dowry of 10,000 gulden." The old gentleman, with great dignity, replied, "Then, sir, you can't marry her at all, for she happens to have a dowry of 50,000 gulden. I wish you good morning."

THERE is a little sermon in coloured English, but full of common sense for that class of people who feel that Dame Nature insulted them when she refused to allow them to be born rich. Even the hen has to scratch for the worm, but these people expect the worm to crawl within reach and then ask for the privilege of being eaten. "My friens," said Plato Johnson, in one of his oratorical moods, "de worl' am so constertuted dat wile dar am jest 'bout 'nuff fur everybody who is willin' to work, dar ain't a morsel left fur de man who sits under de trees, an' 'spects de apples to drop into his mouf. Now, I'se studdied apples all my days an' I never knew ord dat wouldn't hang on to de limb until it was shook down —dat is, ob course, a sound, sensible apple. Don't stan' roun' de corner ob de street wid de wild expectation dat de man who libs dar is goin' to come out on de cold sidewalk an' ask you to be his son-in-law. I've seen many a man loafin' roun' de Forty-second street depot as though he felt sure dat if he stayed dar long nuff, Mr. Vanderbilt would come out and hand him a check for $1,000,000 an' say, 'Young man, take dis small pile an' be happy.' No, de better way am to git your eye fixed on somethin' and den keep movin', keep movin'. De whole philosophy of life is in de little words 'keep gittin',' and after a while you are sure to fin' yourself somewhar."

The First Step in Invention.

A correspondent, who has had some experience as an inventor, suggests that the *Scientific American* should regularly set apart a portion of its space for the outlining of inventions needed. This for the purpose of setting inventors "on the right track," and so laying out their work, that they may "go immediately at the thing wanted."

To a considerable extent the *Scientific American* has always made a practice of suggesting, whenever it could, opportunities for invention ; and not unfrequently such suggestions have been successfully worked out and patented by wide-awake readers. Further opportunities of the sort will be gladly taken advantage of ; and pleasure will also be taken in presenting the suggestions of any who clearly perceive the need of and opportunity for specified improvements in any art of manufacture, but are unable, for lack of time, means, or inventive capacity, to undertake to work out the needed invention.

Such suggestions, however, our correspondent will readily understand, are not likely to be numerous. Our countrymen are by habit as well as by nature, inventors ; and when one sees a chance to better any process or product he is very sure to keep his knowledge to himself for future development. It is mainly in connection with inventions requiring a large outlay of time, labour, or money, or all three, that men voluntarily give away ideas of value. However original and valuable, such ideas are not apt to be salable ; while only the more courageous and forehanded among inventors dare attempt to develop them materially.

Opportunities for working out such costly and complicated inventions are obviously of little use to the class of inventors which our correspondent has in mind. What he wants is specific information touching this, that, the other, clearly felt deficiency in the means or methods of one or other of the arts, deficiencies which the would-be inventor could supply if he only knew what was wanted.

Such deficiencies are doubtless infinite in variety and number ; but, for the most part, it is the business of the inventor to discover them, as well as to invent the remedy ; and, in most cases, his acuteness is chiefly manifested in detecting the opportunity for a useful invention. The arts are full of improvable means and methods, and of openings for entirely novel processes. As a rule, it is the inventor of the future who will first detect where the needed improvements and substitutions should fall ; and in this his genius will be chiefly displayed. The development of the inventions will be a secondary and comparatively simple work,

Accordingly, the faculty which the young inventor should cultivate most sedulously is the faculty of critical observation. He must learn to look upon everything in two aspects —first, to see exactly how it appears, how it was produced, and how it works ; second, to see how its appearance, its working, or the manner of its production can be improved, simplified, and cheapened, or its uses extended ; or whether something entirely different would not answer the purpose better. With the cultivation of this faculty the inventor's difficulties arise not from the lack of opportunities to invent, but from their multiplicity, and the need of restricting his thoughts and constructive labours to such novelties as are likely to be profitable.

In short, the young would-be inventor must begin further back even than Mrs. Glasse advised in her famous receipt for cooking the hare. He must not merely "catch the hare," but he first must learn how to catch hares and where they are likely to hide. After that the catching and cooking are easy.

THE alleged miraculous appearances and cures in County Mayo, Ireland, find many believers among the Roman Catholic peasantry. Pictures of the occurrences are sold extensively in Dublin and other towns, and are much prized by the "faithful."

RELIGIOUS GOSSIP.

IT is said that in the Welsh language an infidel book does not exist.

THE Presbyterian Synod of Otago and Southland, New Zealand, has appointed Dr. Stuart as its representative to the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia.

THE Methodist Protestant Church of the United States has commissioned its first foreign missionary, Miss L. M. Guthrie, who goes to Japan. A woman's society in Pittsburg pays her salary.

WITH the money received toward the Thanksgiving Fund ($1,182,822) the Wesleyans have paid off the heavy debts of the home and foreign missionary societies, the education and children's funds, &c., and have paid $100,000 to the Theological Institution at Birmingham.

ONE of the distinguished Monod family of Protestant pastors in Paris, the Rev. Theodore Monod, who was converted, it is said, while a student in Allegheny, Pa., will visit this country in the spring, and address Protestant bodies on the state of the church of France, and its needs.

THE Rev. Nathan Sites, an American Methodist missionary in China, was recently beset by a mob at Yenping-foo, and seriously injured with clubs and stones. If a magistrate had not interfered he would have been drowned by the infuriated populace. The outbreak is said to have been caused by ill-treatment of Chinese in California.

THE only place in the United States where services are held by the Sandemanian society is Danbury, Conn., the place of burial of Robert Sandeman, the leader who gave his name to the sect. Every week the members have a meeting at which they greet each other with a kiss and then sit down to a dinner provided by a steward in their employ.

THE missionaries of the English Wesleyan Society have entered the Nizam's territories in India. No missionary society has hitherto penetrated the interior of Hyderbad, with its 11,000,000 of people. The Wesleyans have been invited to establish schools in the cities and villages of that Province, the hotbed of Moslem fanaticism and political factionists.

"CANDIDATING," as it exists in this country, is hardly known in Scotland, but the custom is being introduced. Lately a parish was in want of a preacher, and three candidates appeared, all of whom preached at successive services on the same Sabbath, the congregation looking quietly on and enjoying very much the "competitive" exhibition of pulpit talent.

THE number of Protestants in France does not exceed 650,000. Of this number 560,000 belong to the Reformed Church, 80,000 to the Lutheran, and 10,000 to other bodies. In German-Austria there are 367,000 Protestants, of whom 249,000 are Lutherans and 118,000 of the Reformed church ; but these figures represent only 10 per cent. of the population of that country.

THE Bishop of Manchester said at an ordination service the other day that it was better to be experts in godliness than in controversy. He said he was not ashamed to confess that he could not get up any interest in many of the questions of the day. He cared little for the shape or colour of vestments, the form of bread used in communion, candles on the altar lighted or unlighted, or anything of the sort. They did not concern the weightier matters of the Gospel.

FOURTEEN thousand clergymen of the Church of England have united in a memorial to their bishops, asking them to support earnestly measures for the further restriction of the trade in intoxicating liquors. They are convinced, they say, that the condition of the people "can never be greatly improved, whether intellectually, physically or religiously, so long as intemperance extensively prevails among them, and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side."

Thanksgiving services were held throughout the colony of Natal, and especially at Isandlwana, on Dec. 9. The bishop in his sermon said one of the objects he had in view in holding the service was that the establishment of a mission might be its practical outcome. A wooden slab which was used for the communion table has been employed as the the pedestal of a handsome iron cross which has been firmly fixed upon a mound of earth and stones to mark the spot where the services were held, and where it is hoped a church will be put on.

A THANKSGIVING service has been held at Isandula, in Natal, and at other places where there are Anglican churches. At Isandula, the scene of the great disaster to the English troops, the burial office was said and the communion administered by the Bishop, who said he had three objects in holding that service at Isandula : (1) That the bodies of Christian met should not be left without one word of peace and love being said over their graves ; (2) that the protecting hand of Providence might be recognized ; and (3) that a practical outcome of the work might be the establishment of a mission. It is proposed to erect a church on the spot where the service was held.

THE Methodist itinerancy is being assailed by many influential clergymen, and the movement for abandoning it has a strong advocacy ; but the Rev. Dr. Summers comes out emphatically in its defence. A great advantage of the system, he says, is that it secures to every preacher a parish and to every parish a preacher. "Some of the charges are not very desirable ; but they all furnish a minister with work, and they all pay him something for the work he performs. Some of the ministers are not accomplished men, but they are all approved of by lay and clerical courts, and the poorest of them are better than none." Dr. Summers points out, too, that itinerant preachers, by using their sermons over and over, save themselves a great amount of labour. He states a third argument as follows : "What difficulties and annoyances and animosities are frequently connected with resignations and calls among our brethren who have a settled ministry ! One of the most revolting things I know is a minister going round from church to church preaching 'trial' sermons, acting as a 'supply ;' criticised by incompetent persons, subjected to impertinent questions, blackmailed, or, if called, responding with the knowledge that a respectful minority opposed the call."

LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Queer Stories told about Beasts, Birds Insects, and Fishes.

A MADISON County hog that had its nose smashed by a timber goes about with a cob, stick, or stone in its mouth to facilitate breathing.

A BUZZARD captured in Logan County, had on one of its feet a steel trap of peculiar pattern, which was identified by Mr. Trangber as having been carried away five years previously.

MICKEY SULLIVAN is the name of a Vallejo dog that drinks beer and looks for his "schooner" with as much expectancy as his master. When his owner cannot go for his favourite beverage he places a dime in Mickey's mouth. Mickey trots to the brewery, and placing the piece on the counter, waits for his glass, and will not be satisfied unless it is full.

MRS. AUGUSTUS W. BROOKS of Elliott, Me., has a cat thirteen years old which walks around a room on her hind legs only, dances, turns somersaults, goes through the motions of holding a jewsharp to her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, kisses her paw to visitors, and holds a saucer of milk on her fore legs while she drinks it.

Two dogs, a bull and a Newfoundland, were having a fierce fight in a field at Haymaker, N. Y., and a cow looked on. Neither dogs getting worsted, the cow stopped the battle by throwing both dogs over a bluff. They returned to the fight, and the cow hurled one of the dogs to the top of the bluff, and the other a dozen feet in another direction. The dogs then sneaked away.

AFTER being shut up in a mine for forty-three days and nights, a Devonshire (Eng.) dog still lives. In accompanying his master on a shooting excursion he fell into a shaft sixty-six feet deep, and was supposed to be killed. After more than a month a howl was heard to proceed from the pit's mouth. A miner was sent for and lowered, and the dog rescued in an emaciated condition. He had lost twenty-six pounds in weight.

ON the edge of a slate quarry a thrush had made her nest. It was so close to danger that when the rock was blasted a piece of the falling slate came almost into the nest. At the ringing of a bell the bird saw the men run. She left her nest too, and after the explosion she returned. This the thrush continued to do whenever a blast was fired. The men rang the bell to hoax the bird, but she only peeped over the nest, and, as the men did not run, settled down again.

A TWO-HEADED cat was owned in Washington, N. J. The heads were distinct and well formed—one jet black, the other the colour of a pure Maltese. The body was divided in colour exactly like the heads. It had only four legs and one tail, over which each head seemed to have control. If the Maltese side was tickled the black head took no notice of it, and if the black side was rubbed the Maltese head purred contentedly. Both heads ate at the same time, but one slept while the other was wide awake.

CONGRESSMAN BLACKBURN'S private secretary is a monkey. It was presented to him by a Kentucky naval officer, is well-educated, and performs his duty with ease and despatch. Jocko occupies a chair opposite Mr. Blackburn at the table, and when the mail is put down he quickly seizes and rips open the first envelope, tosses the letter to his master and the envelope into the waste basket. The monkey knows the best brand of whiskey, and passes the bottle with great solemnity. He also knows what callers are unpleasant to his master, and has a great tendency to shorten the visits of bores.

Chasing a Railroad Train.

The Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman says : Monday evening last, as the southern train was coming in, Alfred Caton, of Davie County, returning from a trip south, with empty wagon, was overtaken near the railroad crossing two miles south. The sudden approach and shot-like speed of the train frightened his horses, which were hitched to a common two-horse road wagon. But he quieted them for a moment, and was in the act of crossing the track when another train came down in the same direction. His horses tood fresh alarm and commenced plunging and running. They upset the wagon throwing out its occupants, Mr. Caton, his son and a young man travelling with them. Before those persons could know what was transpiring the train and wagon were gone. By some remarkable jerk or swing the wagon was brought back upon its wheels, and the horses took the railroad track for a run and kept it in the rear of the fast flying train from the crossing to the depot in this place, a distance of two miles, jumping [illegible] tle guards on the way and arriving at the depot without serious hurt to themselves or important damage to the wagon. The accident was a serious one to Mr. Caton. He was thrown out of his wagon with great violence and for some seconds was totally unconscious. His right arm was broken between the elbow and shoulder and he received other injuries which disabled him for a time. The young men were stunned, but soon recovered, to find that they were not hurt.

AN old man with a long white beard went to the clerk's office of a Paris court, and asked to see the papers in the case of Charles Drouhin, who had been convicted nine years before of giving information to the Germans during the siege, and had escaped from prison during the Communist insurrection. The clerk suspected that he was Drouhin himself, and had him arrested ; but he strenuously denied his identity, and it was only after his face was exposed by shaving that he was positively recognized. His experience had been varied. He had gained a livelihood part of the time as a painter's model, being in request to sit for saints and patriarchs ; and he had exhibited tame rats at fairs, but "the weather had been so bad this winter that he had been compelled to eat his interesting pupils in order that they might not die of consumption." He was about to seek refuge in an almshouse when his detection returned him to prison.

A Jilted Lover's Suit.

An English Widow Sued for Breach of Promise—A Verdict for the Defendant.

The London *Telegraph* reports the trial of a curious suit for breach of promise. The plaintiff was Augustus Frederick Fowke, of Scraptoft, Leicestershire, and the defendant was Mrs. Charlotte Hornby, of Lindon House, Leatherhead, and of No. 11 Hyde Park Terrace, London. The plaintiff claimed £5,000 damages. The defendant pleaded that there never was any engagement, but that, if there was, it had been mutually rescinded. Mr. Bazzard, in opening the case, said the parties moved in a higher social position than was usually the case in actions of this character. The plaintiff was the son of the late and the brother of the present Sir Frederick Fowke, the head of an old Leicestershire family. The defendant, originally a Miss Bradshaw, married a Mr. Hornby, and became a widow in 1869. She was a lady of fortune, having an income between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. The parties had been slightly acquainted as children, but a casual meeting took place in the park in 1872, when she had become a widow, when plaintiff was frequently invited to luncheon at Leatherhead and at her London residence. The learned counsel then for over an hour read and commented upon numerous letters from defendant, but, before doing so, warned the crowded court that there was not an atom of romance about the case, as there was no letter beginning more warmly than "Dear Mrs. Hornby," or ending more gushingly than "Yours very truly." Defendant gave the plaintiff the diamond ring of the late Mr. Hornby, and defendant accepted some studs from plaintiff which she wore suspended from her neck. Defendant asked for plaintiff's photograph, which he sent her; and, in a letter, she said it was hardly so good as it should be, but she often looked at it. In another, she expressed concern about the fit of his shirts, and said: "I should like to see one on next time." Subsequently, they visited Southsea, and there affectionate letters were exchanged. Defendant exhibited the deepest concern in the plaintiff's health, sent him books on the subject, and occasionally, knowing his pecuniary position, gave him money. About the end of 1873, defendant wrote: "All I want is kindness and affection, with trustworthiness, and if I have not a bright prospect of that, I should rather remain as I am. There is nothing but real affection which can make married life happy, but it must be on both sides. Have we that in store?" Mr. Mellor asked for the whole to be read, and the passage occurred: "All this time we are free from any engagement," which Mr. Bazzard said was only the artfulness of the defendant, in consequence of opposition on the part of her brother. He quoted numerous other letters indicating affectionate terms, and said that when the plaintiff was struck down by paralysis defendant behaved like a true woman, sent him beef tea and various delicacies. She suggests he should visit Southsea, where she was staying, as she thought the sea bathing would do him good; and subsequently she objected to his going in a Bath chair about Bond street, and other public thoroughfares, as she did not wish people to know what had been the matter. The defendant alleged this illness terminated the engagement, if any had existed, but Mr. Bazzard quoted subsequent letters, which he argued were inconsistent with that plea. The correspondence continued to December, 1878, when the estrangement took place which led to the present proceedings. Mr. Fowke, the plaintiff, was then called, and on entering the witness box, after some slight delay, his appearance here excited considerable interest. He deposed at length to the receipt of the various letters produced, and said he was continually pressing the defendant to name the day, and she always says: "Oh, wait." On one occasion, when they had some slight disagreement, as he was leaving, defendant said, "Kiss me," and of course he did so. In cross-examination by Mr. Mellor, he admitted having had several sums of money from Mrs. Hornby, amounting to £300, and would not swear it might not have been £500. He denied having threatened her with an action at Waterloo Station unless she gave him £1,000. He did go to the station, and asked her whether she was disposed to find him £1,000. He said so quite politely and pleasantly. He did say unless this was given he should bring an action against her brother-in-law for the wrong he had done him. The was never any express promise of marriage on the part of the defendant in express words, but it was understood. The Judge, directing the jury, said conduct might imply an engagement to marry without being expressed in actual words, and looking at the correspondence and the conduct of the parties, they must decide whether it was this, or the case of a woman who had liked plaintiff's attentions, but did not exactly know her own mind. The jury, without leaving the box, found for the defendant.

One of Proctor Knott's Stories.

During the dinner Proctor Knott demonstrated very clearly that his reputation as a story teller is not entirely undeserved. One of the best stories he related was how a young coloured lad got the start of him in a religious matter.

There was some sort of celebration in honour of St. Francois de Xavier, which he attended. A host of negroes in his neighbourhood were Roman Catholic. When he came home this darkey boy asked him how he liked the service. He said: "There was one point about it that I never liked. "What is that?" said the boy.

"The priest does all his praying in Latin."

At this the coloured boy fell down in the road, and rolled over, shouting with laughter.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said Knott.

The darkey answered: "Fo' God, massa, don't think that the Lord can't understand Latin as well as English. In the Catholic churches de priest he prays to de Lord, and not to de congregation," and Mr. Knott added that he had been brought up in a church where the preacher prayed to the congregation, and acknowledged that the boy had got the advantage of him.

THE person who retires with the sun must have a warm bedfellow.

USEFUL RECIPES.

What Bostonians Eat.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart milk, half a cupful rice, three eggs, one good cupful flour, one and a half teaspoonsful baking powder.

GRAHAM SCONES.—One pint Graham meal, one large tablespoonful butter, pinch of salt, one cupful cold water, chop together, and bake very thin.

WAFFLES.—One pint milk, one pound flour, four eggs, one cupful yeast, quarter pound butter; let them rise three or four hours before baking.

BOSTON COCOANUT PIE.—Take one cocoanut, and grate; add the milk and two eggs, till the mixture is as thick as custard pie. One nut makes two pies.

NICE INDIAN GRIDDLE-CAKES.—One and and a half cupful flour, one and a half cupfuls Indian-meal, one egg, one small pint sour milk, half a teaspoonful soda.

MONITORS FOR BREAKFAST.—One cup water, two cups milk, three cups flour, bit of salt; beat quickly, and bake in a hot oven, having the roll-pans heated first.

SIMPLE AND DELICIOUS MUFFINS.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, half gill yeast, one pint warmed milk, less two tablespoonsful; mix at night, and beat until light; in the morning, drop the well-risen dough in buttered cups.

PROVIDENCE GRAHAM BREAD.—Two quarts Graham flour, one quart white flour, (small,) one cupful (small cup) molasses, half a cupful yeast; only white flour is sifted; one quart tepid water to mix it; mix about as stiff as pound cake batter; this can be put in roll-pans for breakfast.

PROVIDENCE BROWN BETTY'S FOR BREAKFAST.—One cupful Indian-meal, one egg, two cupfuls rye-meal, one teaspoonful creamtartar, half a teaspoonful soda, one large tablespoonful molasses; mix with cold milk about as thick as pound cake; fry in hot lard; if your milk is sour, omit the creamtartar.

KATY'S BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take a small bowl of bread and soak it over night in milk; in the morning take one quart milk, three eggs, and pinch salt, beaten up together with half cupful flour, and one and a half teaspoonsful baking powder it wants to be a thick and a very light batter, and then it is delicious.

MARY HUFF'S BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter the bottom of your pudding-dish and strew with currants; then a layer of bread, cut very thin and buttered; repeat until the dish is nearly full; make a custard of one quart of milk, two eggs, seasoned with vanilla and salt; pour on the bread, and let it stand one hour, and bake.

RAISED MILTON MUFFINS.—One quart milk, a little salt, two spoonfuls yeast, two eggs, piece of butter size of an egg melted in the milk, which must be warmed; make in the morning and raise until night, or vice versa; eggs to be put in just before cooking; flour; bake in rings in a spider over a slow fire; split and butter before sending to table.

VIRGINIA BISCUIT.—One quart flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter pound butter; mix the flour and butter, with the hand, together, and moisten with water; roll it out very thin three times, and beat with the rolling-pin each time; roll as thin as a sheet of paper; cut with a saucer and bake in sheets. These are particularly nice for lunch.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Two cupfuls Indian-meal, (even); one cupful rye meal; one cupful flour; one (small) quart of sweet milk; pinch of salt; one half cupful molasses; two teaspoonsful cream-tartar; one teaspoonful (even) of soda dissolved in water; steam four hours, and water must boil constantly all the time; put in oven and heat for breakfast.

OLD-FASHIONED TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Two eggs, one quart of milk, one cup tapioca; spices of nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; also, sugar and pinch of salt, and small teaspoonful of butter, melted. Wash and soak the tapioca in very little water till rather tender; then put it in the milk, and place on back of the stove and soak one hour; then melt butter in dish and pour in the beaten eggs, milk well sweetened, and spice; bake one hour quite slowly.

Born to be Hanged.

There is a child in Bangor, Me., whom according to the old theory, Providence manifestly designs for either pulpit or the gallows. This enterprising youngster has not yet reached the age of five years, but he is old in experience. Two years ago he swallowed a quantity of paint which the doctor finally succeeded in removing from his little stomach. While the recollection of this exploit was still fresh a mouthful of laudanum found its way down his throat to that bourne whence such travellers seldom return, but again the physician was equal to the emergency. Not long afterwards his parents took their darling to Belfast to make a visit, and while there he introduced into one of his nostrils a kernel of corn which it required heroic efforts to dislodge. Without waiting for an encore the child repeated this performance immediately upon his return to Bangor. This time the kernel of corn remained so long in the nose that, when finally extracted, it was found to the on the point of sprouting.

Found.

The lone woman who always looks for a villainous man under the bed, has found him again. It is always pleasing to know that people get what they are searching for, and in this instance the pleasure is double. Two women have discovered two objects of their search on two distinct and separate occasions, and in two separate and distinct places. One lady lives in Essex County, New York, and the other in Ballston Center, in the same State. The young women were in the State of New York just before they made the discovery, but were transported into the state of terror immediately after. This seems to show that the acquisition of a long looked for object does not always bring happiness. These ladies of this disaricct who look for the man under the bed once in every twenty-four hours should take courage at the success of the New York ladies and continue the search.

Had the Drop on 'Em.

Black Run, as any map may fail to show, is situated in the Colorado mining district, and the Baptist church is presided over by an able and athletic preacher. On the forth Sunday in February last, a collection was taken up for the Franz Josef land mission, and the plate was passed around by one of the deacons. There was present a miner from Red Gulch, who was anxious, as he phrased it, to "put up" for the Franz Josef heathen, but who had no coin smaller than a twenty-dollar gold piece. When the plate reached him, he inquired in a low tone: "How much is the ante?" The deacon told him he could contribute whatever he chose. "Then," replied the ingenious miner, "I'll chip in a dollar," and thereupon he put in his twenty-dollar gold piece, and undertook to withdraw $19. This the deacon objected to, on the ground that no change was given at that establishment. A struggle ensued, in the course of which the plate was upset, and the entire congregation rushed to pick up the scattered money. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the presiding minister the entire amount already collected would have been absorbed by reckless persons eager to "jump the deacon's claim"—as the local papers subsequently expressed it. The minister, fortunately, happened to be an old Californian who thoroughly understood the true way of dealing with a Colorado assembly. Drawing a heavy revolver and leaning it on the edge of the pulpit, he demanded "order," in a stentorian voice. "The brethren," he remarked, "will please take notice that I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat, or who touches any of that money, will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at 2 o'clock P. M. Our mining friend from Red Gulch will please let go the deacon's necktie, or he is a dead man." This address, together with the minister's known reputation as a pistol shot, instantly restored order, and the deacon picked up the scattered money, including the twenty-dollar gold piece resumed the collection, and the service proceeded without further interruption.

No Excuse for Being Sick.

No person can use BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP without getting immediate relief and cure. We have the first case of Coughs, Colds or Consumption, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, yet to hear from that has not been cured. We have distributed every year, for three year, over 240,000 Sample Bottles by Druggists in all parts of the United States. No other manufacturer of medicines ever gave their preparations such a test as this. Go to your druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it—two doses will relieve you. Sample Bottles 10 cents each.

"TEABERRY," the new powder for whitening the teeth, stimulating the mouth and purifying the breath; the brightest, neatest, most perfect toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry." Price 35 cents.

A rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a poor girl But a pallid countenance, weak nerves, dry skin, dim eyes, are repulsive in the sight of all, because they tell of dissipation, over-indulgence, excesses. To remedy these defects, use Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi, the great medicine for diseases of the kidneys, etc. For sale by all dealers at $1 per bottle. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson, proprietors.

100 new patterns of these beautiful French Cambric Shirtings; these are the latest and and best for shirts. Order them with two collars or collar attached, at Cooper's, 109 Yonge st., Toronto.

MESSRS. MILBURN, BENTLY & PEARSON.

Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Yellow Oil for outward application, in relieving pain from Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Neuralgia, etc., having tried it myself and used it in my family for these purposes, and found it to be one of the most efficacious and soothing remedies that I know of. Yours truly,

W. H. FILTS, Real Estate Agent, Toronto.

AGENTS.—Gen. Grant's Tour Round the World; fastest selling book now offered; exclusive territory; for terms address at once, Oberholtzer & Co., Berlin.

What it will do.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam allays the irritation of the mucus membrane, the bronchial tubes and the lungs, and will be found exceedingly valuable in deep-seated coughs and all diseases of the chest. It effectually allays a tickling cough, removes hoarseness, difficult breathing, and will prove valuable in case of Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and diseases of the throat and lungs leading to Consumption. For sale by all dealers, price 25 cents per bottle.

THE "Myrtle Navy" plug correctly represents the whole plan upon which its manufacture is conducted. There is not a fractional part of a cent expended upon it for mere appearance. It is neither wrapped in tin foil nor worked in fancy shapes, nor put in fancy cases, nor subjected to any kind of expense merely to please the eye or captivate the fancy. The manufacturers rightly believed that tobacco was not purchased for ornament, but for smoking, and therefore all extraneous expense was avoided and added to the quality of the tobacco. The public have testified in its case that they prefer paying their money for a high quality of article than for ornament out of place.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint is the direct cause of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. To the dyspeptic or consumptive there is no remedy so good as Victoria Hypophosphites. For sale by all dealers.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Bulgaria, is said to be about to ask for the hand of the daughter of a Russian general. Some time previous to his accession to the Bulgarian throne he proposed to the same lady, but met with a blank refusal on the part of her father.

HARTEN overheard his wife telling Cox at Eaton, O., that she would marry him as soon as her husband died, which would be speedily, as he was almost gone with consumption. Harten spoiled the plan at once by shooting Cox through the heart.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
Machine Brushes, Jas. Wilson, 56 Sherbourne st.

Barrister & Attorney,
Geo. H. Watson, 30 Adelaide East.

Centre Flowers, Mantle Pieces, &c.
M. J. Hynes & Bro., 308 King street West.

File Manufacturer.
Files Recut. Thos. Graham, 56 Sherbourne.

Furniture.
Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge street.

Rossin House,
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, FRAMES, CHROMOS, Mottoes, Mirrors, etc. Dealers send for wholesale list. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., Toronto.

20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 50 Floral Motto with name, 10c. Rosean Card Co., Rosean, N.Y.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder.*

FOR LIST OF VALUABLE PROperties in the County of Oxford, Ont., Rent country in Dominion. Apply to JOHN BEARD Woodstock.

MONEY to Loan at 7 per cent. on Farm property. Principal repayable at borrowers convenience. Farmers paying high rates of interest will save money by applying to JOSEPH ATKINSON, Land Agent, London, Ont.

SHEEP MARKS Supplied by H. M. Youse & Co., 64 King St. East, Toronto.

50 FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED farms for sale, 20 in the county of York. A. WILLIS, 62 King street east, Toronto. $50,000 to loan at 7 per cent.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREFERRED LEATHER Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address,

J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

LIVING WATER Star Auger bores 20 feet per hour, hole 5 to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. Man'fury, 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

BEES AND HONEY.

Those interested send for my circular of apiary supplies for 1880. Address,

M. RICHARDSON, Box 212, Ft. Colborne Ont.

☞ *Say what paper you saw this in.*

FOR SALE.

3-run Gristing and Flour Mill, water power, situated at Port Newcastle, Co. of Durham, Ont; about 40 rods to wharf and ¾mile to G. T. R. Station, in fine agricultural country; has a large gristing trade; $1,500 to $2,000 down, balance on time. Apply to

WM. McINTOSH, Newcastle, Ont.

LADIES Desiring an experienced physician of their own sex can have accommodation secured on application.

Specialty, Diseases of Women.

Enclose stamp and address

Dr. EMILY H. STOWE,
Physician and Accoucheur,
111 Church St., Toronto.

GOLD, Silver and Nickle Plating, in carriage or other work. Knives, Forks, Spoons. Castings, etc., *REPLATED TO ORDER.* (*Established 1859.*) All best work warranted.

W. MILLICHAMP & Co.,
29, 31, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., East, Toronto

Youth and Middle Age, have you tried every means to cure yourself? Ignorance of Physiological Law is lamentable, but if violated carries in its train mental and physical weakness, which if neglected, often results in hopeless imbecility, insanity or early death. To avoid this or to be restored to a sound manhood, DELAY NOT ONE HOUR, but send your name and address (write it plain) also send stamp and you will receive full particulars in sealed envelope. HERBIN LIBS YOUR ONLY SAFETY. Address, PROF. EGAN, Toronto, Ontario.

A FARM FOR SALE,

Beautifully situated, commanding fine view of Lake Erie, the village, Port Dover Harbour, and railroads. Contains one hundred and forty acres—twenty-five in hard wood. A large dwelling house, two large barns, stable, driving-house and sheds, all comparatively new; two large cisterns and good well of water. Orchard, choice fruit, a living stream skirts one side; land rolling and rich. Situated within half a mile of the village, termination of the Hamilton & North Western and the Port Dover & Lake Huron Railroad; Harbour best on the North shore; High and common schools within fifteen minutes walk. Terms easy. Address W. L. S., Box 30, PORT DOVER, Ont.

Lyon & Alexander,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Photographic Goods, Mouldings, Frames, Chromos, Mottoes, Picture Matts, &c.

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TORONTO

1,700 ACRES OF THE BEST Pasture land in the Dominion for sale; all in one block, situated in the county of Kent, ten miles from the Town of Chatham, the best Business town in Canada; all fenced; water forever; being bounded on the north by Lake St. Clair, and on the south by the River Thames. On this farm was pastured during the season of 1879 535 head of cattle, and there will be this season over 1,000 head pastured. I have the highest testimonials from all who have had cattle on it last year, and will give names and addresses if asked for. This farm gives early feed; cattle do well from the first day of April as grass starts early, and grows very fast. This was laid be a fortune to any person feeding cattle for the old country market, as it will give heavy feeding for not less than 1,700 head of large cattle, or for a gentleman who wishes to invest his money in a safe and paying business; no chance in Canada will pay better. I will satisfy any person that this farm will pay at least twenty per cent. clear profit on the outlay. No large gang of men required; only one man needed to keep the gate locked, and salt the cattle; not one death; not one escape last year. I want $20,000 for the whole property, and will take any good paying property to the value of $10,000 as part payment; the balance in easy payments. Apply to JOHN NORTHWOOD, Farmer, Box 845, Chatham.

ONE THOUSAND IN STOCK,

This year's American designs. Also Babies' Cradles, &c. Factory and show rooms—No. 110 & 112 Richmond st. west, Toronto. EDWIN WILBY.

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WILL CUT,

AND THE

Improved Diamond and the Hanlan

Cross-Cut Saws will cut faster and stay in order longer than *any* other saw in the world. They are manufactured only by

R. H. SMITH & Co., St. Catharines,

and sold by the Hardware Trade everywhere. Take no other. We also make the Lance Tooth, Lightning, Improved Champion, Eclipse, in short, all kinds and patterns, including the New Improved Champion.

"St. Catharines Saw Works."

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

The 4th Excursion Train for Manitoba WILL START ON

Wednesday, 14th April, '80.

For particulars apply, enclosing 3 cent stamp, to

R. W. PRITTIE,
MANITOBA LAND OFFICE,
64 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

CANADA PERMANENT
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y

Paid up Capital, $2,000,000. Total Assets, $6,700,000.

This Company lends money in all parts of Ontario, on most favourable terms.

LOANS MAY BE REPAID

1st.—On the Sinking Fund system, which is the best plan ever devised for the redemption of debt, or 2nd.—By one or more instalments as may be agreed on, a fixed and moderate rate of interest being charged on the unpaid principal.

For information apply to the Company's Appraisers, or to

J. HERBERT MASON, Manager.

OFFICE:—Company's Building, Toronto St., Toronto.

The Best

LEATHER BELTING

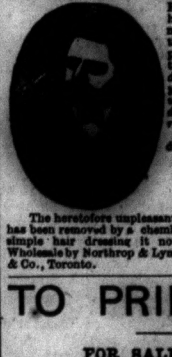
TRADE MARK

In the Dominion is manufactured by

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
81 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

All genuine has star on head of belts. Send for quotations.

WINTERCORBYN'S
SCLAVONIC HAIR RESTORER



Renewed eye-brows and hair in a whole family of middle aged people in the county of York, who possessed neither from their sixth year, and during the last three years has accomplished what has never been done by any advertised remedies of the century. For testimonials address

CHAS. M. WINTERCORBYN,
144 King St. West,
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The heretofore unpleasant odor and oily nature has been removed by a chemical process, and as a simple hair dressing it now stands unrivalled. Wholesale by Northrop & Lyman, also Louden, Nell & Co., Toronto.

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NEW YORK GORDON, No. 2

NEARLY NEW.

PRICE - - $225.

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Favourite Cutting Machine,

PRICE, - - $25.

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CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY!

IS MARKED

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IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

THE

"BELL" ORGAN.

The following is what MR. HAGUE says about the "BELL" Organ:

To J. Hecker, Esq., Agent for Bell's Celebrated Organs at Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—In handing you a cheque in payment for the Bell Cabinet Organ I purchased from you, I cannot but say that the instrument is of a style and quality which I did not suppose equals of any produced in Canada; the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effects that can be produced by combination of the stops are charming.

Messrs. Bell & Co. are to be congratulated on their success in developing the manufacture to such an extent as is manifest in the instrument you have sent me.

Wishing them large and remunerative sales,

I remain yours truly,

Signed, C. HAGUE,
General Manager Merchants' Bank of Canada.

Received Silver Medal and Diploma at Provincial Exhibition 1871
Received Silver Medal and Diploma at Centennial 1876
Received International Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia 1877
Received Only Medal for Parlour Organs at Provincial Exhibition 1878
Received Only Medal for Parlour Organs at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto 1879

W. BELL & CO.,
GUELPH.

N. M. MAYBEE,

FURNITURE DEALER AND UNDERTAKER.

A good supply of Furniture always on h[illegible] Funeral Furnishings, Adult's Robes, Children's [illegible] &c.

WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are rapid and permanent. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger proportion of cases, and in less time than any medicines known.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
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6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting,	25
7.	Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchitis,	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache,	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver,	25
11.	Suppressed or Painful Menses,	25
12.	Whites, Too Profuse Menses,	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
16.	Fever & Ague, Chill Fever, Ague,	25
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
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19.	Dropsy, Scanty Secretions,	25
20.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi,	25
21.	Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions,	$1.00
22.	Sore Mouth, Sore Throat, Quinsy,	25
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26.	Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion,	25
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28.	Sickness of Women, Nausea of Pregnancy,	25
29.	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation,	25
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If your Druggist does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Send for Special Circular. Address, WAIT'S HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, ADOLF T. WAIT, Proprietor, Detroit, Michigan.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

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LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

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W. T. WHITE

is prepared with a

FIRST-CLASS NEW HEARSE

to furnish funerals on the shortest notice.

COFFINS, SHROUDS, AND GENERAL COFFIN TRIMMINGS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Thanking my past customers for their generous support, and soliciting a continuance of the same, as they may depend on first-class work.

W. T. WHITE.

Madoc, Feb., 22nd, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

MADOC, - ONT.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may Keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

BOWEN & ELLIS

HAVE pleasure in announcing to the people of Madoc and vicinity that they have purchased the stock and good will of Mr. N. D. Peters, and will continue the business in the same stand, O'Flynn Block.

A general stock of

TEAS, SUGARS, PROVISIONS, TOBACCOS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

will be kept constantly on hand. A call solicited.

TERMS CASH.

BOWEN & ELLIS.

Madoc, 7th March, 1882.

All parties indebted to D. Bowen are requested to call and settle at once.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods

ESTABLISHED 1858.

G. D. RAWE

DESIRES to notify the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that his stock is now fully complete, but as it is the

LARGEST AND MOST VARIED

he has even had the pleasure of offering for their inspection, it would be impossible to particularize.

A call will convince every one that the stock is LARGE and NEW, the quality of the Goods GENUINE, and the prices FAIR.

MILLINERY!

Just received a case of

SPRING HATS,

in all the new and different styles. We have also added a variety of other goods in connection.

A splendid assortment of

WOOL GOODS, BEEDS, AND EMBROIDERY.

A good variety in

SILK TIES, COLLARS, FRILLINGS, ROYALIST TRIMMINGS, AND LACES, MANTLE TRIMMINGS, & LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING.

See our new

RIBBONS,

in all new shades.

MOIRE, PLAIDS, & SASH RIBBONS.

MRS. W. T. WHITE.

Madoc, 30th March, 1882.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES, Confectionery, ana BISCUITS,

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Portes!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., etc.,

Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Cash price.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

1882. SPRING and SUMMER. 1882.

John Robertson,

GENERAL MERCHANT.

New Goods always arriving at lowest Cash prices, also keeps on hand

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES,

Hats and Caps,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Crockery, China and Glassware.

STONE SETS FROM $2.50, UP. 3,000 ROLLS WALL PAPER FROM 5 CENTS.

A CALL SOLICITED.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Wall Papers.

We invite attention to our stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES and BORDERINGS, which we have just opened out for our spring trade. Our Papers are all full width. Wall Papers from 5 cents a roll.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.

Madoc, Feb. 1st, 1882.

EMBROIDERIES, INSERTION, LACE CURTAIN, LACES.

We invite careful inspection of these Goods, feeling assured that one glance at them will convince the most skeptical that they are the

Cheapest & Largest

ASSORTMENT

ever shown in Madoc.

Embroideries commencing at 3 cents a yard.

Inspect our stock and note the prices.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Madoc, March 8th, 1882.

R. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel, AND GENERAL HARDWARE. Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. VI, No 267. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 18, 1882. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I see by last week's REVIEW that "L'Amable" has sent you another letter (and it certainly is a remarkable production.)

In it he states two things which he must know to be false. As it appears to be impossible for him to write truthfully, it would be a waste of *my* time and of *your* space to answer him, and thereby be the means of inflicting another letter from "L'Amable" on your readers.

Yours, &c.,
BACKWOODSMAN.

N. B.—I mailed a letter to you similar to the above, but as it has not appeared I must conclude it miscarried. I hope in justice to me you will insert this.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Would you permit me to ask our worthy Reeve a few questions through your valuable paper? First, what is the proper qualification of Councillors according to their assessment, and if all the members elect have that qualification? Second, whose duty is it to examine and ascertain if they have the proper qualification? Third, if there are any who are not qualified; what effect will it have on legislation where it has passed by the vote of such party or parties? Fourth, is there any penalty for each and every time said member or members sit at the Council Board, and what is it, if, any? Now, sir, I merely ask for this information that I may know that our business is legally done, and to avoid trouble in the future. Surely our Reeve and Clerk ought to know who is and who is not qualified.

Yours, &c.,
RATEPAYER.

Madoc, May 17th, 1882.

Railway Notes.

The west pier of the T. & O. bridge over Deer Creek in this village is about completed. The bridge will be a substantial structure when completed.

1000 men will be wanted for the construction of the T. & O. R. between Bridgewater and Perth. Work will be commenced shortly.

We are informed the Ontario & Quebec surveyors have gone back to the vicinity of Sharbot Lake for the purpose of trying a new line by way of Madoc to Peterboro'. From Marmora to Peterboro' their line is within a few yards of the Toronto & Ottawa line.

A Montreal despatch says:—"It is understood that the Credit Valley and Ontario and Quebec have practically consolidated their interests; that work on the latter has begun at Perth and is being prosecuted with vigor, the intention being that the line from Montreal through to Toronto shall be completed by the fall of next year, thus making an independant through route in connection with American lines from Quebec to Chicago.

The Peterborough *Review* says: "The contract for the construction of the Toronto and Ottawa division of the Midland Railway from Bridgewater to Perth, a distance of over sixty miles has been let to Mr. J. H. Beemer, a gentleman who will push the work through to completion as fast as possible. During a conversation with him last night we learn that he proposes to commence work at once and already he has sent one of his foremen down to Quebec to engage some two hundred workmen, who will be placed along the line. The work will be rather more difficult than the 'Missing Link' as there is a large quantity of blasting to be done. The contract will be completed by the end of the year and then there will be direct communication between Toronto and Ottawa, a thing that has been desired for many years.

Toronto *Mail* opinion: It seems pretty evident that the scheme of building what was formerly known as the Toronto and Ottawa railway line is being pushed forward pretty rapidly, it being now stated that a contract has been let for the immediate construction of the section between Bridgewater and Perth, a distance of 65 miles, that portion of the line between Madoc and Bridgewater being already nearly finished, these sections, in connection with what was formerly known as the Grand Junction railway, all being now consolidated and known as the Midland railway of Canada. Surveyors are also at work locating the line eastward from Perth in the direction of Ottawa, and it is confidently expected that the whole of the new line, reaching both Ottawa and Montreal, will be completed within a couple of years.

The Picton *Gazette*, in speaking lately of the progress of work on the Central Ontario extension to the northern part of this County said work would be commenced at five different points as soon as arrangements can be completed, which will be in a very short time. The line will be constructed north from Trenton, north and south from the crossing of the Midland at Stirling, and north and south from where the line will cross the Midland (formerly Belleville and North Hastings) near El Dorado. The company have completed a contract with the Toronto Bridge Company for a steel bridge, 500 feet long, at Chisholm's Rapids, to be constructed of the very best quality of English steel, and guaranteed capable of carrying heaviest trains and engines at a speed of 30 miles per hour. They have also made arrangements with the same company for small steel bridges to cross the Moira River, at Malone; Cole Creek, at Frankford; and Beaver Creek, in the township of Tudor.

—The Imported English Garden and Field Seeds have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

Medicines taken into the Stomach in concentrated form such as Pills and Powders, are most injurious. The great substitute for these nauseous little Calomel pills is Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They cleanse the Bowels, stimulate the Liver and Kidneys, and cure all stomach disorders, such as Dyspepsia and Indigestion. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent.

NOTICE !!

For the Closing up of a Road.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a By-law to close up the Road laid out on the south side of the east part of Lot 27, in the 10th Concession of Madoc. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

NOTICE !

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Tuesday, 30th May, next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., when appeals against the assessment will be heard and tried, in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting, take into consideration the propriety of passing a By-law for the opening of a Road between Lots 16 and 17, in the 11th Concession, on to the Queensborough Road, the whole of the road to come off Lot 17. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1882. 264

The undersigned begs to announce to his customers and the public generally, that he has one of the finest stock of Groceries and Liquors in Madoc, consisting of Teas, Sugars, Spices, Oat Meal, Dried Apples, Soda, Starch, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines, Corned Beef, Tamatoes, Corn Peaches, Pickles, Baking Powder, Corn Starch, Figs, and everything else kept in a first-class Grocery. The Finest brands of Liquors imported direct from the manufacturers. Gooderham and Wort's Proof Rye and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

D. W. WRIGHT,
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC

NEW — FIRM !

THE undersigned having purchased the stock and goodwill of Mr. John Harper, begs to solicit a continuance of the patronage of the public. They will keep constantly on hand a full supply of

CHOICE GROCERIES,
AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds, including
FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL
AND PORK
at the lowest possible prices.

—ALSO—

C|R|O|C|K|E|R|Y
of different kinds.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Remember the stand—Harper's Block, St. Lawrence St.

CHAMBERS & M'KINNEY.

Madoc, November 3rd, 1881.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, May 22nd,
At 8 o'clock.

J. R. ORR, Rec. Secretary.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands.—No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets
Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

PONY *Flouring Mills,* MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !
MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.

Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Money to Loan!

Low Rate of Interest!

To Farmers and real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to add to your farm?

To build a new house or barn?

To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?

To pay off a mortgage, and time at a low rate of interest

Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.

AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,

with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please

6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6

The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Nov. 1st, 1880.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT,
241 Belleville.

J|U|S|T I|N!

Oranges, Lemons, Nice Graft Apples, Canned Tomatoes, and Canned Peaches.

Oysters and Luncheons a Specialty.

Oysters by the Quart, Can, Plate or Half Glass.

S. A. DAVIS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L.D.S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

OPEN DAILY.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,

ELDORADO, ONT.

FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.

GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.

The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N. B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD, LAND, LOAN, AND Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,

MADOC, ONT.

HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.

Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.

Every attention paid to guests.

CONLEY & McNEILL.

Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS! TO LOAN.

$25,000

Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from

7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,

according to the size and quality of loan.

NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.

NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than those of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.

Straight Loans only.

BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25th, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville.

Waiting.

Still barred thy doors! The fair east glows,
The morning winds blow fresh and free.
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?

All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song,
Light in the sky deep red above,
Song in the lark of plaints strong,
And in my heart true Love.

Apart we miss our nature's goal,
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?

No longer sleep.
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

ABOUT SPRING HOUSE CLEANING.

Probably there is nothing in the whole routine of house keeping that is more of a bugbear than the "spring cleaning." If, as is sometimes the case, the house is set in an uproar, the furniture moved out of doors, and all the rooms made uninhabitable at once, the operation may well be dreaded. Fortunate are those house-keepers who continue in the old-fashioned method, if colds and sickness among the children do not follow house cleaning. Of course, where hired help is especially employed for the occasion, it is necessary to keep them occupied and to do in a day as much as possible. But, as a general thing, there is no need of the discomfort that usually accompanies House-Cleaning. Of course each house-keeper will have her views about the matter, and we can only hope to make a few helpful suggestions.

ABOUT THE STOVES.

Outside of cities, the majority of houses are heated by stoves, and one of the points in most house cleaning is to take down these stoves, and not put them up again. Not only a large share of discomfort, but much sickness, if not consequent death, comes from the too early taking down of stoves. In every house in the Northern States, and the same applies farther south also, there should always be ample provision for making a fire in the living room, at *any time during the year*. Cold storms may come unexpectedly, and a fire is sometimes as necessary in August as in any other month. If stoves are used for heating, the health and comfort of a family require that there should always be at least one stove in which a fire can be made at once, at any time during the year.

DO NOT TAKE STOVES DOWN TOO SOON.

Those who observe the weather are aware that, in the Northern States, we do not have what is called "settled weather" much before the middle of June, and that, each year, there is likely to be a cold storm of several days' duration between the first and the middle of that month. We have observed this matter through so many years that we feel warranted in saying to those who, in the Northern States, depend upon stoves for warming their houses, do not take down the stoves

BEFORE THE MIDDLE OF JUNE.

When stoves are taken down, and before they are stored away for the summer, the first point should be, to make them ready to put up again. Do not leave this until the cool days of autumn, when they may be needed in a hurry, but make all needed repairs *now*. There are so many kinds that we can make but general suggestions. The weak point in all stoves is the lining, and, especially where hard coal is the fuel, this may need replacing. Do not put the stove away until the repairs are made. All of the leading patterns have a name or number, and the parties from whom a stove was bought can furnish or procure the proper lining. Some stoves have air-passages and double linings; dust and light ashes may accumulate in these, and where such exist they should be thoroughly cleaned. Then

AS TO THE STOVE PIPE,

terror to all heads of families when stoves are to be put up. Carefully mark with chalk—lead-pencil will answer well—the parts that go together. A little care now will save much trouble in autumn. In our house cleaning talk, we have run away to stoves, and no part of the operation is of more importance. But we would say

A WORD ABOUT CLEANING PAINT.

If a regular "scrubber" be employed, she may leave the painted work looking bright and fresh, but it will have been done with soap and sand. Sand should *never* be used upon painted or varnished work. Strong soft soap and sand vigorously applied, will take off a large share of the paint. To clean paint, first make a moderately strong soap suds, and also have at hand another pail of warm water, with a soft flannel cloth for each, and also a plate containing "Whiting," or "Spanish White"—to be had at all paint or drug stores. One flannel being wet with the soap-suds, dip it in the Whiting to take up a small quantity, and gently rub the painted work. The surface coating of smoke and other matter will soon be removed, then wipe the surface carefully with the other flannel wrung out from the warm water, and the painted work will look "as good as new."

CLEANING WALL PAPER.

The chief soiling of wall paper, especially those kinds in which some part of the pattern is slightly raised above the general surface, is due to dust. In many cases all that can be done is, to remove the dust; this is best accomplished by taking a new broom, wrapping a cloth around it, and sweeping with it from the top downward, with long straight strokes—not up and down. This will remove the dust, and greatly improve the appearance of the paper. Sometimes the paper will be soiled in spots, as where persons have allowed their heads to rest against it. In such cases it is well to try a piece of stale bread, from which the crust has been removed, using it upon the spots as if it were a piece of India Rubber. At house cleaning time it is well to have an eye to, and

CLOSE UP ALL CRACKS AND CREVICES,

whether in the floor, or between that and the base board, where insects may harbor, as well as larger ones in closets through which mice may enter. For cracks, common hard soap, which is usually soft enough for the purpose, may be used to fill them. It is usually soft enough to be pressed with the fingers into crevices, and no insect will venture to make its way through it. For larger holes, through which mice may come, Plaster of Paris, mixed with water to the thickness of batter, and quickly applied, will soon set, and stop the opening. Thin sheet-tin, from old fruit cans, may be tacked over the larger holes. In the spring cleaning we must consider

THE QUESTION OF MOTHS.

The common Clothes Moth was formerly the only one that troubled housekeepers, but of late years the "Buffalo" or "Carpet Moth," has in many localities come to plague them. To keep woollens and furs from moths, two things are to be observed—1st, to see that none are in the articles when they are put away, and 2nd, to put them where the parent moth cannot enter. Tin cases, soldered tight, whiskey barrels headed so that not even a liquid can get in or out, have been used to keep out moths. A piece of strong brown paper, with not a hole through which even a large pin can enter, is just as good. Put the articles in a close box, and cover every joint with paper, or resort to whatever will be a complete covering. A wrapper of common cotton cloth, so put around and secured, is often used. Wherever a knitting needle will pass, the parent moth can enter; carefully exclude the insect, and the articles will be safe. As to the

BUFFALO OR CARPET MOTH.

This fortunately exists in but few localities. No better remedy than that we gave a year or two ago has been offered.—Wet a folded sheet or other cloth, lay it over the place near the edge of the carpet, and use several hot flat-irons, moving them about from time to time so as to send the steam down through the carpet and into all the cracks of the floor, and it will kill the moths. Where this has been properly tried it has been effective.—*American Agriculturist.*

Swearing a Heathen Chinee.

Mr. Bradlaugh's case in England has caused general attention to be given there to the ceremonial of oaths and has inspired officers having charge of their administration with unwonted exactness in the execution of their duty. It was the same when a Parsee appeared as a witness before a court in London a few years ago. The magistrate deliberated whether he should not require him to be sworn holding the tail of a cow, but as this would have involved hoisting a cow into the court room or an adjournment to a barnyard he was persuaded to abandon that more solemn form and suffer the witness to make a declaration that he would tell the truth holding in the palm of his open hand "a sacred relic which he was accustomed to carry about his person as a charm."

What form of oath is binding on the "heathen Chinee" has been a debatable matter frequently in this country. Mr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," a work of authority concerning Chinese life, declares that in judicial proceedings in China an oath is as unknown an institution as a jury. "Nothing like an oath," he says, "is required of witnesses" there. A clerk of a Western Territorial court advises us, however., that in his experience he has known Chinamen to be required as a preliminary of testifying in judicial proceedings, to make a promise to tell the truth accompanied by breaking a dinner-plate or by cutting off the head of a cock. Notwithstanding the positive assertion of Mr. Williams above quoted, the latter ceremonial certainly is practised in China. For example, Dobell, a well known Oriental traveller fifty years ago, wrote:—

In Canton, when they wish to swear a witness, a live cock and a knife are presented to him and he is obliged to cut off the cock's head at the moment he takes the oath. Indeed, the cutting off the cock's head is considered in the same light as we do kissing the Bible; though I doubt much if it be really held equally sacred in a country where mortals are so debased.

The subject is not a trivial one nor deserving of only jocose consideration in this city, where the Chinese are increasing in numbers and in the intricacy of their dealings with the rest of the population, and where the price of poultry is so high that it might be a very substantial item of public expenses in criminal proceedings. In civil suits we presume that some way could be contrived to require the party calling a Chinese witness to furnish the knife and the cock at his own cost.—*New York Herald.*

Cetewayo.

Cetewayo's projected visit to England at the expense of the taxpayers has caused some grumbling. The *Standard* can see no good reason for entertaining the royal captive. "It is, of course, supposed," it says, "that the king will return impressed with the might of Britain, and anxious to devote the rest of his life to cultivating the friendship of such powerful neighbours. If so, it is more than doubtful whether the theory will be borne out by the result. Again and again has this experiment been tried, and again and again has it failed. Savages are hard to impress. Their brains are not sensitive, and their powers of ratiocination lamentably feeble. They look at all we have to show and take all we offer them, and return neither better nor wiser than when they set out. Indeed, the most ruthless of the native wars in North America and New Zealand have been instigated and led by pet chiefs who were perfectly familiar with the pale-faces, and their might. Pepple, king of Bonny, used to be a lion at English tea parties, and made teetotal speeches of much animation. But Pepple fell from the faith, and died as he had lived—much addicted to rum and homicide. And so it will be with Cetewayo, whose curiosity it is unnecessary to gratify with any vague hopes of his future reform. Still less is his visit desirable for the sake of affording a fresh sensation for the sympathetic people inconsolable since the departure of Jumbo." There is doubtless some strength in this position, and yet a good many people will think that England might becomingly gratify, without grumbling, the ardent wish of an unfortunate monarch whom she had dethroned without the faintest semblance of right or justice, because he was inconveniently brave and strong.

The marriage of the Pope's niece, Signorina Anna Pecci, to the Marquis Cataali, of Rieti, took place last week. The religious ceremony was performed by the Pontiff himself in the Vatican.

THAT FLOODED COUNTRY.

Not a Nice Place to Live in, by any Means—Manitoba and the North-West—Early Farm Operations.

The Winnipeg *Times* says it is impossible to secure a waggon in the city. Dealers who have several carloads on the way here have already received orders.

The fare for ferrying across Red River, at Winnipeg, which was 50c. per head each way has dropped to ten cents, owing to competition.

A feeling of indignation prevails throughout Winnipeg at the carelessness of watermen in dipping up slush out of the Red River and dealing it out to their customers.

There was recently three feet of water over the track between Emerson and St. Vincent, and no trains can move until the water subsides. Several locomotives are off the track.

The washouts and floods on the railway track have caused great delay in the forwarding of emigrants' baggage. Emigrants who reached Winnipeg three weeks ago are still unable to obtain certain intelligence about the whereabouts of their baggage.

Winnipeg ladies, in making their usual calls lately, have been compelled to take to the fences when crossing some of the wetter portions of the city. They held on to the top boards while stepping sideways along the lower boards of the fences.

Nearly one thousand tents were required some time ago to shelter the floating population of Winnipeg. This number has lately been reduced to three hundred, and there is a probability of the occupiers of even these being compelled to seek a more elevated situation out of danger from floods.

The Winnipeg *Sun* says: "The old joke about the steamboat that could run over the prairie after every heavy shower has almost become a stern reality just across the border. Two miles of steamboat navigation over a railway track is an oddity in its way; but the water-stayed passengers were glad of the opportunity of making the transfer, which, under happier circumstances, might have been regarded as a nuisance.

We have heard a great deal lately of the floods in the North-West, and of the consequent damage to bridges and property, and detention of trains and other trouble. We have received no news by telegraph of how farm operations are going on, which is, after all, the important matter, but we have had from a subscriber, who lives about sixteen miles east of Winnipeg, a good deal of news in a concise shape on this subject. The following is his letter:

The markets this week have been fairly supplied, but yet entirely inadequate to the demand. It is estimated that for the last two weeks $50,000 worth of provisions were used on an average daily. Cattle cannot be had at any price and their importation from the east means something, owing to the exorbitant freight charges between St. Paul and here. It is feared unless the railways make some special concession that a panic will ensue, owing to the rate at which the necessaries of life are increasing. Meat is now retailed at 25 to 30 cents a pound. Wood too, is not to be had at any price, and $12 per cord is asked for loads that can be consumed in ten days.

"SUNNYSIDE, April 19th, 1882.—Snow is nearly all gone. Beautiful weather. Back setting is the order of the day. Here sowing will be commenced next week. The Springfield ditch is doing good work now. The forty thousand dollars were well spent."

It will be seen from the above that farming operations have commenced quite as early, if not earlier, in the North-West than in Ontario, and certainly earlier than in Quebec. Back setting is the turning back of the sod broken during the preceding summer. After back-setting it is ready for sowing. The Springfield ditch was a considerable undertaking, being ten miles long. It extends from Sunnyside through the township of Springfield and part of the parish of Kildonan to Red River. It was dug principally at the expense of the Municipal Council, with the assistance of the Government.—*Montreal Witness.*

Laid on the Shelf.

Mr. Thos. Claydon, Shelburne, Ont., writes: "I have been suffering with a lame back for the past thirty years, and tried everything I heard of without success. Not long ago I was persuaded to use St. Jacobs Oil, I purchased a bottle, and, strange to say, before I had used it all, I was perfectly cured. I can confidently recommend it to any on afflicted. No one can speak too highly of its merits." Mr. W. E. Weekley, also of Shelburne, thus mentions a matter of his experience: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for years. I was laid up with a severe attack a short time ago, and I can truly say that St, Jacobs Oil produced the quickest relief that I ever experienced. I cheerfully recommend it to every sufferer."

Quite Another Thing.

"I understand that you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met the other morning. "Taint so," promptly denied Wigglesworth; "what I said was that you were a tergiversationist." "Oh, well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion," and he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and went away.

Farmers, Look to Your Flocks.—Planter's Tick and Vermin Powder will destroy tick and vermin on sheep, cattle and horses. Safe and easy to use, and guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Sold by druggists.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.—Sir L. Tilley in his return in reference to tall chimneys omitted to mention a very important industry, and one which has not only given employment to many hands, but has through the influence of the N.P. relieved thousands from physical suffering. We refer to that great remedy for corns, "PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR." Sure, safe, and painless. Sir Leonard may exclaim, "Canada for Canadians," but we most emphatically exclaim, "Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor for corns." Sold everywhere.

The new German consul in Tunis applied for an *exequatur*, on Sunday, through the French Minister resident, and proceeded to present his credentials to the Bey, being escorted by the French troops. This recognition of the French protectorate caused a sensation.

"Don't Give up the Ship"

were the memorable words of Commodore Perry. We repeat, "Don't Give up the Ship," poor, despairing invalid, but try Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures others, why not you? It renovates, regulates and tones all the organs of secretion, and restores lost Vitality. 27

Timely Warning.

Now is the season for sudden colds and distressing coughs, treat them with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, it cures influenza, asthma, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption. 26

Take-it-Easy and Live-Long are brothers, and are related to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has lengthened many a life.

How to Cure a Cold.

Upon the first feeling or chill or shivering remain indoors if possible, bathe the feet in tepid water, gradually increasing the heat as long as it can be comfortably borne, drink freely of warm ginger tea or sage tea, to induce perspiration, and take Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam according to directions on the bottle. Hagyard's Balsam cures coughs, asthma, and bronchitis. (30)

Lame Back.

Lumbago, Kidney complaint, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all pain and inflammation are speedily cured with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Croup, sore throat, colds, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, chilblains and all wounds of the flesh are quickly healed by Yellow Oil. 28

Had Suffered many Physicians

and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 60, he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery. (29)

A. P. 72.

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.

The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular surgeon. But, merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurrences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—ST. JACOBS OIL. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.,—these render ST. JACOBS OIL pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people; which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try ST. JACOBS OIL. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for *it saved my life*. It also cured my wife."

MOULDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, SHEET ROB PLATES, CHROMOS, &c. Price List to the trade on application. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

TORONTO.—Mr. J. H. Mayne Campbell, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. 9 Victoria-st, Near the Post Office.

EGGS FOR HATCHING from my champion White and Brown Leghorns (best layers), winners at best shows of America. Send for circular. W. STAHLSCHMIET, Preston, Ont.

SHEEP Marks manufactured by M. H. Young & Co., 13 Wellington-st East, Toronto, agents wanted.

Rheumatic Remedy.

There is no better cure for Rheumatism than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used according to directions on the bottle. It also cures Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Bruises, lameness, and all wounds of the flesh. All dealers sell it, Price 25 cents. 25

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Send for Descriptive Circular, Price List, and Testimonials of
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Ask your Hardware Merchants for the Simonds Saw, and see that it is etched as such.
R. H. SMITH & CO.,
St. Catherines, Ont.
Sole Manufacturers for Dominion of Canada.

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DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,
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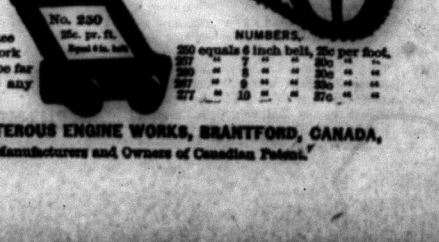

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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"How wicked we am when we sot down and fink it ober," said Brother Gardner as the voice of the triangle struck the hour of 7. "While I keep tryin' to believe in Heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us will ever git dar. We mus' not envy, an' yit we do envy. We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yit we am foreber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yit it comes so handy dat we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we doan' get inter a posishun to handle de funds. We mus' not be jealous, an' yit when de woman across de way, whose husband airns $6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a y'ar, am it human natur' for my ole woman to look arter her an' not wish she had hold of her back ha'r? We mus' not sw'ar, an' yit what am I to do when I strike de eand of a sidewalk plank wid my foot, or whack my thumb wid de hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down an' sing a Gospel hymn?

"When we trade hosses wid a man, we cheat him. When a man wants to borry half a dollah of us, we lie to him. We play keards, dance, go to de theater an' circus, an' we doan' turn our backs on a dog-fight. I tell you we am all poo', weak human bein's, an' eben while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long to'rds Heaben at de rate of a mile a minute, we am all ready to pass a lead nickel on a street kyar company, or pocket de $5 bill foun' in de Postoffice. When I sot down at night an' pull off my butes an' put my feet in de oven an' git to thinkin' how hard I try to be good, an' how pow'ful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dat de ole woman has to hit me on de ear wid a 'tater to bring me back to sirth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gem'len, let us continer to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, an' on bein' frown flat on our backs ebery blessed time. We will now irritate de usual order of bizness."

GOT HIM AT LAST.

About a year ago the Hon. Alabaster Hamshaw Jones, of Savannah, who is a gifted colored poet, orator and lecturer, as well as the inventor of the horse-hair clothes-line, found the Lime-Kiln Club opposing some of his pet theories on scientific subjects, and he began a crusade against the club all over the South. At Atlanta he called Brother Gardner "a flat-headed clam" and "a smoke stained idiot." At Montgomery he spoke of Waydown Bebee as "that shin-boned insect whose good opinion would kill a mule." At Richmond he adverted to Sir Isaac Walpole as "that old ring-worm waiting to be struck by lightning." At Louisville he held the Rev. Penstock up to the audience as "the carbuncle on the heel of the coloured race of America." In every speech he struck the club square from the shoulder, and made it as red-hot as possible, and for a time he found loud applause and plenty of supporters. But a reaction always comes, and when it does set in it is bad for the man who stole the mule. When the Hon. Alabaster Hamshaw Jones started to fall he went down like a box of goods from the top story, and so many of his lecture engagements were cancelled that he had to turn his attention to making soft soap and putting it up in four-ounce bottles for the cure of cracked heels. The last mail brought his application for membership in the club. It was a complete come-right-down on his part, with no ifs nor ands about it. He now believes with the club on every subject under the sun, and in case he is taken in and made solid he will forward his famous recipe for mending a crack in an iron kettle without the use of any sort of glue or mucilage.

ELECTION.

The following candidates were added to the illustrious roll: Elder J. A. Potter, Trustee Fuller, Henry Adams, George Q. Smith, Anxiety Jones, Col. Ferguson, Prof. Crosette, Judge Jerusalem Johnson, Invited White, Jefferson Lord, Rev. Day and Hon. Arbustus Bonebreaker.

CHEMISTRY.

Some time since the Director of the Museum was granted leave to provide himself with apparatus and chemicals in order that he might make some experiments for the benefit of the club. Being now called upon to report progress he came forward with his first experiment. Taking up an egg he explained its proportions of lime, albumen and sugar, and broke it into a tin dish. He then poured in a gill of whiskey, and explained that whiskey was the juice of corn, and was principally used to tone up the system, prevent baldness, cure lock-jaw and produce pleasant dreams. He grated in a little nutmeg, and explained that the nuts couldn't grow in this country on account of the weather fooling around so much. Milk was added without comment, and the mixture well shaken and poured out in a tumbler and handed to Brother Gardner. He gulped it all down with evident relish, and remarked that he should hereafter encourage chemistry with all his might.

VOTED DOWN.

Giveadam Jones then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, Dat a second experiment in chemistry be at once undertaken in de back eand of de hall.

The President blandly put the question to a vote, and the resolution was mortally wounded by a large majority.

TWO OPINIONS.

The Secretary announced the following:

BROTHER GARDNER:

RESPECTED SIR,—We, the undersigned, have been appointed a committee by the Slipback Club, of Seneca Falls, with instructions to correspond with you upon the two following subjects:

1. Will "cheek" freeze?

2. Can a man have gall enough to wear out two bodies?

Your views upon the above mentioned subjects will be thankfully received by

Yours respectfully,

HENRY UNDERWOOD,
UNCLEWILLIAM LARNER,
STAYTHERE BARNES,
Committee.

"Will cheek freeze?" mused the President as he stroked the back of his neck. "I think not. 'Dar am some things in dis world which neither sorrow, pain nor cold weather kin git de best of, an' one of 'em am cheek. It am lively in de hottest days of a hot summer; and de worst blizzard of winter doan' trouble it at all. It am galloping roun' in high places as well as low. It am seen in de State Department as well as at de doah of a theatre. De man who hasn't got any soon pines away an' dies. De man who has de mos' of it soon builds him a brick house with a mansard roof. It kin be shot, drowned an' hung, but when run over by an ice-waggon, tumbled from a buildin' or squeezed between two freight kyars, it walks aroun' nex' day as if nuffin' had happened.

"Gall am not cheek. It am a combination of sass, deviltry an' nateral meanness, an' I know men who have 'nuff of it to w'ar out fo' bodies. Fact is, a good sheer of our populashun am hangin' to life by gall and cheek. De body am all worn out, but de impudence an' meanness of de inner man keeps de legs movin' an' de voice goin'. We will now h'ar from de Committee on Nateral Philosophy."

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF.

The Chairman of the said committee reported that he had nothing special to report. He had a day or two previously placed a pint bottle of lager beer on the window-sill to watch the evaporation, but returning after an absence of fifteen minutes he had found the bottle entirely empty. It would take him at least another week to ascertain whether that sudden evaporation was due to a new movement of the earth, or caused by the presence of extra electrical currents.

AN IDLE RUMOR.

The Committee on State Affairs had no report to make, but arose to deny the story now going the rounds of the press that Kyann Johnston had been offered the position of Consul to Hayti. He had received a letter from a foundry and machine shop in Washington asking him if his uncle in Hayti would like to act as agent for a plough with a music-box attached, and that is all there is to it. He had not even written to his uncle, as the old man was too lame to follow the plough and too deaf to hear any music which did not include thunder-claps in the chorus.

CLOSED OUT.

Reports were received from the Keeper of the Bear Traps and the Librarian, all the valuable documents were placed in an old hat and hidden in the stove, and as the Glee Club struck up the air of "The Old Man's Limping Home" the meeting marched out and left Elder Toots asleep on three chairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Man and Horse Wrestle.

One of the horses of a transfer team was taken with a cramp, on Biddle street, St. Louis, and, falling to the ground, began to flop around in a very promiscuous and, to the crowd that suddenly gathered, a very dangerous way. A veterinary doctor was summoned, and at his suggestion a stout young fellow took hold of the animal's head and, placing his knees upon it, held the frantic animal in subjection. But only for a while. When the horse got tired of lying quietly in the mud under the man's knee he was suddenly inspired with a Graeco-Roman idea and began a series of wrestling bouts with his captor that proved a source of the wildest delight to the large gathering of on-lookers. The man and the horse had five bouts. The animal had only his head and neck, which were in the young man's embrace, to do his tussling with, and the manner in which he shook his opponent tossing him from one side to the other, jamming him up against awning posts, dry goods and slop barrels along the pavement was as vigorous an exposition of rough-and-tumble fighting as Kerry Patch has witnessed for some time. Three different times the young man succeeded, after extraordinary efforts, in getting the horse's head under his knee, but the animal won the fourth round, landing the biped on the broad of his back in the mud in the middle of the street after throwing him clear over his head. Then a short, stout and athletic river negro, with a red and blue sailor cap, seized the animal's head, and for twenty minutes twisted and turned and fought in catch-hold style through five different rounds, every one of which the negro won. At one time an extravagant citizen offered to bet $10 that he could take the horse and the negro up into a nice, level back yard, and the horse would throw the negro three times out of five. He was the only sporting gentleman on the ground, however, and his reckless bet was not taken.

Prince Kung of China.

Prince Kung is the famous Prime Minister of China, if Oriental offices can be designated at all by Western titles. He was Regent of the empire in 1861, when his nephew became emperor, and he should be remembered in the United States as the man who adopted Anson Burlingame and sent him back as a Chinese ambassador to the United States. He is the man of whom Mr. Seward, who asked something about our relations to China, made the droll remark: "Oh, Prince Kung and I understand each other." Later, when Mr. Seward visited China, he didn't succeed in making the Prince understand him without an interpreter, but it took no interpreter to show the prince's high appreciation of the retired statesman. Prince Kung has been identified with whatever liberality toward foreign nations has appeared in the policy of China for the past twenty years.

Arctic Explorers.

Lieut. Danenhower and party have arrived in St. Petersburg. Cole is completely demented. The American Legation will give an entertainment in their honor on Wednesday. Lieut. Danenhower seems convinced that De Long will never be found alive. After a few days the party proceed to Paris. Lieut. Danenhower contemplates reading a paper before the Royal Geographical Society on the possibilities of trade on the north coast of Siberia. He is loud in praise of the Russians for their kind treatment.

Said Brown: "The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but the next day I was all right again." "Ah! how's that?" "Well, the next day I commenced chewing again."

FACTS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

At the gate of the cemetery at Avignon, in France, the parents of a child certified to have died of croup insisted on having the coffin opened to take a last look. The child was found breathing, and was expected to be saved.

In the Ring Theatre trial at Vienna the ex-manager endeavored to exonerate himself from blame by producing evidence that the management of the theatre had been handed over to an actor on the night of the disaster.

Few probably are aware that what is familiarly known as a coffee biggin takes the name from Mr. Biggin, an Englishman of fortune, who invented it. He was a man of science, and introduced valuable improvements in tannery. He died in 1803.

A Philadelphia Judge decided that Mezzie Reistine was not fit to have the custody of her little girl, and awarded it to its grandmother. But the mother defied the Court, fought off the officers, carried the child out of the room, and dashed away in a carriage.

A very curious freak of nature is reported from Cornwall, England, in the shape of a calf with the perfect head of an elephant, including a trunk six inches in length. It is explained that the heifer which gave birth to the calf was very much alarmed at the sight of an elephant belonging to a travelling circus.

Some Californians are preaching and practising a new form of vegetarianism. They eat the vegetable raw, believing that cookery is contrary to nature. Rumford, a leader in the movement, has lived for months on broken wheat, melons, grapes, apples, and tomatoes, all uncooked, and he declares that he is very happy on that diet.

During the alteration, not long since, of the old road in the village of Windish, in the canton of Aargan, Switzerland, some portion of ornamented stone work were excavated, together with a piece of tile upon which the sign of the XVth Roman Legion was stamped. The stone belonged to one of the temples in the old Roman city Vindonissa.

Suicides and suicidal attempts, in consequence of the late financial disasters, are still occurring in France. Not long ago a country druggist, his wife, and two children entered a restaurant in Paris, and, after partaking of a good dinner in a private room, the parents sent the little ones away and immediately swallowed doses of laudanum. They had lost a large sum of money.

Conductor Glenn fell from the rear car of his train, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and another train following closely ran over him. The latter should have been switched off on a siding, but this was not done, and it was about to run into the train ahead. Although Glenn was so badly mangled that he soon died, he managed to rise partly to his feet and give a signal which averted the threatened disaster.

Domestic servants and drivers of public vehicles in Constantinople are hereafter to be under the direct supervision of a paternal government. The office for the compulsory registration of servants, already twice opened and twice closed, is about to be re-established, and those who want servants must seek them there or go without them. Public coachmen will be required to furnish proof of good character and skill.

Albrecht Schuette of Collinsville, Mo., was 78, and for years had eagerly awaited death, as constant ills made life burdensome. He told his wife that he could wait no longer and had made up his mind to commit suicide. They were a religious couple, and so she read to him from the Bible various texts to impress him that those who suffered bodily ills with Christian fortitude would be rewarded hereafter. He argued that he had already earned a respite, and then killed himself with a pistol.

A new kind of bomb has been invented at the Krupp cannon foundry. The explosion of these new missiles, it is said, owing to their mechanical arrangements and the materials which they contain, will be equal to torpedoes. At the same works a new cannon has been tested. It is mounted upon a pivot provided with machinery which absolutely does away with the rebound or "kicking." The cannon, moreover, is so fashioned that, notwithstanding its heavy calibre, it can be mounted upon the smallest gunboats.

The subject of cremation, in its medico-legal aspect, is receiving much attention from medical societies at home and abroad. It is evident that if any one who may procure death by poison is careful to have the body incinerated before suspicion can point to him, he may in most instances completely destroy all substantial evidence of his crime. That a man should have procured arsenic before a crime has been consummated is not sufficient proof that he has committed a murder. It must be shown that he administers it. After cremation this is impossible, for arsenic is volatile.

According to the report of the British consul in Morocco, few countries can excel that part of North Africa in the production of garden vegetables. The markets are plentifully supplied with good and cheap vegetables all the year round—a circumstance which is attributed to sedulous cultivation and the system of irrigation pursued in the market gardens around the large towns and cities. The cultivation of potatoes is said to be increasing every year. Last year the price was $1 per cantar, or a fraction over half a cent a pound. Green peas, which were very plentiful from the beginning of February to May, fetched $1 a hundred-weight.

The threat of Mr. Culver Barcalow, lobbyist and chief for the Pennsylvania railroad at Trenton, that this year the company would elect a Legislature that would give the company its "rights," becomes more significant when we come to contemplate the wealth and resources of the corporation he represents. The Pennsylvania railroad was incorporated April 13, 1846. It was then a local road. It now controls about $400,000,000 capital and operates 80,000 miles of track, with an annual freightage of 60,000,000 tons and carrying 300,000,000 passengers, with earnings over and above expenses of $29,000,000. Wealth is power, and here is represented power enough to elect a half-dozen legislatures if the people do not determinedly confront it with the greater power of the ballot.

Abusing the Sense of Taste.

BY A MINNESOTA HOUSEKEEPER.

The sense of taste, like all others, is capable of cultivation, and may add greatly to our pleasures, while also serving a useful purpose, and yet no other one of our five senses is more frequently made to administer to human degradation. The fault begins in childhood—even in infancy—and here is the most fruitful source of intemperance that devastates the land. The notion is very common that stimulants are craved by every one. Those who assert this, are probably themselves the victims of stimulants, and thus misjudge the desire for them to be universal. But thousands can testify that no such craving is even consciously felt. Much observation and inquiry has convinced me that this craving is not natural, that it does not exist when the stomach is supplied habitually with healthful nourishment and with that alone. This mistake is the result of another erroneous notion, viz.: that children naturally crave sugar, candy, pickles and other artificial sweets and acids. Human stomachs, and the tastes that should serve them, are usually *led* astray, almost from birth. The infant is fed to supply it with the nourishment required for its growth, health and comfort. It is a duty and a privilege to make that food as agreeable to the taste as we can, without interfering with health, comfort or growth. It has been proved over and over again, in private experience, that babies and children well nourished on plain food, are healthy and happy without sugar, except as they get it in their natural vegetable and animal food. They get all the acids they need in the same way, especially from a moderate amount of fruit, and their teeth are sound, and their spirits lively. Supply the same well-fed children with candies, at first they little care for them, but craving is easily cultivated, and the more they have, the more they want, unless made so sick by overeating of sweets, as to associate them with the pain they have imposed. This seldom happens. Following the craving for sweets, or excessive eating of fats, thus cultivated, comes the morbid desire for pickles. Cloyed and wearied by concentrated and indigestible substances, the appetite refuses plain food and nourishment, and the stomach is too weak and weary to carry on its natural healthful work. Of course it needs, first rest, and then careful nourishment, made very easy at first, until the stomach recovers it power. This is seldom realized, and the lash is applied instead, in the form of some kind of stimulant, which shall make the weary stomach work, whether it feels like it or not. This gives temporary relief, but the craving for stimulants is very speedily established. In some cases it may be inherited—"the sins of the parents visited upon their children."

Good and Bad Cooking.

House-keepers or cooks do a vast amount of mischief by the perversion of taste, and the subsequent derangement of the stomach. Making sour bread is one of their most common sins. Many do not know when bread is sour, and supply it with a distinctly acid flavor, believing that it is very "nice," because it is so very light. They suppose bread is sour only when all the vinous fermentation has changed to the acetic. Bread is sour as soon as it tastes at all sour. This must go on increasing, but to the best bread maker the least acid flavor is a source of grief. Really good bread is positively *sweet*, and will be just as light and spongy as the nicest sour bread, if good material and proper care are used. In families where the taste is perverted by sour bread, other abominations are usually tolerated—biscuit tasting either of excess of soda, or of bitter buttermilk; vegetables seasoned with bad butter, pie-crust strongly-flavored with lard or tallow; cake tasting of rancid butter, etc. Along with this diet naturally goes a deal of spicing to cover the bad flavors, or much washing down with hot, strongly seasoned coffee or tea. Sour bread is never good in milk, and children prefer to lunch on pie or cake, rather than on sour bread and milk or butter. The whole family eat as little bread as possible, and the butcher's bill is very heavy—and they call this "good living!" Just count the empty bottles labelled "Bitters" or "Blood Purifier," that lie around the house, where sour bread and "good living" (as generally understood), either or both hold sway!

The plainest food can be made to taste very good simply by selecting, preparing and preserving it. Those who eat food selected and prepared with chief reference to its nourishing qualities, eating moderately to gratify a natural appetite, instead of a morbid craving, really enjoy eating more than the gormand or glutton, whose chief pleasure is in eating, and who must have everything fixed up "good," with condiments or hot sauces, and washed down with stimulants. He becomes incapable of detecting and appreciating delicate flavors, and so wears out the sense of taste, that it is hard work to find anything that he can relish; while a dish of good bread and good unskimmed milk, seems very delicious to people with undepraved appetites. Recently I heard a little girl who does not like bread and milk, say of a piece of bread and butter, that "no cake could taste better!" The bread was made of good whole wheat flour, stirred up with nothing but water, and baked in gem irons. It was spread with creamery butter, and I think anyone to be pitied who would not like the taste of such gems and such butter. Thorough chewing adds to the pleasure of the sense of taste, this taste resides in the tongue, and in the soft palate and its arches. One common way of abusing the sense of taste is, by eating fast with very slight chewing, so that the food is not retained in the mouth long enough to give the nerves of taste a chance to fairly taste the quality of the food eaten. But for this rapid eating, and washing down with agreeably flavored drinks, much that is usually eaten would be rejected as either bitter or tasteless.—*American Agriculturist.*

Morgan's Wife.

Morgan's wife would never go anywhere he wanted her to go and he had a sorry existence in consequence. One day Graham accosted him with: "Morgan, I hear your wife is pretty sick." "Yes, she's very low." "That's too bad. Do you think she'll go?" "Sh," as he put his mouth against Graham's ear, "she can't disappoint me any more. She's got to go this time, sure. The doctor told me there was no hope for her."

The Floating Homes of Bangkok.

Boats are the universal means of conveyance and communication, and a boat thus becomes a necessary adjunct to every person's household; to its dexterous use every child is trained; men, women and children are equally accustomed. Perhaps the most common form is a stout skiff, about twenty-five feet long, turning up very sharply and high behind, like a Venetian gondola. It is broad in the beam, and two-thirds of its length is housed over, leaving a little flat deck in front, and a still smaller one behind. Behind stands the husband and sculls; in front stands the wife, rowing and using a boat-hook to help their way through the crowds. The front of the boat is used for business, passengers or cargo. The rear third is given up to family and domestic furniture.

For, incredible as it may seem, we soon see that each boat is the home of a family, father, mother, girls and boys, who are born there, live and die there. In the daytime the children and the furniture are crowded into a space not over four feet square; at night they can spread out over greater surface. I looked into these homes with attention, and never could enough wonder or admire how closely all was packed, without seeming to jostle or painfully crowd. Also, that the children lived so happily and contentedly in a space not greater than a large-sized Saratoga trunk! It is probably a fact that there are many 10-year old children in Bangkok River who never walked over twenty feet in a straight line; in short, who have never been on land. But then, when they come in proximity to boats whose little inmates they knew, they would—boys and girls from 5 to 12—jump out of their boat-house, and dive and swim away to visit and gambol around together; now free in the water, now hanging to the boat's side or sitting astride of the skull oar. And a friend tells me that he has seen them in their visits take with them baby, to whose shoulders mother had prudently attached a light gourd or other light float to insure its safety.

In a minor excursion up a side canal I found myself at the city residence of the Prime Minister—whose name I have not now time to write out in full. I ran my boat all around through his pleasure grounds, and wondered whether the worthy old gentleman considered that he was living on land or in the river. In one part of his aquatic elysium I saw magnificent specimens of the victoria regia, whose leaves, round like a platter, were over two yards in diameter. Their rim was sharply turned up in a ledge an inch high, and on the raft thus formed were settled, quite at home like, a family of frogs. They, too, seemed to fall in with the humors of the country.—*Rochester Democrat.*

What is Going on in the Sky.

The cloudy weather which prevailed during most of last week interfered seriously with the watch that the astronomers are keeping upon the new comet. It is a total stranger, and nobody knows what to expect from it. Every effort to identify it with any previously seen comet has failed. It is now within about six weeks of its perihelion, and, although it is not yet visible to the naked eye, it still gives promise of making a brilliant display in June.

The great sun spots that were visible near the centre of the disk a fortnight ago, and which are believed to have been connected with the auroral displays that began on the night of the 16th inst., have disappeared, having been carried out of sight by the revolution of the sun. Whether they will still be visible when the same side of the sun is presented to us again cannot be foretold with certainty, though it is not unlikely that they will be seen again in a changed form. If so, the foremost of them should begin to appear around the eastern edge of the great globe toward the end of the week. The sun's disk at present, though by no means free from spots, presents a very different appearance from what it did two weeks ago, as the spots now seen are small and scattered.

Venus is becoming a conspicuous object in the west after sunset. This planet and Jupiter are approaching one another, Jupiter moving toward the sun and Venus away from it. Their conjunction, in May will be an attractive sight. Venus will be, in the summer, a beautiful telescopic object, exhibiting the phase of a crescent moon and shining with extraordinary splendor. She is swinging around on this side of the sun, preparatory to her transit across his disk in December, which is one of the most important of all astronomical events, and, for the observation of which various Governments have already begun to prepare expeditions. The astronomers have been preparing for it for twenty years, as it will be the last transit of Venus before the year 2004.—*New York Sun.*

Shading Plants.

Newly transplanted plants often have a hard struggle under our hot sun. If they can have a little help until they "get hold of the soil," success is more certain, whether with vegetables or flowers. Whatever will shield the newly set plant from the direct sun will answer; even a piece of paper will be of service. Shingles are exceedingly handy in the garden. One may be pushed into the ground to afford shade, or better, two may be placed over the plant like a roof. In the lack of anything else at hand, we have stuck up a blunt stake, put a newspaper over it tent-wise, placing earth on its edges to hold the paper in place. Of course it is better to transplant in a cloudy time, but sometimes one cannot wait, and a little shade for a day or two will secure success.

A War in Africa.

A despatch from the West Coast of Africa reports heavy fighting between the natives of New Calabar and the followers of Oko Sumbo. The slaughter is described as fearful, at least 2,000 persons being killed. It was feared Jaja would take part in the fighting, thus causing a war which would become wholesale carnage. There is much alarm among the English inhabitants. It was expected two gunboats would be ordered to the scene.

One year ago a needle entered the wrist of a young lady in Elmira, and the other day it was removed from the right arm of the fellow who is her "steady comp'ny."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 18, 1882.

THE Dominion Parliament was prorogued last evening, with the general understanding that it was the last session before a new Parliament was elected. A general election may therefore be looked for in the course of probably a few weeks.

THE *Canada Lumberman* says at the Simcoe Assizes held at Barrie last week, a case was tried which is of interest to farmers. The case was that of Bruce vs Burns. The defendant in this action set a fire to burn some brush on his farm last summer during the very hot weather, the result being that the fire spread to the house of the plaintiff, who lost everything. Witnesses were called who testified that before setting the fire the defendant had said that it would serve the plaintiff right if he got burned out. The defendant not putting in an appearance, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff for $1,200.

GOVERNOR JEROME, with the members of the fire commission, is making a tour through the burned district of Michigan. They are surprised and pleased at the evidences of thrift and energy displayed by the victims of the fire. Far as the eye can reach in every direction small but neat and comfortable houses are to be seen, while numerous large and commodious barns in all stages of construction prove that the aid afforded has been wisely expended. The winter has been favorable for work. Fences, many of them of charred logs, have been built, and hundreds of acres which before the fire were covered with impenetrable underbrush and after the fire with burned timber and stumps, have been cleared, and are now green with wheat and other crops. The acreage of wheat is increased, but owing to the cold weather the crop is not thought to be a full one. The outlook is very favorable, and the people are hopeful.

THE sudden and brutal assassination in Ireland, chronicled last week, has induced the British Government to frame a new bill for the repression of crime in that unhappy country. Sir William Harcourt, in introducing the measure, characterized the prevalence of crime there as a national disgrace and said the time has arrived for the entire house to unite in repressing it. The case we deplore to-day is not a solitary one. Crime is a plague spot on Ireland and I believe the Irish people desire its removal. It springs from secret societies and must be extirpated. The mainspring of crime is the expectation of impunity which is only too well founded. The government has therefore concluded that it is necessary in places where ordinary law is not observed, that special tribunals consisting of three judges be appointed by the lord lieutenant to try cases without a jury. The judgment of the court must be unanimous. Appeal cases can be made to the supreme court. The judgment of the latter is to be given by a majority of the judges of the supreme court which may diminish but not increase the severity of the sentence. The bill gives power to search for secret apparatus of murder, such as arms, threatening letters, &c.; power to enter houses day or night unwarrant of the lord lieutenant; power to arrest persons prowling about at night unable to give an account of themselves who may be dealt with summarily; power to arrest strangers, as crimes are generally committed by foreign emissaries, the hospitality of England not being for such persons as the agents of O'Donovan Rossa; and power to remove foreigners considered dangerous to peace. The government therefore intend to revive the alien act. Secret societies will be dealt with summarily and membership thereof will constitute an offence under the act. Cases of aggravated assault will be treated in a summary manner. Power is given to repress intimidation and unlawful meetings, the latter to be dealt with summarily. Newspapers containing seditious or inflammatory matter will be suppressed and the proprietors required to enter recognizances not to repeat the offence. Justices can compel the attendance of witnesses intending to abscond. The lord lieutenant can appoint additional police where necessary at the cost of the districts concerned. Compensation for murder and outrage will be required of the districts where they occur. Outrages will be dealt with summarily by courts consisting of two stipendiary magistrates. The bill was well received on both sides of the house, except from a few ultra Home Rulers.

Up to the present writing no trace of the assassins has been found, and the authorities have almost despaired of ever arresting them.

—You can get two papers of Seeds, genuine and true to name, for 5 cents at Deane' Drug Store.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.

Pink-eye still continues to afflict the horses along the front.

There are thirty-five telephone instruments now in use in Belleville.

One glass-blower at the Napanee glass works made $240 last month.

Oscar Wilde is to lecture in Belleville towards the end of the month.

Mr. Gatling, who has been indisposed for some time, is now recovering slowly.

A new locomotive has been placed on the Madoc division of the Midland Railway, and numbered 21.

Margaret Dickson, a Kingston woman, dropped dead on the 12th inst. after taking a sleeping bath.

A ballast train was put on the Midland this week, to ballast the road between Campbellford and Hastings.

There has been about 140,000 feet of square timber rafted along side the Grand Junction dock this season at Belleville.

A woman named Elizabeth Langley has been arrested and charged with passing a counterfeit bill at Belleville.

Messrs. H. Rathbun & Son have taken out of Prince Edward County about 2,000 shade trees to be set out at Deseronto along the railway track.

The Board of Education have resolved to discontinue the county Model School for South Hastings in connection with the Central School, Belleville.

On account of low water it is feared great difficulty will be experienced in reaching Deseronto with Rathbun's big drive. It has just reached Colebrook, and is 16 miles long.

The corner-stone of the Government buildings at Belleville will be laid with Masonic ceremonies on the 24th inst. Hon. M. Bowell and other members of the Government are to be present.

Dr. Rutherford, who recently graduated in medicine at the Queen's University, has accepted the position of physician to the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, and will at once take up his residence in Marmora.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Palmer, of Canifton, while driving in a carriage near the upper bridge, Belleville, on Saturday evening last were run into by a wagon and upset. Both were thrown out and the latter slightly injured.

Rev. B. Lane, M. A., late of the M. E. Tabernacle, Belleville, has gone to Covington, Kentucky. Before leaving, however, he was made the recipient of a presentation and address by Mrs. Wm. Davis on behalf of the congregation.

A grand military review will take place on Barriefield Commons, Kingston, the 24th. A number of corps from different places will take part in the review; the whole affair to conclude with a sham battle. It is expected that between 1,200 and 1,500 men will be on the field.

Two attempts on Tuesday night were made by incendiaries to fire buildings in Belleville. An unoccupied frame house on Pinnacle street, owned by J. J. B. Flint and S. J. Bull, was set fire to in the rear, but the fire was extinguished with trifling loss. The rear door of Ford's gun shop, Front street, was also set fire to, but no damage was done beyond the charring of the wood work, which was damp from recent rains.

The Destructive Element at Work!

Heavy Loss of Property.

On Wednesday morning of last week at 2 o'clock, that which proved to be a destructive fire broke out on Main street in the rear of Mr. Jamieson's tailor shop, Ridgetown, and rapidly spread westward, destroying nearly the whole of the business portion of the village. The fire engine was got to work, but for the lack of hose it was of very little service. The fire continued to spread with great rapidity, and at day light the St. Thomas fire brigade was telegraphed for. They promptly answered the call, and the run of 44 miles was made by special train, in 51 minutes, including two stoppages. When the St. Thomas engine arrived, however, it was too late to be of use and was not taken up town. The losses foot up to nearly $100,000. Incendiarism is supposed to be the cause of the fire, as two men had been observed making away from the premises shortly before, and it is surmised that the shop was first robbed and then fired. The business men of Ridgetown are undismayed by this great calamity, and on all sides is heard talk of arrangements for the immediate rebuilding of the burned district.

Again on Thursday morning last the fire fiend was at work, this time nearer home; and now what was once the chief business portion of the village of Hastings is one mass of ruins. It seems at about 2:30 o'clock the fire broke out in the rear end of Bailey's carriage shop, on the west side of Bridge street, and, aided by the heavy wind which was blowing, it spread northward and southward, and for nearly five hours it raged with undiminished appetite, licking up everything which came in its way. As is always the case when such excitement prevails upon occasions of this kind, many narrow escapes occurred, of men and women endeavoring to save their goods from the fiery monster. One of the very few business places left in the thriving village, is that of Messrs. Hill & Hogg, the former of whom is well known in this village. The total loss of property will fully reach $70,000. Notwithstanding the abundant supply of water near at hand, the corporation possess no appliance of any kind wherewith to allay a conflagration; and in this respect, in common with our own village, their valuable buildings and property were left to the mercy of the flames. We trust the many repeated warnings of the past will have their desired effect, and that Madoc, as well as Hastings, will see the necessity of securing a fire protection in which they can bid defiance to the destroyer.

Still another destruction and terrible loss of property in the long list which we might chronicle by that devouring element—fire, occurred at Danville on Sunday, in which over half of this prosperous village was laid in ashes. About forty houses and stores were destroyed, incurring a loss of about $150,000.

Manitoba Floods.

We make the following extracts from a letter just received from Mr. A. Sine, late of this village, regarding the disastrous floods of the last few weeks in different parts of Manitoba, which has been the largest experienced for 20 years. We understand the Madoc Pilgrims, Messrs. Egan, Peters, and W. Bristol, were also detained on their journey to Brandon, from this cause:—

About ten days ago the Red River commenced to rise at Emerson and St. Vincent, and has continued to rise sometimes at the rate of a foot or two a day, but finally settling down to business, at a steady rise of half an inch an hour until to-day, when report says it has ceased to rise, but is not lowering any. Things at Emerson are in a bad shape; water to the depth of eight feet covers Main and Dominion streets. The town is very much lower than the C. P. R'y station ground, and the people from the town are carrying what moveables and eatables they have in boats up to the station, and a great many of them are now living in box cars and wherever they can find a dry spot. Provisions are running short, and matters will become very serious if the water does not go down at once. Between Emerson and St. Vincent the water is of such depth that the steamer *Selkirk*, a boat capable of carrying 400 or 500 passengers, besides a large amount of freight, &c., can easily sail across the prairies. Water to the depth of six feet covers the railroad here; the steamer runs up alongside of the train at St. Vincent, passengers board her and are transferred right across the prairie to Emerson. I believe the steamer sails alongside the C. P. R. where, two weeks ago, not a sign of water was visible. One cannot imagine such a state of affairs unless they can witnesss it themselves. Between St. Vincent and Crookston, Minn., there were up to such time as the steamer commenced transferring, between 1000 and 1500 passengers, besides an immense quantity of stock and freight lying for several days. We received no mail for three or four days, and no provisions have been brought into the city for eight or ten days. Several car loads of provisions are expected in to-day or to-morrow, should the rail to connect things will begin to look scarcy. Owing to the scarcity beef has gone up to 30 and 35 cents per pound. The Red River has so far, done very little damage in the city; when the jam came down, the ice carried away two spans of a magnificent iron swing bridge, connecting Winnipeg with St. Boniface, at the foot of Broadway street. The river continued to rise and the ice coming down at a swift rate dashed against the break-water at Louise Bridge smashing it (the break-water) to atoms. On the end of this break-water a large mast was erected by the Telegraph Companies, and here all the wires going east and south, cross the river. The mast went down with the breakwater and communication on all the wires was cut off for a day or so. Grave fears were felt for the safety of this bridge, but, thanks to its strength, it withstood the pressure. The bridge cost $200,000, and is as fine a piece of work of the kind as can be found in the Dominion. The C.P.R. crosses the river over this bridge. The Red River is still rising, but no fears are entertained as to any damage being done in the city.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISTRICT MEETING!

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of L. O. District, No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the Lodge room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on Saturday, May 27th, at the hour of 1:30 p.m. A full attendance is requested.

HUGH KETCHESON,
District Master

Madoc, May 17th, 1882.

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the united Township of Marmora and Lake, will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall, Marmora Village, on Monday, 22nd day of May, 1882, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., when appeals against the Assessment will be heard and tried in accordance with the statutes. All parties interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
Township Clerk, Marmora and Lake.

Marmora, May 6th, 1882. 265-2w

To the People of Madoc and Vicinity:

HAVING resigned the agency of the Singer Manufacturing Co. of New York, in this district, I beg to return my sincere thanks to the public for their liberal patronage during the past few years. For the future all business with the Company can be transacted with Mr. W. T. White, of this village, who has been appointed in my stead.

ALLEN MOON.

Madoc, May 17th, 1882.

NOTICE!

COURT of REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Village of Madoc will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall in the said Village of Madoc, on Tuesday, the 6th day of June next, at the hour of Ten o'clock a.m., when appeals against the Assessment will be heard and tried in accordance with the Statutes.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

POCKET BOOK LOST!

ON Wednesday, 17th inst., between Malone and Madoc, a Pocket Book containing $75 or $80 in money, and three notes given by the following parties in favor of the undersigned: Thos. Bouck, $50; E. L. Weiss, $50; and Jas. Conway, $110. All parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing or trading in any way for the same, as they will not be paid. Any person returning the notes and money or giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be liberally rewarded.

C. S. MITCHELL,
Madoc Village.

NEW TINSHOP IN MADOC!

THE undersigned wishes to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that he will open out on Monday next 15th inst., in the NEW BUILDING, 2 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S, a new and first class stock of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS
AND
GENERAL TINWARE,

and respectfully solicits a share of the Public Patronage.

All kinds of work in my line done on the shortest notice, in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable prices.

Madoc, May 10th, 1882. GEORGE A. ROLLINS.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE.

Stock now complete in all lines of

Women's Fine Kid, Goat, Calf, Buffs and Split,

in Buttoned and Balmorals. A splendid assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Our Men's Wear has never been equal to the splendid stock we have now on hand. To name over the different styles and prices would take several columns, so we must content ourselves by telling our numerous customers that we have now what will please and suit them. Our stock of

MEN'S READY MADE CLOTHING,

is by far the cheapest we have ever handled, and we can guarantee any one who calls on us to give them styles and prices that cannot fail to meet with their approbation. In

MEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS,

our stock is complete. Drop in and see us and our old standard motto—"No trouble to show goods,"—will be fully carried out.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April 6th, 1882.

JOHN DALE & SON.

We are now passing into stock full lines of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE, &C.

Our Spring Stock will be complete in a few days.

We are showing the *LARGEST STOCK* —OF— HARDWARE in North Hastings which will be sold at "ROCK BOTTOM PRICES."

Hardware Store one door north of Dry Goods Store.

John Dale & Son.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST, BELLEVILLE,

WILL make his last branch office trip to Madoc Village on the FIRST TUESDAY IN JUNE.

Those who desire his services will find it to their advantage to call at his office in Belleville.

Mr. Walker tenders his sincere thanks to the people of Madoc and vicinity for their kind treatment and liberal patronage for the past fifteen years.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel—next door to Bank of Commerce.

WALL PAPERS

4c,—6c,—8c,—10c,

PER ROLL AT

Wilson's Drug Store.

THORLEY'S

Horse and Cattle FOOD, —AT— *Wilson's Drug Store,* MADOC.

H. COTTRELL,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

has removed to larger premises, in the shop NEXT DOOR TO *BOWEN'S BAKERY,* St. Lawrence Street, MADOC, ONT.

W. R. McRAE,

IMPORTER,
Grocer and Provision MERCHANT.
Front St. Belleville, Ont.

TWO CARS HEAVY MESS PORK.

NEW BUSINESS !

Having purchased the business lately carried on by FOSTER and RIED, I am prepared to offer a full stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready Made Clothing

I also carry a full stock of GROCERIES, & BOOTS & SHOES, which will be sold cheap.

Millinery ! Millinery !

Having secured the services of MISS ELLIOTT, this department will be kept complete with a choice selection of the latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, and other Parisian Novelties.

Madoc, May 6th, 1882.

M. McLEAN.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

STEAM FITTING.

THE undersigned is now prepared to do all kinds of steam fitting, on shortest notice.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Local Lines.

—Division Court is being held in this village to-day.

—Six pounds Tea Dust for $1.00 at John Dale & Son's.

—Has the Sanitary Inspector made a thorough tour of the village yet? If not, why not?

—Another interesting local matrimonial event is on the *tapis*. The young people will do such things.

—Wednesday next will be the sixty-third anniversary of the birthday of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

—The Queen of May carries an extra pocket-handkerchief. She nose how it is herself this kind of weather.

—This time last year many farmers in this neighborhood had finished their spring seeding. How is it with them now?

—The waters of Moira Lake are unusually high this season, being within nine inches of the road bed at the lower bridge.

—Vennor predicts a cold and wet summer, a cold and moist autumn, with early snow falls, and a cold and stormy winter.

—Messrs. Kerr & Walton have secured the contract for building Weiss' new block, work on which will be shortly commenced.

—Three requisites—pens, pins and needles. The two latter you can get of any make, but when you want a good pen get one of Esterbrook's.

—A large quantity of new machinery for the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Co. passed through this village during the past few days.

—The new comet will be visible to the naked eye early in June. Wise men tell us that it is the largest celestial visitor seen for a great many years.

—"Drink," says an exchange, "weakens the system, but strengthens the breath." This accounts, then, for the "muscular" breath of a number of Madocers.

—The amateur gardener is now in his element. We notice, however, a good many heads of families hard at work in their gardens but looking decidedly out of their element.

—The Revs. James Macfarlane of this village, and W. G. Wilson of Limerick, will exchange pulpits next Sunday; Mr. Wilson preaching in the C. M. Church here, and Mr. Macfarlane conducting the services on the Limerick circuit.

—The "sidewalk brigade," under Street Surveyor Teller, are now struggling with our village sidewalks. They have a big task on hand, and the opinion of the majority of pedestrians is that they have not commenced work a moment too soon.

—The first semi-annual meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association will commence in this village to-day, and continue until to-morrow evening. Trustees and the public generally are invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

—Lost week amid the multiplicity of business we forget to note the return of the Rev. R. L. Hutton, M. E. Minister, to Madoc for the third year. His people and the general public are well pleased with his return, and from our editorial sanctum we wish him another happy and successful year.

—Don't forget the public lecture in the Town Hall to-night by Dr. McLellan, senior High School Inspector; subject: Parent and teacher in relation to schools. We trust all lovers of education will make a special effort to be present at this lecture, which promises to be full of interest and instruction.

—Yesterday afternoon as the engine of the regular train was up at the Hematite mine for some cars, previous to their departing for Belleville, they ran off the track, breaking one of the wheels. In consequence the train was unable to proceed to Belleville as usual, but a special came up last evening and took its place.

R. R. Casement & Co.

Have just received a supply of Land Plaster, Plaster Paris, Water Lime, and Portland Cement.

Special Sermon.

On Sunday evening, 28th inst., Rev. Mr. Macfarlane will, by request, deliver a special discourse on "Future punishment evinced by the Unpardonable Sin," or "Sin against the Holy Ghost." As this point is not altogether clear in the minds of many, we have no doubt a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the subject expounded on the above date.

The Baker Mine.

We understand a force of men are to be put to work in a few days by Mr. Coe, at the Baker mine, in Tudor. Mr. Allen Moon has engaged to take charge of the work, having resigned his connection with the Singer M'fg Co., for this purpose. Work will then be in progress at the three largest iron mines in the north. The people back there will soon feel the benefits of the new industry.

Picturesque Canada.

Mr. E. E. Dodds, agent for this district, was in the village last week delivering parts 5 and 6 of this superb work. There are a large number of subscribers in Madoc, and all appear to be well satisfied with the artistic get-up of the work, as well as the entertaining and reliable history of our young Dominion. The Art Publishing Company are to be congratulated on their deserved success.

Ireland's Troubles.

Parnell, Davitt, Egan and others have, by indiscreet agitation, filled the southern part of Ireland with outrage and murder, and over all the island inaugurated a reign of terror. The horrible assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish is the natural and legitimate fruit of the Land League, Fenian and other such like associations. Rev. Mr. Hutton in the M.E. Church, next Sunday evening, promises an interesting and instructive discourse on "Ireland and her Troubles." For a few Sunday evenings, Rev. Mr. Hutton informs us, he intends to draw the attention of the public to a few practical Bible truths drawn from current events.

Going a-Fishing.

Ye editor of the REVIEW went a-fishing one day this week—for trout. The beauties, the excitement, the enjoyment, and lastly the satisfaction of trout fishing had been so often extolled to him by local nimrods that his imagination was away up among the nineties on this point, and he was therefore easily induced to go on his maiden excursion as above, especially when the tempter was the persuasive, eloquent, and experienced sportsman, Mr. E. L. W. When ye editor hesitated on the ground of inexperience in the intricacies of this sublime sport, and the consequent risk of a fruitless journey, this gentleman proceeded to portray in the most classic language the pleasures he would be sure to enjoy—the beautiful stream, with its sparkling rapids, rushing cascades, and secluded pools, the veritable paradise of countless millions of "speckled beauties," which were only waiting for the happy angler to cast in his baited hook and yield themselves up in scores as willing and contented captives, and then a glowing anticipation of the following morning's breakfast!—it was more than the hungry scribe could stand, and he hurried into the rig and drove ten miles into Huntingdon, to the seat of operations. And such an afternoon's fishing — such sport (!) —and such a stream—and such luck! For four-and-a-half long hours the pencil pusher waded through water, climbed over logs, scrambled through underbrush, had his hat knocked off by overhanging branches, and his trousers torn and his hands scratched and his shins rubbed by falling through decayed brush heaps, his hook stuck fast countless times on sunken timber, and his line as often intricately mixed up with the surrounding labyrinth of trees, shrubs, logs and foliage, his head and face speckled much more than even a trout was with voracious black flies and "skeeters,"—all for the magnificent accomplishment of having dragged one little member of the finy tribe from his native element! His companion's luck was the same, and as they drove home cold and hungry, the latter blandly ventured the opinion that that wasn't the day for trout, to which the former sweetly assented, his reduced imagination being now resolved into the manufacture of a suitable story for the enquiring friends, and the calculation of a "taking" number of fish, (the same as all trout fishers from Madoc do). The "experienced" man, however, felt too sad and untwisted-like to preserve the story successfully, and the unvarnished truth must therefore be told. The quill driver's "sport" was indeed tremendous. He will go trout fishing again some day.

A Great Nuisance.

The fire-cracker operations of the juveniles of this village during the past week, have succeeded in becoming an abominable as well as a very dangerous nuisance, and our Council should long ago have taken steps to prohibit their importation into the village. It is not a desire to curtail the amusement and enjoyment of the youngsters we aim at, but their recklessness in using these dangerous squibs has resulted in too many disastrous fires, not mentioning the runaway accidents that so often occur, for us to do anything but discourage their sale and use. Only a few days ago the sidewalk on Durham street was discovered to be on fire, and but for timely interference some of our business men might be bewailing their heavy loss to-day. Merchants who sell such articles ought to consider the risk they themselves are running, as well as endangering the property of others. This failing, then the Council should deal summarily in the matter, before a chance spark entails a heavy loss to some one.

—Remember the great public sale of horses, buggies, harness, &c., belonging to Mr. C. S. Mitchell, at the Madoc House on Saturday next. See adv. in another column and posters for particulars.

—Great is the influence of fashion—on the foolish ones. Its latest demand is that a girl shall get wet at a picnic sooner than to hoist an umbrella that does not match her suit. We long to see a Madoc girl put to this test.

To prevent Fevers, Bilious Colds and Ague; to tone up the system and purify the blood, try a course of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

BIRTH.

MITCHELL.—In this village, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr. Chas. S. Mitchell, of a daughter.

In the Spring of the year almost every one requires a good Blood Purifier, more especially in the month of May. We would earnestly advise our readers to try Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. A few doses will soon convince you that it is the best remedy known for affections of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Coughs, Influenza.—The soothing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of a trial in all diseases of the respiratory organs. In common colds and influenza the Pills, taken internally, and the Ointment rubbed over the chest and throat, are exceedingly effacious. When influenza is epidemic, this treatment is the easiest, safest and surest. Holloway's Pills purify the blood, remove all obstacles to its free circulation through the lungs, relieve the over-gorged air tubes, and render respiration free, without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the spirits; such are the ready means of saving suffering when any one is afflicted with cold, coughs, bronchitis, and other chest complaints, by which so many persons are seriously and permanently afflicted in most countries.

IMPORTANT

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HORSES, BUGGIES, HARNESS, &C., &C.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction at

SIMMONS' HOTEL, MADOC,

—ON—

SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1882,

the following stock and articles:

6 DRIVING and Farm Horses, 6 Buggies, (4 nearly new); 1 new Ludlow Pleasure Wagon, 1 Lumber Wagon, 3 Cutters, 1 Pleasure Sleigh, 4 sets Single Driving Harness, (2 sets new); 2 sets Double Driving Harness, (1 set new); 1 set Double Draught Harness; 4 Wolf Robes, (new); 3 Buffalo Robes, 3 Rubber Rugs, 3 Summer Rugs, Horseblankets, &c.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of $20 and under, CASH; over that amount, Six months' credit, on approved endorsed notes with interest at seven per cent. Five per cent. off for cash.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp.

C. S. MITCHELL, Proprietor.

T. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

May 6th, 1882.

THE LADIES FRIEND CARPET SWEEPER

is the BEST SWEEPER made.

It allows no dust to raise, sweeps perfectly back and forward, makes scarcely any noise, saves the Carpet, saves health—because no dust.

BICYCLES! - BICYCLES!

Men's Steel Bicycles, Boys' Bicycles and Velocipedes, Girls' Doll Carriages

The Best ever made in Canada.

Ask for our adjustable Window and Door Screens, and take no other, because ours are cheapest, handsomest, most easily placed or removed. Also Cheese Safes, Provision Safes.

Manufactured by OTTER SWEEPER CO., Otterville, Ont. 264.

Hardware !

Intending purchasers will find our Stock very complete in

Blacksmiths' Supplies, Carpenters' Tools, Carriagemakers' Hardware, House Furnishings, Builders' Hardware, and Miners' Supplies,

—ALSO—

LINSEED OILS, TURPENTINE, DRYERS, DRY PAINTS, TUBE COLORS, WHITE LEAD, BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.

We also manufacture and keep on hand

IRONCLAD BOTTOM MILK CANS, MILK PANS

AND A FULL LINE OF SUNDRY TINWARE.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

MADOC, April 13th, 1882.

SPRING GOODS !

Constantly arriving at

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—(o)—

We are showing a large and well selected stock of

WALL PAPER,

—AND—

WINDOW BLINDS,

which will be sold very cheap.

D. C. CLARKE.

THE BEST YET!

FORSYTH'S PATENT PUMP!

Manufactured by W. FORSYTH, Peterboro',

—ALSO—

FORSYTH'S IMPROVED FANNINGMILL & SEED SEPARATOR

The undersigned has opened a branch office for the above articles in REED'S BLOCK, MADOC, where a stock will be kept on hand. Orders for Fanningmills or Pumps may be left at the Windsor House: W. J. G., *Agent, Madoc.*

W. FORSYTH,

Box 61, Peterboro', Ontario.

Madoc, April 12th, 1882.

A Farm Ballad.

A farmer sat on a rude settee
As the April sun went down,
The smoke from his pipe curled gracefully
Up toward the rafters brown.

His good wife stepped to the door; quoth she:
"Be keerful Hezekiah!
Thee'll drop thy pipe right presently,
And the domicile thou'll fire."

He grinned a gleesome grin, nor spoke
As his wife the doorway closed;
Then went to sleep, and a cloud of smoke
In the porch right soon arose.

And it wrapped the house about, and flames
The farmer soon did roast,
And they crisped the barns and the dairy dames
And toasted them all to toast.

But the good wife! Yes, e'en her they charred,
But she mustered strength to go
To the black remains of her roasted pard
And say, "I told you so."

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Phyllis, the heroine of the story, is a bright dashing tomboy of a girl just seventeen. She is up to all sorts of mischief ably assisted by her young brother Billy. Mr. Carrington, aged about 30, is their landlord, near neighbor, Squire, and very wealthy. Dora, Phyllis' sister, is the pink of perfection, the beauty of the family, and is looked upon by them all as the one to captivate Mr. Carrington. They are comparatively poor, having only an income from some investments, nearly enough to support them comfortably. Phyllis is introduced to Mr. Carrington when he is calling on the family, as the story opens. A few days after he takes Phyllis and Dora and a number of their neighbors off for a long drive and a picnic, showing marked attention to Dora. On the way home however, Phyllis is invited to take the seat of honour by the side of Mr. Carrington who is driving and Phyllis gets a sort of misty notion that Carrington loves her. Next day Dora who is communing with herself in the woods accidentally comes on Carrington unheard, and finds him frantically kissing a miniature in his locket which turns out to be Phyllis'. Dora returns home heartbroken, and Roland, her elder brother, who happens to be home from college threatens to call Carrington out. Phyllis is always run on by the whole family, who never suspect that Carrington is in love with her. She has met him several times, and he at length declares himself and they are engaged to be married in one year. Phyllis cannot sustain courage enough to announce to the household the fact of the case for some days, and when she does they all look upon her as having done Dora a great wrong, who goes around the house red-eyed and tearful. But they get married, and things go on smoothly for a while. There is a Sir Mark Gore, who is somewhat disposed to make love to Phyllis, and a Lady Blanche Going, who is believed by Phyllis to have been an old flame of her husband's, and as they are all visiting at Carrington's, there is considerable jealousy and mistrust; the two ladies having evidently declared war to the knife. There is also a Sir George Ashurst, who is endeavoring to make up to Dora what she is supposed to have lost by Phyllis marrying Carrington; and there are picnics, and tableaus, and other pleasantries to pass the time. Phyllis' last escapade is being run away with, in company with Sir Mark, by her pet ponies, at a picnic, on which circumstance Lady Blanche endeavors to place the worst construction for the benefit of Carrington.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Marmaduke by this time is black as night. In spite of myself, I know I have blushed crimson; while Sir Mark, turning abruptly away, goes to explain some trivial break in the harness to one of the coachmen.

"It is a pity, Phyllis, you would not take my advice this morning," says 'Duke, in a voice that trembles a little, either from suppressed anger or some other emotion. "If you had taken a groom, as I begged of you, all this unpleasantness might have been saved."

"I don't see how a groom could have prevented it," I reply, coldly. "Without a second's warning they were off: it was nobody's fault.

"My dear 'Duke, we should be thankful they have escaped so well," murmurs Blanche in her softest tones, laying a soothing touch upon my husband's arm. Both touch and tone render me furious. "I dare say it was not very serious."

"I dare say not; but it might have been. And, whether or not it has kept every one waiting for at least three-quarters of an hour."

"It might have kept you still longer had I been killed," I return, quietly, moving away in secret indignation.

Marmaduke follows me, leaving Blanche and Sir Mark to come after, and side by side, but speechless, we proceed on our way.

At length, in a rather milder tone, Marmaduke says, "I hope—otherwise—your drive was enjoyable."

"Very much so, thank you. Though I must say I don't care about feeling my life in danger. I hope you enjoyed yours."

"No"—shortly—"I did not. I never enjoyed anything less."

"How unfortunate! Was her ladyship thoughtful, or ill-tempered, or what?"

"She had nothing to do with it. I was thinking of you the entire time."

"Of me? How good of you! I am sorry I cannot return the compliment, but no one was farther from my thoughts than you. Concluding you were happy, I dismissed you from my memory."

"I had a presentiment about those ponies."

"Ah! it was the ponies occupied your mind—not their mistress. That sounds far more natural."

"They are vicious, and not to be depended upon," continues 'Duke, declining to notice my interruption. "I shall dispose of them the very first opportunity."

"Indeed you shall do nothing of the kind. They are mine, and I will not have them sold."

"Well, keep them, if you insist upon it; but certainly you shall never drive them again."

"Then I certainly shall; and to-morrow, most probably. I will not be ordered about as though I were a mere baby."

Marmaduke turns, and regards me so steadily and gravely, that at length, in spite of myself, my eyes submit and drop.

"Phyllis, how changed you are!" says he, presently, in a low tone. "When first I knew you—even two months ago—you were a soft, tender, gentle little girl; and now you are always unjust and bitter—to me, at least."

Something rises in my throat and prevents my utterance. Large tears gather in my eyes.

"*I am* changed; I know it," I burst out, suddenly. "Before I married you I was a different person altogether. And can I help being 'bitter' at times? Even now, when I told you how near death I had been, you showed no feeling of regret—thought of nothing but the delay I had occasioned you and your friends."

"Oh, Phyllis!" says 'Duke, in a tone that implies that I have wrung his heart by my false accusations; and before either can again speak we have passed a hillock and are in full view of our guests.

They are all scattered about in twos and threes, though none are very distant from the others; and the scene is more than usually picturesque. Certainly the old Deacon knew what he was about when he placed his well in this charming spot. It is a little fairy-like nook, fresh and green, and lying forgotten among the hills. A few pieces of broken-down, ivy-covered wall partially concealed the steps leading to the Wishing Well.

"'Duke, let us wish for dinner—and get it—before we wish for anything else," entreats Bebe. "The drive has given me a horrible appetite. I am generally a very nice person—eh, Mr. Thornton?—but just at present I am feeling a downright unladylike desire for food. Phyllis, darling, do say you are hungry."

"I am—starving," I reply, though conscious at the moment that the smallest morsel would choke me.

"Yes, by all means. 'Business first, pleasure afterwards,'" quotes Chips, blithely, who is stretched full length by Miss Beatoun's side, with his hat off and a straw in his mouth, looking extremely handsome and unspeakably happy. Lord Chandos is at her other side, though rather farther away.

"What do you say, Phyllis?" says 'Duke, looking at me.

"Do not take me into consideration at all," I return, in a suppressed voice. "Dinner now, or in five hours to come, would be quite the same thing to me."

I move quickly away from him towards mamma, as I say this, and, sinking down on the turf very close to her, slip my hand into hers; and as I feel her gentle fingers closing upon mine a sense of safety and relief creeps slowly over me.

Dinner progresses; and, though I will not acknowledge it, I begin to feel decidedly better. Fragments of conversation float here and there.

"I have a great mind to set my little dog at you," says Bebe, in reply to some flagrant compliment bestowed upon her by the devoted Chips. A little *bijou* of a dog, with an elaborate collar and beseeching eyes, that sits upon her knee and takes its dinner from her pretty white fingers, is the animal in question.

"Oh, please, don't," murmurs Chips, pathetically. "I am so horribly afraid of your little dog. You would not like me to die of nervous excitement, would you?"

"I am not so sure. It would make room for a better man."

"Impossible! There isn't a better fellow going than I am. You ask my mamma when you see her."

"I need not ask anybody; I can see for myself. What do you do all day long but play billiards?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Beatoun. You estimate my capabilities at a very improper level. I do no end of things besides billiards. I shoot, smoke, eat, and—talk to you."

"What a way to spend one's life!" severely, "I wonder where you think you will go when you die?"

"I hope wherever you go. I say," piteously, "don't scold a fellow on such a splendid day—don't; it's uncommon afflicting of you; and don't put on your gloves for a little longer."

"Why?"

"Because I like looking at your hands, though at the same time they always irritate me. They are the very prettiest I ever saw; and—forgive me for saying it—but I always want to kiss them. Now, don't begin again, please; remember you have lectured me for a good hour."

"Then I have wasted a good hour and done nothing. I give you up; you are past cure."

"I remember coming here once before," breaks in Lettie Hasting's voice, "and wishing for something, and I really got it before the year was out."

"Must one wait a whole year?" asks Sir Mark. "Then I shall have to write mine down. Give you my word that if my own name was suppressed for a year I don't believe I would recollect what it was at the end of it."

"Are we bound by law to name our wishes?" asks, Chips, earnestly. "Because, if so, I shall have to sink into the ground with shame. I'm horrid bashful—that is my most glaring fault, you know, Miss Beatoun—and I would not disclose my secret desire for anything you could offer."

"For anything I could offer," repeats Miss Beatoun. "Are you sure? Shall I tempt you? Would you not, for instance, take——" The eyes say the rest.

"Don't," exclaims Thornton, putting his hands over his ears. "I won't listen to you. I refuse to understand. Miss Hastings, will you permit me to sit by you? Miss Beatoun is behaving with more than her usual cruelty."

"Come," says Miss Hastings, smiling and putting aside her dress to give him room to seat himself on the grass near her.

As Chips leaves Bebe, Lord Chandos quietly slips into his place, to Miss Beatoun's evident surprise.

"Is it fair to encourage that poor boy so very openly?" begins Chandos, calmly.

"What?" says Miss Beatoun.

"Is it kind to flirt so much with young Thornton?" repeats Lord Chandos, still perfectly calm.

"You must make a mistake," says Bebe, provokingly. "You know I never flirt. In the first place, I don't consider it good form."

"Neither do I consider it 'good form' for a young lady to talk slang," very gravely and quietly. "I wouldn't do it if I were you."

"How do you know what you would do if you were I?"

"At all events, you must acknowledge that it is not becoming."

"Do you profess to understand what is becoming to young ladies? Have you been studying them? Come, then, if you are so good a judge, I will ask you to tell me if this hat is so very becoming as they all say. Look well, now, before you decide; it is a question of the utmost importance."

This saucy little speech is accompanied by such a bewitching glance from under the said hat that Lord Chandos loses his presence of mind. "I cannot bear to see you flirt so much as you do with every one," he mutters, hastily; "it torturs me. Bebe, why is it?"

Miss Beatoun grows decidedly white, even to her lips, yet is still thoroughly composed.

"But do I flirt?" she says. "I don't believe I do. Do you believe it, my darling, my treasure, my Tito?" to the dog. "Not you. No, no, Lord Chandos; it is not that at all."

"What is it then?" impatiently.

"Why, it is 'every one' who flirts with me, to be sure. And that is not my fault, is it?" with the most bewildering assumption of injured innocence.

And now we all rise and saunter towards the well.

"If you would only wish as I do," whispers Sir George to Dora, "I would be the happiest man alive."

"Would you?" says innocent Dora. "But how shall I know what you are longing for?"

"Can you not guess?"

"I am afraid I cannot. Unless, perhaps—but no, of course it would not be that. Indeed, I do not know how to reach your thoughts. One must want so many things."

"I only want one."

"Only one! Oh, how moderate! Only one! Let me see," with a delicious meditative air, and two slender fingers pressed upon her lips.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, no, no," with a pretty show of eager fear. "If you told any one the charm would be broken, and you would not get what you want. Perhaps—who knows?—the boon I am going to demand will be the very thing you would tell me." This with a sufficiently tender glance from the lustrous azure eyes.

"For my part," says Bebe, willfully, "I shall wish for something I can never get, just to prove how absurd it all is."

"From time to time we every one of us do that," says Chandos. "We hanker after the impossible. I begin to fear I shall never get my heart's desire."

He glances expressively at Bebe.

"Then think of something else," suggests that young lady, smoothly. "Your second venture may be more successful."

"No. I shall keep to my original wish until I either gain it or else find further hoping folly."

"Phyllis, it is your turn now. Will you not descend and court fortune?" calls Harriet.

I am deeply engaged listening to mamma while she reads to me Billy's last effusion from Eton, to which place he returned the second day after our ball.

"It is a pity to disturb Mrs. Carrington," says Sir Mark, "She told me this morning she had not a wish left ungratified."

Marmaduke raises his head quickly, and, flushing warmly, turns a pleased and rather surprised glance at me.

"Nevertheless, I will come," I cry incautiously, springing to my feet, "and beg for the continuance of my happiness, which includes everything."

"Oh, Phyllis!" cries Bebe.

"Oh, Mrs. Carrington," exclaims Sir Mark; "what a rash proceeding! Why did you say it aloud? You have destroyed every chance of receiving that good gift."

"Yes," say I, "how provoking! Never mind, contentment still remains; and that, I have heard, is quite as much to be desired."

Everybody laughs heartily, and Marmaduke says, "You will get nothing, Phyllis, if you declare your wants so openly."

"Neither happiness nor contentment, how dismal!" exclaim I, laughing too. "Well, I shall keep my third and last thought to myself."

And, having hoped in my own mind that Lord Chandos would very soon again ask Bebe to be his wife, I go through the form of drinking a little of the pure spring water Master Chips offers me with due solemnity.

The principal business of the day being concluded, our party once more breaks up into detachments, some staying out of sight in pretended search of scenery, some following their example in an opposite direction without any pretense at all.

Sinking down again by mother's side, I content myself with her and Harriet, while Marmaduke and Sir James stay to bear us company, and smoke unlimited cigars, while offering a lazy remark every now and then.

"Do you feel no desire to investigate the neighborhood?" asks Sir Mark of me, carelessly, as he passes by; and as I answer, "No," with a smile and shake of my head, he saunters off towards Lettie Hastings, with whom he commences a flirtation, calm but vigorous.

Somehow it is a peaceful hour we spend, and one that drives from me the vague irritation that before tormented me. In the quiet of the present I forget all life's vexations, and remember only such good things as are within my grasp. How paltry now seem the troubles that oppress me! I fear—yet know not what it is I fear. I doubt—yet, if compelled to do so, would find a difficulty in giving my doubt a name.

This sweeter mood continues, and travels home with me, although we do not reach Strangemore until it is nearly nine.

Here, at an early supper, we all find ourselves in the wildest spirits. Glancing curiously at Dora, attracted by some nameless new expression in her eyes, I feel convinced the day has been to her one of unmixed triumph, and that already the Wishing Well has granted her desire.

As I get near her in the drawing-room, I manage to whisper, "What is it, Dora? did he! Are you——"

"Yes, he *did*, and I *am*," responds Dora, with a smile of unusual liveliness for her. "To-night you shall know all."

"How was it, Dora? How did it happen?" I ask, two hours later, as I sit opposite to her, my hands embracing my knees, in my favorite position, my head bent forward in eager anticipation of her news.

"I hardly know. It was all that Wishing Well, I fancy. For the future I shall feel it my duty to be superstitious. At all events it surely helped to bring it about, as he only wanted the opportunity to declare himself," says Dora, complacently.

"What did he say, Dora? Was he nervous—or——"

"Very nervous. He seemed quite afraid to come to the point. You see I am always so distant in my manner," says my modest sister, "he had no way of judging what my answer was likely to be."

"I am sure whatever he said was just what it should be, he is so thoroughly sincere," I remark, still anxious to get at the root of the matter.

"I am afraid I cannot altogether satisfy your curiosity, Phyllis, it has all got so mixed up. Of course he told me principally what I knew before—that he adored me, for instance, and was desirous of marrying me, and so forth. He was slightly incoherent, I thought; but it really signified very little whether his English was good or bad, so long as I managed to understand what he meant."

"Of course not, darling. Oh, Dora, I am so sorry we let mamma go without telling her."

"I did tell her, dear. At least, that is, he—George told her." She brings out the Christian name of her beloved with a charming amount of diffidence. "He said he would like to make sure of me; and indeed I thought myself it might perhaps be as well he should be the one to mention it to her, as a settled thing. You understand?"

I do, and begin to entertain rather an admiration for Dora's astuteness.

"You will forgive me now, Dora?" I say, suddenly leaning over to put my hand on hers.

"Forgive you? Forgive what?"

"Well, dear, when I married 'Duke, you know, I thought you were rather vexed—you said so many things; and sometimes I have fancied, since, you still think I was in the wrong."

"My dear Phyllis, what a curious girl you are! 'Forgive you!' As if I had not done so, ages and ages ago—if indeed there was anything to forgive. Surely you couldn't have thought me so vindictive, so unchristian, as to retain bitter feeling against you all this time?"

She has opened her childish blue eyes to their widest, and is gazing at me plaintively as though grieved I should imagine her capable of any vile feeling.

"I sometimes feared——" I stammer, utterly abashed in the presence of so much sweetness.

"You must put such ideas out of your head, Phyllis; they are very unworthy. I never harbor unforgiving thoughts, I should hope, towards any one—least of all towards you, my sister. Besides, I ought really to be thankful to you, if anything. Marmaduke and I would have been most unsuited to each other. He is far too *exigeant* and masterful for my taste. George is in every way more desirable."

I don't quite see all this, but reserve my sentiments.

"He is greatly to be liked," I say, with truth—honest, good-natured George Ashurst having won his way into my affections long since. "I don't know that I was ever more delighted about anything in my life."

"Yes, everybody will be pleased, I imagine—papa and mamma especially. "I don't see how papa can make the slightest objection in any way. He must feel gratified."

I think of Sir George's rent-roll, and have the words, "I should think so, indeed," upon the tip of my tongue? but, being desirous of keeping up friendly relations with Dora, refrain from uttering them. She evidently takes her fortune as a matter of course, having ever rated herself at a high price, and believes she has got her bare deserts — no more.

"I hope you—that is, I hope he will be very good to you," I say, making the correction in time.

"I hope we shall be very good to each other. Indeed, I see nothing to prevent our being quite happy and—comfortable. Don't you think he appears very fond of me?"

"More than that: I think he appears to love you very dearly."

"Yes, I really think he does," says my sister, running her fingers lazily through her silken yellow hair.

"And you, Dora—do you love him?"

"Of course, dear. Would I marry him else? Am I the sort of person to sell myself for mere money's sake?" Indignation of the mild and virtuous order in her tone. "No," says Dora, calmly looking me fair in the eyes, I "would not marry a man unless I loved him—not if he had the mines of Golconda."

This ennobling sentiment is, I feel, aimed at me, and justly judge it will be unwise to press the matter farther; so I say: "I am so glad, darling!" but say it very weakly.

"Nevertheless," goes on Dora, after a moment's pause, "as I do love him, it is very fortunate he should be so well off. Yesterday he told me had twenty thousand pounds a year. Rather more than you have, dear, is it not?" sweetly.

No, Dora has not yet forgiven me.

"A great deal more," I say, warmly; "we have only fifteen thousand. But then, Dora it was only to be expected you would make a far better match than I could."

"Well, yes, perhaps so," admits Dora, casting an admiring glance at her own pretty shell-pink face as it smiles back at her from an opposite mirror.

The door opens, and Marmaduke comes in.

"Oh 'Duke," I cry, rising, "just fancy! Dora is—but you shall guess my news—what is she?"

"That is rather an embarrassing question," says he, smiling. "Were I to tell you all that Dora is my eyes, we would get no sleep to-night."

Dora laughs, and I say:

"Nonsense! A list of her perfections would be no news; we all know them. Tell me what you think has occurred to her since this morning?"

"I think she has become engaged to George Ashurst," returns 'Duke, coolly. "Why, you foolish child, do you call that news? Ashurst has told every one in the house of his good luck by this time. If I were you Dora, I would breakfast in my own room to-morrow morning. You will never be able to stand all the congratulations."

"How can he be so absurd?" murmurs Dora, for once in her life genuinely confused and a rich red coloring her cheeks.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," says 'Duke, kindly, kissing her. "You have got as good a husband as any girl could desire, and as a rich a one, too, without doubt. We shall be small people, Phyllis, you and I, next to my Lady Ashurst."

"I must not stay to hear any more flattery. Thank you very much for all you have said," replies Dora, gracefully, and, having bidden us both good-night, goes off to her own room.

Every one in the house is immensely delighted. An engagement, even when everything belonging to it goes smoothly and suitably, cannot fail to awaken interest in the heart of a woman; and, Dora's lover being uncovered by any of us, no jealousy show itself to mar the universal good feeling.

We chatter about it all next day, and tell each other we had seen how it would end from the very beginning. We dilate on the charming place he has in Surrey, his palace in the North; and then we whisper of what a detestable creature is his mother; while Bebe hopes Dora will have courage to put a veto at once against any lengthened visiting on her part.

"Because," says Miss Beatoun," "we all know where *that* will lead. When Ashurst's brother married Lady Octavia Dering, his mother invited herself to pay them a month's visit; and she staid ten; and it was the doctor and the nurse, eventually, who insisted on putting her out, shortly after the boy was born. They say poor Lady Octavia nearly went out of her mind one morning when, on going into her nursery, she found the old lady deliberately pouring some nauseous allopathic medicine down the child's throat. Octavia told me herself, with tears in her eyes, the poor little fellow was all but in a fit for two hours afterwards. She is really a very shocking old person, and should be suppressed. I do hope dear Dora will gather together all her pluck and try to be a match for her."

Secretly, I feel so assured of dear Dora's being a "match" for any mother-in-law alive that I endure no uneasy pangs on this count. She bears the congratulations and the little good-natured banterings admirably, is modest without being stupidly shy, and prettily conscious without betraying any symptoms of *gaucherie*. She is indeed as perfect in her new *role* of bride-elect as though she had sustained the part for years.

"Sir George must be a favorite with the gods: let us hope he won't die young, says Sir Mark bending over Dora some time during the evening. "He has had everything he could possibly desire from his cradle upward—money, friends, position; and now he must get you. I think," in a playfully injured tone—"the good things of this life are very unequally divided: In common justice, Ashurst should have been forced into matrimony with a woman as ugly, ill-tempered, and altogether disenchanting as—his manners, instead of which——"

He sighs audibly, and makes an eloquent pause.

Dora smiles, her usual soft serene smile, untouched by coquetry that experience has taught me means so little—and raises one white hand in deprecation. Dora's hands are faultless—filbert-nailed, creamy-white, pink-tinged, with just sufficient blue tracery of the most delicate kind here and there to call attention to her beauty.

"*Is* Lady Ashurst all that you say?—so *very* terrific? How unhappy you make me!" she murmurs, plantively, demurely ignoring the other parts of his speech.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sentiments Gathered from His Works.

It is with languages as with people, when you only know them by sight, you are apt to mistake them.—[Somebody's Luggage.

When you meet with real talent, and native, too, encourage it. That's what I say.—[Scenes.

It is enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.—[Christmas Carol.

No man of sense who has been generally improved, and has improved himself, can be called quite uneducated as to anything.—[Little Dorrit.

Gratitude and devotion are Christian qualities.—[Pictures from Italy.

Inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence.—[American Notes.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—[Sketches by Boz.

When you don't know the meaning of an expression why don't you seek for information?—[Dombley and Son.

There is one quality which all men have, in common with the angels—blessed opportunities of exercising, if they will, mercy.—[Nicholas Nickleby.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature.—[Oliver Twist.

Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.—[A Tale of Two Cities.

A man in any station can do his duty, and doing it can earn his own respect.—[The Seven Poor Travellers.

Cultivate habits of punctuality and method.—[Our Mutual Friend.

The men who learn endurance are they who call the whole world brother.—[Barnaby Rudge.

We count by changes and events within us. Not by years.—[The Battle of Life.

Trifles make the sum of life.—[David Copperfield.

A contemplative man can always employ himself in meditation.—[Pickwick Papers.

PHENOMENAL.—A diminutive babe, weighing eight ounces, was born to a miner's wife in Candelaria, Cal., recently. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut, and the ring worn upon the little finger of its mother was easily pulled over the babe's foot and drawn nearly up to its knee.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

The Pyramid of Cheops is the largest and tallest of the buildings on the earth. It was raised upon a broad platform of stone, and towered four hundred and fifty or sixty feet above the plain. It is a mass of stone inclosing several sepulchral chambers, and entered by a long, narrow passage.

Each of the Kings of Egypt built his own Pyramid; every year that he lived he added to its height and grandeur. A small one marks a short reign, that of Cheops a long and prosperous period. It is said that the mere building of the causeway for the conveyance of the stone occupied the labor of 100,000 men for three months; they were then relieved, and a fresh body of 100,000 brought in. The work went on for ten years until 4,000,000 laborers had been employed upon the preparation of the site and the gathering of the materials. Twenty years were then given to the building of the monstrous tomb; 7,000,000 men aided in its completion. The Nile swarmed with boats bearing food and subsistence to the motley company; 360,000 persons were employed annually upon the Pyramid.

Cheops must have had the satisfaction of seeing his tomb overshadow the temples of Memphis and grow in greatness as the period approached when it would be used. But like many another famous projector, he fell at last into difficulties. His tomb may well be called "Cheops' folly." His treasures were exhausted; he became a bankrupt. After his death the size of the Pyramids was reduced by his more prudent but less renowned successors. If placed in the City Hall Parks, the Pyramid of Cheops would have covered nerrly all its surface; its top would have risen two hundred feet above the spire of Trinity Church; the first object seen by the voyager entering the Narrows would have been this immense and useless structure. The folly of man was never better shown than in the building of the Pyramids. The Egyptians were houseless, naked, starved, that the Pharaohs might rest in their indestructible tombs.

The Egyptians lived, in general, at ease. They were shut out from the world, and few strangers were suffered to pass up the Nile. The people were dark-colored, wore long white linen dresses, and were adorned with bracelets and ear-rings, gold and jewels. The priests of Isis drank no wine took no animal food; lived upon dates, nuts, and barley cakes. The families of the early Egyptians were brought up in obedience and good order. But they fell into slavery, and little is left of them but their tombs.

There was an immense temple on a lake devoted to the worship of the crocodile. But it would be quite impossible to enumerate all the dreamy wonders of Egypt. It had its libraries, pictures, astronomers, magicians. Four thousand years ago the Nile was lined with beautiful gardens and villas; the great cities like New York and Philadelphia were filled with busy artisans and merchants; the Broadway of Thebes or Memphis ran down no doubt, to the river, lined with shops and public buildings. The Egyptian women were clad in gold and fine linen, the gardens glowed with the rarest flowers, and the furniture of a Memphian home showed finer glass-work and more delicate tissues than can be found in modern Paris.

The festivals on the Nile were celebrated in the night with wonderful magnificence. The placid stream, lit by an unclouded moon, was covered with countless boats with painted sails and silvery oars; ten thousand lights glittered over the sparkling waters, and the shores were lined with dusky and innumerable throngs. On one occasion the procession of boats followed the body of a sacred cat to its last resting-place on one of the islands. All was superstition and solemn awe. The multitude watched from the shore the imposing scene. Another procession on the Nile was a military one of triumph and victory. No river in the world has witnessed so many splendid spectacles.—*Harper's Young People.*

For Farmers.

General Hints.—Care and economy are the farmer's best friends, except hard cider and credit at the grocery store. The small details of management should never be neglected. If your harrow is in bad condition, send it to a dentist and have new teeth put in. If the boys run away with your plowshares to "shy" at vagrant dogs, send to Mr. Jay Gould and get new shares. Be careful to avoid setting hens on nests composed entirely of china eggs. When you find your cucumber vines running all over your neighbor's property, tie them up and try to get them to stay at home at night by providing them with innocent recreation. On the night before sending your chickens to market feed them with buckshot painted yellow. The chicken takes it for corn, and it is both cheaper and heavier. If there is any dye left over after you have colored your Easter eggs and your flannel underclothing spill it on your wife's dahlias and sell them to the city seedmen for new varieties. If you keep bee-hives you will find it advisable to extract the sting of the bees. This may easily be done by sending the hired man out to stir up the hive with a short stick. He will bring most of the stings back with him.—*Puck.*

Rough on London Society.

A London correspondent says: Sir William Harcourt made a lively speech the other day, wherein he thus amusingly unfolded his views of London Society: It is astonishing what ignorance prevails in London society respecting the opinions of the English people. I had the opportunity of talking with an intelligent diplomatist just arrived in England and said to him, "I will give you a piece of useful advice. Don't pay too much attention to what you hear in London. When you have listened to the gossip of the clubs, the murmurs of the lobby, the spite of the drawing-rooms, when you have collected the opinions of influential and well-informed people, when you have read all the newspapers, which are never mistaken, when you have collected the calculations of the Stock Exchange and find that all agree, then you may be absolutely certain that this thing is not going to happen. That is the result of my own political observation of thirty years in London society."

GLOVES OLD AND NEW.

The Different Styles of Dress for the Hands in Various Epochs of the World's History.

Gloves were articles of Oriental dress, for according to Xenophon they were worn by Cyrus, the Persian; and Athenæus speaks of a celebrated gourmand who came to a banquet with gloved hands, that he might eat more rapidly than his fellow-guests, who had to wait till the viands were cool.

In ancient times a glove was employed as a token or pledge of faith in the making of contracts—a sort of substitute for the hand itself—being cast down by one contracting party, to be taken up, as sealing the agreement, by the other.

Before the union of England and Scotland the borderers, having once pledged their faith to an enemy, regarded its violation as a grave crime; and when such a breach of honor occurred, the injured person rode through the field at the next border meeting, holding up a glove on the point of his spear—as the pledge of faith—and proclaimed the perfidity of him who had broken it. To wipe out such a stain, the criminal was often slain by his own clan.

Apropos of the glove employed as the token of a challenge to fight, there is a story given in the life of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, clergyman in the diocese of Durham, who died in 1583. It appears that he observed a glove hanging high up in his church; and ascertaining from his sexton that it was designed as a challenge to anyone who should dare to displace it, he desired that official to do so. "Not I, sir; I dare do no such thing," said the brave man. Thereupon the worthy parson called for a long staff, and, taking it down himself, put it in his pocket. His sermon denounced the barbarous practice, exemplified even in that sacred place. "Behold, I have taken it down myself," said he, and, producing it, he exhibited it to the whole congregation as a spectacle of horror.

Passing over all mention of the gloves worn by knights with their mail armor, or having over-lapping plates of steel, I will name a few of those of which some note has been made in history.

A fur-lined glove, worn by Henry VI., is still preserved in the old mansion that gave him shelter after the disastrous battle of Hexham (1464). The son-in-law of Tunstall, and "esquire of his body," Sir Ralph Pudfey kept him in concealment at Bolton hall, Yorkshire; and there, when he left his faithful host, he also left a boot, spoon, and glove. The latter is of tanned leather, lined with hairy deer skin, turned over at the wrist as a deep cuff.

The embroidered gloves of Cœur de Lion lost him his liberty at one time, and might have cost him his life. He was lying in concealment in the enemy's country, and his page carried them very indiscreetly in his pocket, though perhaps for their better safety, when sent by his royal master to obtain food in the neighborhood of Vienna. How it happened does not appear; but they were seen, and recognized as being only suitable for a crowned head to possess. The same night the king was captured by the duke of Austria, and sold by him to the Emperor Henry VI., for 60,000 pounds of silver.

Anne Boleyn seems to have been very particular about her gloves, and it is recorded that her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play cards without them that some little blemish in the shape of one of her nails might offend the eye of the king.

Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth took pride in this article of dress. It is said that the latter was extravagant in the extreme about them, and that a marvellous pair was at one time presented to her that was enclosed in a walnut shell. She even retained her gloves when playing the virginal. One "payr of gloves embrawret with gold" is recorded as having been sent to her sister Mary as a New Year's gift before her accession, and "ten payr of Spanyshe gloves from a duches in Spayne came to her a year afterwarts," while at about that time "a payr of swete gloves" were also presented to her from Mrs. Whellers.

The degradation of any exalted personage in the middle ages was expressed by the deprivation of his gloves—just as a glove was presented to him in the ceremony of bestowing on him lands or honor.

A very remarkable pair of state gloves, woven in silk, with deep gauntlets, are still in preservation that formerly belonged to Louis XIII. On the backs are the gold and embroidered initials "I. H. S.," with the central elevated cross surrounded by a wreath. The gauntlets are stiff, and spreading wide at the top on the outer side. They are handsomely embroidered all over with a close, rich floral design. The outer corners of the woven gloves (at the wrists) and those of the gauntlets are decorated with rosettes.

The enormous quantity of so-called kid gloves is greatly in excess of the amount of leather afforded by the skins of all the young goats annually killed to supply the demand. There has long been quite a trade carried on in Paris by the *gamins* in rat skins, who have much profitable sport in catching them at the mouths of the great drains of the city. Our real skins come from Switzerland and Tuscany, dispatched from Leghorn.—*The Queen.*

Boys and Girls.

"If I had a dozen children I would want them all boys," said Mrs Thrifty. "Boys can take care of themselves, they are energetic, enjoyable, and it doesn't take half so much sewing to keep a family of boys along."

"Now, if I should have my choice," said Mrs. Workhard, "I should like to have my children all girls. Girls are so gentle, so helpful, have so much more refinement than boys; and then it is such a pleasure to sew for them, they look so prettily in the garments made for them."

"Very well, ladies," said Mrs. Sensible, "you are both right and wrong. I believe in a mixed family—part boys, part girls. The boys influence the girls to self-reliance, the girls refine the boys by their gentleness. A boy who is brought up with sisters makes the most manly man, and the girl who is brought up with the brothers makes the most womanly woman."—*New Haven Register.*

Is a Small Waist Healthy or Pretty?

Travellers says the world holds almost as many types of figure as of face. Every tribe has its peculiar build as well as its physiognomy. We may instance a few. The old Egyptians were a small-waist high-shouldered type, with lofty carriage, as the old carvings and papyri show. The Indian has ever been a small-waisted, low-shouldered, broad-hipped type, with short, tapering, lissom limbs, as the Indian sculptures assures us. The Greeks were broad and short in the waist, with large limbs, long legs, large feet and hands, if we may judge from gems, statues, and Greek persons now—as different as possible from the Egyptians, the Indians, or ourselves, who, collectively, have sloping shoulders, long, taper waists, small hands and feet, and short legs. For nearly one thousand years the small waist has been popular in England. It appeared as soon as the English got civilized enough to care for art and culture, and it came from France, which was a little ahead of us. All the mediæval writers praise "a myddel smal." When did the classics praise it? The ancient miniatures show the commencement of the fashion. The robes began to cling to the figure, and the figures began to bend and bow and gesticulate to show off their shape, about the time when Normans began to occupy all our high places. Anglo-Norman apparel appears to have been much less voluminous and Roman than Anglo-Saxon; and in Rufus's reign tight-lacing was already rated at as the Devil's livery—probably because the artificial small waist was already practiced to the detriment of health. But the change has come naturally from the radical unfitness of the Roman dress for slight waists and sloping shoulders, which in themselves, properly treated, have their own dapper prettiness. Small waists have never since ceased to be popular. Mr. Treves in his interesting lecture, said we have made ourselves dependent on whalebone by wearing it; we have weakened the muscles of the back by artificial support, till the support cannot be dispensed with. There is no doubt truth in this; but truth as it is, I think that many a woman would soon lose her figure who now preserves it. I do not speak of tight lacing woman, but reasonable women, who use stays without abusing them. And we do like to be shapely, even when we are no longer young. The long and the short of it is, a small waist is only pretty when it is natural; for it is then, and only then, architecturally in proportion. A wide over-hanging pent-house bust and a pitched hat are excessively ugly—and unwholesome too—because unnatural. The trunk must be of the right breadth for the branches *i. e.*, the shoulders. Given that the width of the shoulders measured outside the arms, across the back equals 15, the width of the waist ought to be less than 7½. Or say the circumference of the shoulders be 38 in., the circumference of the waist should not be less than 21 in. If 48 in. round the bust the waist should not be under 28 in. It is a mistake to suppose that the waist ought to be circular. No absolutely round waist is quite pretty for the same reason that a circle is never as beautiful as a curve of a higher order, which cannot be struck by the compasses. One of the chief charms in a Greek moulding, or a Greek vase to a cultivated eye, is that the curves are hardly ever portions of a circle. The waist ought to be oval, or less in diameter from back to front than from side to side. The curve from armpit to hip (which gives the whole beauty to the waist) is then less violent and angular; it is a slighter curve, what Ruskin calls "temperate," and correspondingly more graceful and noble. Occasionally we see a woman with an oval waist, and I think we must always admit it is prettier—not that the waist should be churn-like; the curve inward must exist, but it should not be violent, to form a triangular space between the side and the arm, as a false or pinched waist is sure to do. Lastly, as to safe pressure. A waist which is naturally only 22 in. may be enlosed in stays of 20 in. without danger or discomfort; indeed, it would be difficult to feel any support with a looser corset. In such a case the height must not exceed five feet two inches. But a waist which is thirty inches measured honestly without the stays, and forced into a belt of 18 inches or 20 inches is not only likely to injure health, but certain to look ugly. It is architectually bad, whatever the health of the frame, and no woman who knows anything about proportion in a tree, a building, a statue, or has an "eye" for grace in curves, will render herself so conspicuous an eyesore as to adopt a fashion which seems to deform her.—*London Echo.*

A BIG PLOT IN RUSSIA.

How They Propose Celebrating the Coronation of Their Emperor.

A tremendous capture of Nihilists has taken place at Moscow in connection with plots of wholesale assassination at the approaching coronation ceremonies. The taking of three hundred prisoners at a time for murderous and treasonable designs suggests a state of affairs in Russia which the imagination can but dimly grasp. The sinister methods of the Nihilists appear to be without limit, the "modern conveniences," as well as the most ancient accessories of human existence, forming mediums for the conveyance and distribution of deadly vengeance. The electric light, according to the latest plot discovered, was to have been the disguise of an apparatus to explode a mine beneath and blow up all the dignitaries of the Empire, illustrious foreign notables, and perhaps hundreds of unsuspecting common people; while peasants' caps, flung high in the air in apparent token of joy over the crowning of the new autocrat, were to prove death-dealing missiles that could not fail to make fearful havoc among the illustrious throng. The bare possibility of the success of such hideous, unearthly plots is an awful contemplation that beggars all history of a parallel. It is no wonder the Czar trembles at the thought of coming in view of subjects who dare, within the shadow of the gallows of many comrades, to make such preparations for his coronation.

Dame Catherine Ann Scott, sister of the late Barbara Scott, sues the Trafalgar Institute, Montreal, for $2,000 left to her by her deceased sister, provided that the estate realized that amount over and above other legacies.

Consumption Cure.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON,
Mentongo, Ark.

A big row is going on between the Garfield memorial hospital and the Garfield monument people. The former demand that all the money raised to build a monument be turned over to help to build the hospital.

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

Mr. Rice, the Engish novelist, is dead. He was the London correspondent of the Toronto *Globe.*

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

England will co-operate with other nations in establishing a chain of circumpolar magnetic and meteorological observatories. Fort Rae, in the North of Canada, is the station selected.

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MANITOBA! 1882.

Those going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to correspond with me. Subscribe for the *Colonist News*, a paper giving just the information you require; Sample free. Pamphlets with maps, sent free. Holbrook's Excursion Party, with sleeping cars attached, will leave on 9th 16th and 23rd May, and every two weeks thereafter, preceded a few days before by their fast freight train, arriving at Winnipeg on Friday. Please address with stamp for reply,

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$15.00 $15.00

A Double-barrel Breech Loader, centre fire, warranted finest quality blued steel barrel (superior to Twist),

$15.

Everybody is going to Manitoba, and everybody should take one or more of our guns and save from one to 200 per cent. If you prefer to see the gun before purchasing you can do so by sending us $1 we will express the gun, c.o.d. If not satisfactory you have the privilege of returning it. If the $1 more than covers express charges we will remit you the difference, and this rule applies to all guns and any other goods in our catalogue. Send 6 cents for our 36-page catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of firearms, gold and silver watches, jewellery, silverware, etc. When you come to the city give us a call—we will show you more guns than can be seen in all Toronto, Hamilton, and London combined. Address:

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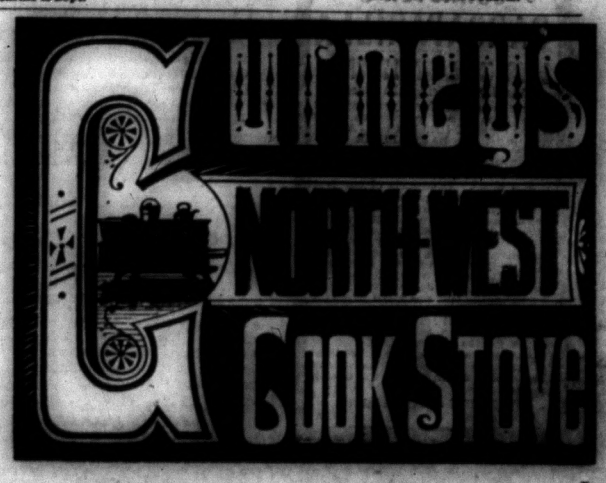

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A good supply of Furniture always on hand. Funeral Furnishings, Adult's Robes, Children's [illegible] &c.

WATT'S HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTUED by them are rapid and certain. They do not cure one disease but produce another. They will cure a larger proportion of cases, and in less time than any medicines known.

PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation,	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
3.	Cry, Colic, or Pacifying of Infants,	25
4.	Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint,	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting,	25
7.	Coughs, Hard or Bleeding,	25
8.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
9.	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dysentery of Children or Adults,	25
11.	Dysmenorrhea, Painful Menstruation,	25
12.	Rheumatic Pains,	25
13.	Fever and Ague, Chills,	25
14.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
15.	Eruption, Erysipelas, Humors,	25
16.	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs,	25
17.	Salt Rheum, Eruptions,	25
18.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
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480.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains,	25
481.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,	25
482.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding,	25
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R. R. Gasmount & Co.
Nails, Iron, Steel,
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE.
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R. R. Gasmount & Co.
Oils, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VI., No 268. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 25, 1882. POSTAGE PREPAID.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—From what I have observed lately, I think it would be a wise step if our village fathers were to engage a good detective force to be used when needed. I think I can show the necessity of such a force. There would be very little trouble in getting the dimes to meet all expenses connected therewith. I have no doubt but the Madoc Brass Band would furnish at least two-thirds of the funds required, as that organization would be especially benefitted. Our Chief Constable has some time been threatening to burst the big drum if he caught his son playing it. The Band evidently thought he was just talking to hear himself, but last Friday evening, however, the Chief heard that they had some notion of coming out for a play, whereupon he used very heavy threats indeed—he vowed he'd smash the drum if it cost him his life. The leader of the Band, having knowledge of human nature and being evidently a man of considerable forethought, promptly advised his drummer to yield to the wishes of his parent and leave the band, which the drummer did. The leader, through his prompt action in the matter, saved the drum from utter destruction, and probably saved the Chief's life, say nothing about the serious consequences. Although a great tragedy was averted through the presence of one man's mind, yet in these times of assassinations, infernal machines, earthquakes and comets, one can't tell what may happen next, therefore I think a detective force would be a good thing here. They could watch the movements of the Chief and prevent any sudden attack he may contemplate against the band, and it is not at all probable that he would venture to spring on them when they come out in full force; but last Friday night only seven started out and of course were entirely at the Chief's mercy, who captured one and disabled another, leaving only five to carry out their programme, and they not knowing but what they might be harrassed again, played with fear and trembling. Now, sir, I think that the rights of the meanest citizens should be protected as long as they conduct themselves orderly. Of course some people think and say that musical organizations, like brass bands, have a decidedly immoral effect on folks, yet as the laws of our land do not prohibit such bands, no one should be allowed to interfere with them. I think it would be a good idea if some one, say the Chief, would get up a set of rules for the guidance of the band, for it can't be expected that they should know how to conduct themselves without. He might put in a clause against stealing, for I overheard some of the band talking about hooking enough old sidewalk planks to build a stand with for summer's convenience. If any of the instruments should so far forget themselves as to get too full of "bug juice," and in consequence make the band behave unseemingly, the detective force could call upon the Chief to assist in punishing said instruments.

Mr. editor, if you think the suggestion is not too far in advance of the age in which we live, and have any idea the public mind is able to cope with the question, I am sure you would be doing a great good by using your influence in advocating a good force as above described through your valuable paper. I would be willing to be taxed considerable higher in order to meet the expense.

—Yours,
A RATEPAYER.

May 22nd, '82.

Medicines taken into the Stomach in concentrated form such as Pills and Powders, are most injurious. The great substitute for these nauseous little Calomel pills is Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They cleanse the Bowels, stimulate the Liver and Kidneys, and cure all stomach disorders, such as Dyspepsia and Indigestion. In large bottles at 50 cents. C. G. Wilson, Agent.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR JUNE is an unusually good number of this always valuable Journal. It contains a large number of articles giving practically useful information for the work of the season—just what every one needs now—with 72 illustrative engravings, some of which are very fine, such as the portrait of a Clydesdale Horse, Summer Scene, etc. A sharp exposure of the so-called "Bessarabia Corn" and the "New York Agriculturist" will attract the attention of numerous victims. The Sundry Humbugs chapter is quite full. Among the contributors, Hon. X. A. Willard writes of the value and importance of Cottage Cheese; Dr. Slade of Harvard University on Lameness in Horses; John M. Murphy, Esq., of New York, on the Wooing of the Wild Turkey; Col. F. D. Curtis on Pig House Furniture; Laws about Battle in the Highways, by H. A. Haigh, Esq., of Detroit: Prof. W. H. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, on proper time to Cut Grass; Col. M. C. Weld on Grooming Horses; D. Z. Evans on Poultry Houses; Dr. Geo. Thurber on the Bamboos and their uses; L. D. Snook on Wastes of Country Houses; Prof. N. F. Townsend, of Columbus, O., on Farmers' Book Clubs; Minnesota Housekeeper on Our Daily Bread; a Prize Plan for a Country House costing $600 to $800, by A. C. Swartz, of Kansas; etc. Various Insects of the Garden; the Doctor's Talks on Flowers; the full Household and Children's Departments, and many other articles, make up this number. $1.50 a year; 15 cts. a number.—Orange Judd Co., New York, Publishers.

The Prorogation.

There is more truth than poetry in the following, which we take from *Grip*:—

The house has riz, the session's done,
With all its trouble, toil and fun;
The Tories pack their trunks with glee,
And home the Grits less joyful flee.
But not to rest these members go—
The big election's on, they know;
Their party pipes they now must tune
To catch the public ear in June;
The Hustings soon will echo back
The bellowing of the party hack,
And honest yeomanry, I wot,
Will listen to no end of rot,
They'll hear the great N. P. extolled
As having proved as good as gold;
They'll hear it cursed as hollow fraud,
Deserving of a pickled rod.
Grit orators will crack their lungs
And strain the muscles of their tongues
Denouncing all the flagrant sins
Of that corrupt old pack, the ins;
And Tory hustlers, just as loud
Will howl about the clear grit crowd.
The honest yeomanry. I wot,
Will hear no end of blatant rot.
But never once, 'mid all the din
Of party wrangling—out and in—
They'll hear a grit or tory say
A loyal word for Canada—
A word of pure, unselfish truth
To stir the blood of noble youth;
'Twill all be Party, Power and Place,
And Righteousness must hide her face.

National Prejudices Vanquished.

THE TRIUMPHS OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

The magnetic influence of gold attracts the people of every clime to our shores. Men of all nations, and speaking all the languages of civilization, are to be found congregated on our auriferous plains. Differing in all other things in their customs, habits, and religion—yet there is one point upon which their opinions coincide. Englishmen and Americans, French, Swiss, Germans, Swedes, Italians, and Chinese admit, without a dissenting voice, that the great remedies introduced to the world forty years ago by Professor Holloway, the distinguished pharmacopolist, are better adapted to the cure of diseases in this climate than any other preparation in existence. This appears, in fact, to be the experience of mankind in all parts of the world, and hence the universal popularity of these medicines. We consider, however, that the boundless confidence placed in their efficacy by the representatives of so many nations at the mines, is a striking phenomenon in medical history. Many of these people in their youth, and even at maturity, were accustomed to the use of drugs and nostrums peculiar to their several countries. These remedies were connected in their minds with associations of home, and indorsed, as it were, by their national prejudices. Yet they have been thrown aside and utterly repudiated, while Holloway's Pills and Ointment have been adopted by a common impulse throughout the entire gold regions. There is only one way of accounting for this movement. It is the result of conviction—conviction grounded on personal observation and experience.

The Ointment is used with such wonderful success as a dressing for wounds, ulcers, and sore legs, and for all the external diseases and casualties to which the adventurous gold hunter is peculiarly liable, that scarcely a digger's tent can be found within the vast area of the gold fields unprovided with a stock of this healing, cooling, soothing preparation. The hard fare of the digger, and sometimes his habits, tend to vitiate the blood and develop running sores and purulent ulcers of the body and limbs. Bad legs, especially, are very common at the diggings, and seriously interfere with the labors of the diggers. The worst cases of this class are cured by the Ointment with extraordinary rapidity. The best method of healing sore legs, and sores and ulcers generally, is by rubbing the Ointment into the inflamed parts around the orifice, first opening the pores and softening the flesh with warm fomentations. The part affected is then dressed with lint or linen saturated with the Ointment. Such is the external treatment, but it is also proper to give the patient a few doses of the Pills during the progress of the cure, as they serve to purify the blood and discharge morbid matter from the system, while the Ointment is doing its work on the surface.—*The Scientific Witness.*

H. COTTRELL,
BOOT AND SHOE
MAKER,
has removed to larger premises,
in the shop
NEXT DOOR TO
BOWEN'S BAKERY,
St. Lawrence Street,
MADOC, - ONT.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1309,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DORALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland,
Meets in the Lodge-room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on the second Wednesday of each month. H. KETCHESON, W. M.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.
THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, June 5th,
At 8 o'clock.
J. R. ORR, Rec. Secretary.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

6 6½ & 7 PER CENT.

We are now offering Money at the above very advantageous rates on farm property.

$80,000

just placed in our hands. No commissions, and no unnecessary delays.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c., "O'Flynn Block," Madoc
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets
Belleville.

FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing 175 acres, in the Township of Sidney, County of Hastings. It is conveniently situated on a Gravel Road close by a School and Cheese Factory, two miles from Frankford and ten miles from Trenton. 100 acres cleared. About 35 Apple Trees. Frame House 18x24 and Kitchen 14x18. Frame Barn 18x24, Stone Stable under it. Well watered. Well adapted for fruit. Terms easy. A certain sum required, balance on any reasonable time required by purchaser.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1881.

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc August 6th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Money to Loan!
Low Rate of Interest!
To Farmers and real Estate owners in Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to add to your farm?
To build a new house or barn?
To make improvements by the way of fencing, clearing, or draining?
To pay off a mortgage, and time at a low rate of interest
Then apply to the undersigned, who is agent for
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
FOR THIS COUNTY.
AMPLE TIME WILL BE GIVEN,
with or without sinking fund, with the privilege of paying as soon as you please
6 Per Cent. INTEREST. 6
The operations of the Company, which are of long standing, can be referred to as a guarantee of their square dealing and equitable terms.
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Nov. 1st, 1880.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT,
241 Belleville.

J|U|S|T I|N!
Oranges, Lemons, Nice Graft Apples, Canned Tomatoes, and Canned Peaches.
Oysters and Luncheons a Specialty.
Oysters by the Quart, Can, Plate or 5c. Glass.
S. A. DAVIS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

R. S. HENDERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Madoc. Office—over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Entrance—Side door.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over the Custom House.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D. &c.,
LICENTIATE of the Royal College of Physicians, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office and residence nearly opposite the Windsor House, Madoc

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries, &c., Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L.D.S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.
OPEN DAILY.

St. FRANCIS HOTEL,
ELDORADO, ONT.
FRANCIS CONLIN - PROPRIETOR.
GOOD accommodation for the traveling public, at reasonable rates.
The Bar stocked with choice Liquors, Cigars, etc. 149

BLAIR & HOUGH,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Offices: No. 4 Ashley Block, over Canadian Bank of Commerce, Front St.
HUGH BLAIR. J. STANLEY HOUGH.
N.B.—Private money to loan at 7 per cent.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
AND
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

WINDSOR HOUSE,
MADOC, ONT.
HAVING purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. Cross, we have fitted it up as a first-class Hotel, and are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public.
Large and commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers.
Every attention paid to guests.
CONLEY & McNEILL.
Madoc, May 4th, 1880.

PRIVATE FUNDS
TO LOAN.
$25,000
Have been placed in the hands of the subscribers to loan upon farm or city property at from
7 to 8 per Cent. Interest,
according to the size and quality of loan.
NO DELAY in obtaining the money beyond the time employed in the investigation of the titles.
NO COMMISSION OR CHARGES other than the cost of drawing up the necessary papers and disbursements of loans.
Straight Loans only.
BLAIR & HOUGH,
Barristers, &c.,
Oct. 25th, 1880. Ashley Block, Belleville

Longfellow's Poetical Aphorisms.

MONEY.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and temperance and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it for sin to leave.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my neighbor honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all,
These creeds and doctrines three,
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where
Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and
Warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and
Only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined,
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking,
Kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If, perhaps, these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs:
For so long as words, like mortals, call a father-land their own,
They will be most highly valued, where they are best and longest known.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

A Proposal at the Opera—A Strange Elopement—Rosa Bonheur's New Picture.

Rosa Bonheur's New Picture.

On and after Monday next, says the London *News*, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's "Lion at home," will be exhibited at Mr. L. H. Lefevre's gallery. This last, and perhaps greatest work of Mlle. Bonheur, is the result of much care and study in the selection of models, as well as in painting from them. Not content with the menagerie lion of every day life, the artist imported a couple of Nubian lions to her own home in order to have ample opportunity of studying their habits and attitudes. As she has seen them with their cubs so she has painted them, saving only that the background is a thicket of aloes and cacti. The lion is sitting in that "doggy" attitude, with his fore paws extended, common to the males of the species, and the lioness is at his side, having apparently just finished nursing her three cubs, one of whom is "washing" the other, while the third looks out of the picture with a wistful little face. Surely this is a sad little lion, gifted with foresight, perceiving that, like the proverbial "young bear, all his troubles are to come." The absence of fragments of food is explained by the habit of the African lioness of hiding her cubs in a nook remote from her feeding-place, lest jackals and other wild animals should be attracted to them by the scent of flesh and devour them. Hence the actual home of the lionine family is always perfectly clean. Admirably designed and drawn, Mlle. Bonheur's lions are remarkable for their fine color and the faithfulness with which the tiger-like markings of the cubs are represented, the well-defined stripe down the back and the cross-bars on the as yet tuftless tail. Without covering the canvas so thickly with colors as in her last year's pictures, Mlle. Bonheur has preserved all her vigor and solidity of style.

A Proposal at the Opera.

This, says the Washington *Star*, is an actual conversation from real life, and strictly on the half-shell, between a semi-swell, but altogether spoony couple at the opera last Monday.

It was overheard by a young lady in the seat in front, who had sworn off (for this occasion only) from her Gainsborough hat.

Moral—Girls, go and do likewise.

At a perfectly obvious part of the show the young man consults the libretto, as an excuse for bringing his head nearer to here's.

She—Oh, my! What nice finger-nails you have.

He (tickled to death)—Pshaw, now.

She—My sister has nice nails. Sister has the hand of the family.

He—Your hand is just lovely.

She—I don't like flattery, so you can just hush.

Gerster has been singing, and the interested and interesting talkers are interrupted by a rude burst of applause.

A recitative follows. The young girl don't catch on any too kindly to recitative, and presently resumes;

Oh! I wrote such a long letter home to-day—seven pages.

He—What! seven?

She—Yes, and the postman didn't come, and I opened it and wrote seven more.

He—I wish you'd write me a letter.

She—(tenderly)—Why, what could I write?

He—You needn't write but three words.

She—Three words? What can they be?

He—Three nice little words.

She—Oh, my! Ain't you strange?

This knocks the young man out of time for a minute, and during that time the music had a chance. But he comes up again smiling, a little disfigured, but still in the ring.

He—Oh! you know.

She—No; indeed I don't.

He—Well, I'll tell you some other time.

The chorus comes down toward the footlights with unmistakable intent to howl, and during the preliminary fiddling the not-too-curious-but-just-enough young girl says, with a sweetly shrinkish timidity:

"Can't you tell me while they're singing?"

Then a fiendish yell from the chorus breaks off shorter than could possibly be anticipated, and his voice is heard with startling distinctness:

"I love you. Couldn't you write that?"

"Oh! my, yes, and ever so much more."

And then the tenor catches the prima donna by the back hair and yells bloody murder into her right elbow, and the young man and the young woman lean so hard on the arm of the archestra chair that her vaccination mark blushes like an aurora borealis.

Waifs.

Very soon the balmy rose
Will blossom in the dell,
And linger 'twix Cordelia's nose
And Jonathan's lapel.

A Nebraska woman missed her husband for three weeks before she raised any row about it, and she might not have said anything then if his boots had not been drawn up in a well-bucket.

"I wouldn't care to be the prettiest girl alive," simpered a swain as he sat in a drawing-room the other day. "Indeed! Why not?" was the response. "Because," said he, "I'd rather be next to her."

Æsthetic wife (sobbing)—Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green—but not one of those horrid bright greens. A nice olive gray green, with an old bronzed tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything.

It is said the toilets of Sarah Bernhardt "took the Romans by storm," especially a peacock-blue velvet and an oriental brocade for which Worth charged $2,400. Hereafter such dresses will take her new husband's pocketbook by storm.

"Are you going to take that ugly pug dog with you again, Carrie?" asked Charles. "I really believe you take him simply to make yourself look prettier by the contrast." "Don't be jealous of poor Pug, Charlie," replied Carrie. "I'll take you some time when I want to look especially handsome."

The best of evidence: "Yes, this must be the ladies' cabin," said a young lady to her friend as they halted at the door of the cabin of a Fulton ferry-boat and peered inquisitively in. "Why do you think so?" doubtingly asked the other. "Oh, because there are so many men in it," was the answer.

Seeing beyond the nose: "No, indeed, I'm not going to learn how to make bread," said a New Haven belle. "Girls who know how to make bread generally marry men who can't afford to buy flour to make it with, and they have to work in a miliner's shop to help pay the board-bill. I'll stick to my fancy work."

Uncle Nace and Aunt Sinkey, his wife, were out on Austin avenue, buying some things, a few days ago. The old woman bought a handkerchief, the color of which did not suit Uncle Nace, and he said, angrily: "Yer has made a poor choice. Yer hain't got no taste." "I know I has bad taste, but de fust poor selecshun I made was when I tuck you."

You want to know how to tell whether or not he is dead gone on you? Ask him to button your glove. If he do it readily, you may as well look elsewhere; but if he go to work with "fingers all thumbs," and tug and strain: if he tear out a buttonhole or two; especially if he scratch your wrist once or twice, then you may be sure that you've got him, and may pull him in at your leisure.

Once upon a time a woman died, and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave, they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road, and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady, boys, steady there. Be very, very careful."

Contrast: "How beautiful it is this morning, Cicely, my dear," said her intimate as she called for her to take a morning walk. "You'll wear your new spring suit to-day, of course." "No indeed." "But I've got on mine." "That's just the reason. Don't you suppose I know the power of contrast? I shall wear my new suit alongside of a rusty winter suit when I do wear it." "Then I shall have the advantage this time," was the reply. Somehow it had never seemed in that light to Cicely, and rather than give her friend such an obnoxious opportunity, she donned the new suit and the two sailed up the street like Greek goddesses modified by modern fashion.

Men and Women.

Men love things, as facts, possessions and estimates, and women persons; and while men regard only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love and kisses and watching, and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger the greater the need, and the greater the unthankfulness of its object; and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

Teacher—How does the earth absorb water? Pupil—Like a dog: Teacher—How do you make that out? Pupil—Don't we read of the lap of the earth? Teacher—Go up another grade.

The Age of "Jolly Girls."

I do not set up for a moralist; it is no business of mine to preach about frivolity and vice. My only philosophy is to think nothing human as alien to me. When I was a young fellow, if youths and maidens met, silly as might be the talk, there was always a lurking idea that we were still in the presence of women. Girls in my time expected us to treat them on the assumption that they were women, or that they soon would be. If we could not entertain them as women all the world over love to be entertained they turned to one another and amused themselves. When we sat with a sweet young thing in the veranda as the band played the last notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" we had something, I vow, to talk about besides cricket averages, the club cigars, and the right cut of a bull-dog's ears. And as we never saw cigarettes in the lips of our partners, it never occurred to us to smoke between the dances.

I have no turn for satire; but I love to watch our social moods and to trace them to their causes and effects. And perhaps we may note two things at least which have led to the changes we see. I suppose the work began with that wave of athleticism which of late has swept over the land, turning the heads of not a few lads and importing some laughable customs; but, if its effect upon men was more or less manly and wholesome, its effect indirectly on women was perhaps a more doubtful gain. When the gymnastic idol was set up and the muscular type of virtue became the whole duty of man there were found English girls to suppose it the whole duty of woman. Physically, it may be, it strengthened those whom it did not slaughter outright. But as the girl could after all only join in the new worship as a proselyte of the gate, she fell into the social position of the "lower school" at a cricket match. The jolly girl, in fact, became a fag. When athletics are the business of life, the tone of society is naturally set by men.

Was not a second cause at work in the triumphs of the famous American beauty? This fascinating being, I doubt not, on her own side of the Atlantic has planted the germs of new feminine epochs. There was nothing of the play-ground or hunt about her; her important discovery was the freedom of her sex. It may be doubted if our ancient system on this side of the ocean is duly prepared for such dash, such originality, such angelic self-possession. The type however brilliant, is a perilous one to adopt. For the American girl, who so startles us at home, has her own traditions and habits. When she shook from her airy skirts the traditions and conventions of the Old World she founded the conventions of the New. At home she reigns still, and imposes her law on men concerning herself but little about mess-rooms and gun-clubs. Young ladies, you who think of adopting her adorable freedom of manner, be sure that you also adopt her shrewd and original spirit.

But, be the causes whatever they may, the result is a curious social inversion. The relative place of men and women is reversed in this rapid and dazzling world. Of old, the idea was that in things social the woman was mistress, queen and leader. Men in her presence were to study her tastes and submit to her law. If they could not exist without tobacco they might go elsewhere; if they wanted to be killing something, to a shooting party; and the matches discussed in a drawing-room had nothing to do with Lord's.

One is curious to know how these young bloods and subalterns regard the women who have got by heart this mess gossip, who have betting-books on the garrison sports, and will sit half the day to see pigeons mangled. Is such a one a girl we care to think of as wife, as the mother of the children to be, as all that woman should be and is in the world? I can imagine nothing more ruinous to womanly nature than the ways and the talk of a rather precocious lad. Is there not a bloom upon an English girl of the best old type that the camp and the cricket-ground will hardly improve? Purity, simplicity, health, courage, grace and goodness attended, like the good fairy, to bless her birth. Do mothers or fathers suppose that the winners of cups and sweepstakes have better gifts to impart? I can remember what a keen old lady said once to a young mother who was mourning her lot in having no daughter—"Be thankful, my dear, you have none. In these days—who knows?—she might have turned out a jolly girl!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Fishing in a Cornfield.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eight inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all round him. Any one having sufficient strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

New French Bonnets.

A lady correspondent says: I met the other day two ladies who had just returned from Paris, and who were very proud of the "newest new" fashions which they had brought with them. Their bonnets were so small, fitted so close round the face, that in shape they looked like old-fashioned nightcaps. Their texture seemed to be of a soft glossy silk, but they were so covered with flowers that it was difficult to see what they were made of. The dresses worn by these ladies were, as to material, make, and shape, in remarkably good taste. But it is very certain that the system of tight-lacing is not confined to this country.

It Always Works Just This Result.

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge street Dry Goods and Gents Furnishing Store, Toronto, tells a most remarkable story of the Great German Remedy. "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years standing, when I had given up hopes of being cured, and had tried fifty different so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time not only at home, but here in my place of business; it is an excellent thing and something nobody should be without."

On a certain occasion a train, which Merewether had gone to meet, was somewhat late. A testy old gentleman, a stranger to Merewether, got out of all patience at the delay, and exclaimed; "What an infernal station this is! They try to irritate one on purpose. Look at those girls in the refreshment room; why do they dress them all in black?" "Don't you know?" said Merewether in a most solemn tone of voice, and with an awe-struck look on his face. "No," replied the stranger, in a subdued voice, and looking quite alarmed. "Why," said Merewether, "they are in mourning for the late train."

Good Time.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad who was sent for a bottle of Briggs' Magic Relief. Good time, but bad policy to be so far from a store without a bottle in the house.

Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Indian Vegetable Life Pills are sold annually in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best proof of the estimation in which they are held by the public as a family medicine.

A man living in the country finds lightning-rods on the house to be a great protection. They keep lightning-rod peddlers from calling.

NOT ONE OF OUR PECULIARITIES.—So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentleman, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Austrian toads are largely imported into England for killing insects, &c., in gardens. They fetch from £3 to £4 a hundred, and are sent over in wooden boxes stuffed with moss.

The Secret of Beauty.

No cosmetic in the world can impart beauty to a face that is disfigured by unsightly blotches arising from impure food. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand purifying medicine for all humors of the blood. It makes good blood and imparts a bloom of health to the most sallow complexion.

Best size for a man—exercise.

Worse than War.

"The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking; but when the health becomes impaired the miserable dispeptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, and stimulates all the secretions to a healthy action. (36.)

Chilblains.

These troublesome complaints, may be speedily cured by Hagyard's Yellow Oil the great Rheumatic remedy, which, as an external application and as an internal remedy has a wider range of usefulness than any similar preparation in the world. All druggists sell it. 25c. (31)

A Cure For Headache

What physician has ever discovered a cure for headache? Echo answers none. But Burdock Blood Bitters by their purifying, invigorating, nervine properties afford a cure in nearly every case. The health-giving principles of this remedy are unequalled by any similar preparation in the world. 34).

A Good Filter.

To have pure water in the house every family should have a good filter, the health and comfort depends largely upon the use of properly filtered water. The liver is the true filter for the blood, and Burdock Blood Bitters keep the liver and all the secretory organs in a healthy condition. It is the grand blood purifying, liver regulating tonic. (32)

Burns and Scalds.

Are promptly cured as well as all flesh wounds, sprains, bruises, callous lumps, soreness, pain, inflammation and all painful diseases; by the great Rheumatic Remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil. For external and internal use. Price 25c. (35).

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores the color and stimulates the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling off, and greatly increases its beauty. It has a delicate and lasting perfume, its ingredients are harmless, and for the toilet it is unequalled.

A. P. 73

THE COUNTRYMAN IN THE Weather Signal Office.

Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—sich a nice merchine to set the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the scrometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"—— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could bank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use Dr. JACOBS OIL, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dog in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the DR. JACOBS OIL I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

MOULDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, MIRROR PLATES, CHROMOS, &c. Price List to the trade on application. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

TORONTO.—MR. J. M. Mayne Campbell, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. 9 Victoria-st. Near the Post Office.

FURNITURE. OSHAWA CABINET CO., 97 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

EGGS FOR HATCHING from my champion White and Brown Leghorns (best layers), winners at best shows of America. Send for circular. W. STAHLSCHMIDT, Preston, Ont.

SHEEP Marks manufactured by M. H. Young & Co., 13 Wellington-st. East, Toronto, agents wanted.

EARTH CLOSETS.—THIS COMPANY'S automatic closets minister to health, comfort, and cleanliness; send for circular. Earth Closet Co., 13 Jarvis street, Toronto.

FARM, SCHOOL, FACTORY, AND CHURCH Bells—noted for tone and durability; special inducements to trade. Write for price list to Dominion Bell Foundry, Box 700 Guelph P. O.

AGENTS — FOR PROFESSOR MACOUN and Principal Grant's new work on Manitoba and the Great North-West; profusely illustrated; recommended by the highest authorities in Canada; most complete system of maps yet issued; no other book ever sold so fast as this. Apply to WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Guelph, Ont.

DAKOTA—WHOLE SECTION NEAR Watertown—good land; 50 acres ploughed and being sown with wheat; near railway station and in good settlement; price $4,000 half cash, balance on timeat 7 per cent. Full particulars on application to Lock Box 255, Simcoe, Ont.

$15 SILVER WATCH FREE! Address C. W. DENNIS, Toronto, Ontario.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES By painting them with the Dominion Liquid Paint works, fine mixed paints. Any shade or color desired, ready for the brush, can be purchased from your general store keeper or Hardware merchants 25 per cent cheaper than any paints now in use. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. These paints are put up in qts. ½ gal. and 1 gal. tins and are beautiful, durable and economical. Cards of sample colors and circular with testimonials from some hundreds of the leading people in the Dominion, can be seen at all dealers in paints.

Our fire and water proof paints for painting roofs and sides of factories, barns, drive-sheds etc are unequalled for cheapness, durability, preserving qualities and appearance and are highly recommended by all who have used them. They are put up in bbls of 42 imperial gals. color brown and black. Agents wanted to handle this paint in all parts of the Dominion. C. MILLER & CO., Manufacturers 11 Jarvis-st. Toronto.

THE WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA,
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of Canadian Patent.

A primrose chain in her waving hair;
A hymn of rapture her red lips humming,
Blue violets clasped in her bosom fair,
On nodding wild flowers the dew is glancing;
Down shady lanes where the children stray,
Like fairy banners young leaves are dancing,
And seem to murmur, "'Tis May! 'tis May!"

And though she revels in country valleys,
And crowns the hedges with fragrant bloom,
Her sweet breath blows through unlovely alleys,
Through homes of sorrow and want and gloom,
She bears glad tidings of summer weather,
To busy city and meadow gay;
So Toil and Pleasure shall sing together
The welcoming praises of May! sweet May!

Washington Post.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

In opening the meeting Brother Gardner stated that he would be unable to do much talking owing to the condition of his throat. Three or four days ago he was advised to hold a brass overcoat button in his mouth to cure the earache. In whistling for his dog he swallowed the button, and it will be some time before his throat gets over the strain.

PETITIONS.

Among the forty petitions on the Secretary's desk were the following names from Michigan City. Ind.: Pony Williams, Toby Smith, George Taylor, George Washington, Cyrona Smith, Frank Anderson, Deacon Wm. Brown, Paris Stannard, Henry L. Lewis and Sir Walter Scott.

U. S. OF L.

The Secretary announced a communication from the Hon. John R. Taylor, Secretary of an order at Marshall, Mich., called the Untamed Sons of Liberty. This order was established fifteen years ago for the purpose of encouraging colored men to speak with a Grecian accent. Its labors were a failure from the outset, and a year or two since the society decided, by a vote of fourteen to one, that the colored man of America would have to get along with his own accent. At its last regular meeting it was voted to wind up affairs and apply to the Lime-Kiln Club for membership. Brother Gardner ordered a vote taken, and the members were absorbed as follows: Charles Wenkley, John R. Taylor, Dick Taylor, William Coleman, Al. Bodner, Ben. Croswait, George W. Hill and Alonzo Pizarro Grant.

ELECTION.

The following candidates were then elected in regular order: Bismarck Jones, Old Man Scott, Recollection Smith, Huckleberry Tompkins, Colonel Flat, Judge St. Leon, Uncle Jim, and Elder Walker. A special vote was taken on the admission of Spencer & Smith, of Milford. Conn., this being the first application by a firm. Their business is white-washing, wood-sawing, stove-blacking etc., and they were highly recommended by three constables and a man who mends umbrellas.

A REVOLUTION PROMISED.

Brother Gardner handed the following letter to the Secretary to be read:

EAGLE, MICH., May 3, 1882.

Bro. Gardner:

DEAR SIR—The undersigned, who is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Colored People, having control of a valuable patent, known as the leg-encaser, would like your co-operation in introducing them to the notice of the Lime-Kiln Club, and through them to the world generally. Can be worn inside the trousers leg, and their value on a dark night, when a man is in a strange yard with a strange dog, cannot be over-estimated, in fact they are a double-hinged, back-action (a dog always goes back after the first bite) anti-hydrophobic stovepipe leg encaser, and if you will join me in the introduction of same will allow you liberal percentage on sales, which must be, under your sanction, enormous.

COL. SKYBLUE ROBINSON.

A spirited discussion at once ensued. Waydown Bebee, Samuel Shin, Pickles Smith and Judge Comeback took the ground that the club should encourage the inventor by giving him an order for fifty pairs of leg encasers at once, while Rev. Penstock, Elder Toots, Crowbar Johnson, Trustee Pullback and Sir Isaac Walpole declared that no colored man had any legal right to find himself in the same yard with a dog he couldn't look out of countenance. It was finally decided to invite the the inventor to appear before the club with a pair of encasers and demonstrate what could be done.

THEY ARE FRAUDS.

The Secretary announced a letter under the blood red seal, from the council chamber of the Gee-haw-haw Club, of Jersey City, stating that six individuals who professed to hold membership in the Lime-Kiln Club had applied to the Gee-haw-haw Club for admission. The matter was laid on the table until the names could be forwarded for identification.

Brother Gardner at once denounced each and every one fraud of the second water. No such persons ever belonged to the Lime-Kiln Club, and the only one of them who ever made application was rejected for walking home with a smoked ham which belonged to another man. Societies all over the country are warned against any person who claims to belong to the Lime-Kiln Club who cannot show a certificate in which the word correct is spelled with a big "K."

NOT GUILTY.

The Secretary further announced a postal card from "J. A. M." of Nilles, Mich., stating that he had not yet heard from a package sent to Paradise Hall via *The Free Press*, and asking Brother Gardner if *The Free Press* had not gobbled the same.

"Let me answer in reply," said the old man as he balanced on one leg, "dat while dis club can't allus agree wid dat ar' *Free Press* in its pollyticks, it am deservin' of our fullest confidence, an' all letters sent to us in its car' am forwarded d'reckly to Paradise Hall widout an hour's delay. De package spoken of mus' have bin mislaid, an' de Secretary will at once open a correspondence on fo' sheets of note paper."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Committe on agriculture reported:

1. That the spring tramp had come forth and was in condition to make a summer tour of a thousand miles.

2. Farmers are recommended to plant a larger area of melons, and to locate the patch at least half a mile from the house.

3. Seed corn which has been kept in Saratoga trunks ...

4. Any farmer who hangs a bell on a harvest apple tree, or sets a bear trap around his smoke-house, or places a spring gun to guard his hen-roost, is a silent enemy of American liberty.

RESOLVED.

Prof. Tranquility Hanover then offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, that in case a circus comes 'long, an' a member of de Lime-Kiln Club in good standin' can't raise de necessary wealth to buy a ticket, it am not derogatory to his character to crawl under the canvas."

Giveadam Jones objected to the resolution. He always begun saving up right away after New Years, and by the middle of May he could lay his hand on half a dollar to go to the stupendous combination of world-renowned celebrities.

Pickles Smith hoped that no such resolution would pass. He had crawled under the canvas without being seen, and he had crawled under and had his neck broken with a tent-pin, and in both cases he had a feeling that he had derogatoried his charrcter. The best way was to carry water to the elephant and get a free ticket.

Several others spoke in the same vein, and upon a vote being taken 128 voted against and only three for.

THE JANITOR.

This individual submitted a bill for extras amounting to sixty-four cents, and attempted to make a speech defending the Peruvian policy, but his bill was cut down to seventeen cents, his speech sat down on and he fell over three dogs on his way out.

THE MUSEUM.

The Keeper of the Sacred Relics reported that he had received from Dalton, Ga., a pair of cow-hide boots left in the neighbourhood by De Soto when he was looking for the Mississippi River. Also, from Chattanooga, a relic of the Aztecs in the shape of a pipe. He recommended a new lock for the door, asked to be reimbursed for a bottle of ink he had purchased with private funds, and was given leave of absence for three days to bury his uncle.

THE CLOSE.

There being no further business which would sour before the next meeting, Pickles Smith was given leave to take home the ice left in the water-pail, and the meeting adjourned, with a sweet smile illuminating every countenance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HERYEGOVINIAN HERO.

Composure of a Boy Insurgent on Trial for Firing On Austrian Troops.

The troops in the disturbed provinces of Austria, writes a Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily News*, were recently searching a deserted part of the country near Glavaticevo, when suddenly a shot was fired from behind a wall, and a man was seen running towards an empty hut, in which he disappeared. After a thorough search the soldiers found him in the cellar and the rifle in his hand was still hot to the touch. He confessed having fired at the troops, and was taken to the prison in Mostar. On the 24th of March, at 7 o'clock in the morning, he was tried by court-martial. The troops of the 3d Infantry Regiment formed a square around the place designed for the prisoner, and a Mohammedan priest was engaged to console him. All the proceedings were public, and a large crowd had assembled outside the line formed by the soldiers. Accompanied by an escort of sixteen men the accused appeared, and great was every one's surprise when he proved to be a mere boy of 15. But his countenance and bearing were a sight worth seeing. With head erect and arms crossed defiantly over his breast, he stood motionless, cooly answering all the questions put to him. In the centre of the Square the members of the court martial were assembled, and they examined him. He looked at them with undaunted eyes, and without showing the least sign of fear. He stated that his name was Sencie, that he was a Mohammedan and 15 years old. He had been a shepherd in the mountains, and had found the rifle that he held in his hands at the time when he was arrested. According to his statements the logical consequence of possessing a rifle was to use it, and as his father was in the ranks of the insurgents he considered it his duty to fire at the soldiers when the opportunity came. It was a strange contrast to witness the composure of the boy and the terrible excitement of the old Mohammedan priest, with his long snowy white beard. He smoked cigarette after cigarette as a means of mastering his feelings, and seemed ready to burst into tears if harm came to the boy. After a consultation, which lasted an hour and a half., the members of the court martial came forward to pronounce the sentence. By nine votes out of ten he was found not guilty, and acquitted, but the words that restored him to life did not move him in any way. His manner was as quiet and composed as it would certainly have been had he been sentenced to death. He was taken back to prison, where he will remain until the insurrection is fairly over. Many officers of the Austrian army strongly disapprove the whole proceeding. They say that a boy of 15, under whatsoever circumstances taken prisoner, is not fit subject for a trial of this kind. But martial law in Austria does not define the age of the persons who may come under its jurisdiction.

The Poet And The Humorist.

The London *Spectator* says that the poet looks through lower things upward; the humorist looks through higher things downward. The poet has more intellectual sympathy; the humorist emotional. The poet in his work deals with the loftiest things to which his vision attains; the humorist uses his loftiest attainments to illustrate what is humblest. The humorist includes the poet in his view; the poet is rather shy of the humorist. The poet dreads and resents ridicule, but who can ridicule the humorist? The poet in his poetic frenzy aims at gravity; the humorist can not but smile, even at the breaking of his own heart.

"In France every square foot of ground i put to use," and yet it was not France that originated the economical idea of setting an acre of ground on its edge and planting corn on yne side and potatoes on the other. The idea was the offspring of the brain of an American—liar—if we mistake not.

Editor.

The philanthropic editor of the *Boomerang*, Bill Nye, is now preparing a Letter Writer which he evidently means shall be of practical benefit to his journalistic brethren. He says: Our first letter will be the form that should be used in addressing a soulless corporation relative to a pass:

OFFICE OF "FREEDOM'S BUGLE HORN," WAHOO, Neb., Feb. 22, 1882.—The Hon. J. Q. A. Gall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent J. I. M. C. R. O. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.: I have addressed you at this moment for the purpose of ascertaining your mental convictions relative to an annual pass over your voluptuous line. It will occur to you instantly that, with the enormous power in my hands, something should be done at once to muzzle and subsidize me. The *Bugle Horn* stands upon the pinnacle of pure and untarnished independence. Her clarion notes are ever heard above the din of war and in favor of the poor, the down-trodden, and oppressed. Still it is my solemn duty to foster and encourage a few poor and deserving monopolies. I have already taken your road, and, so to speak, placed it on its feet. Time and again have I closed my eyes to unpleasant facts relative to your line, because I did not wish to crush a young and growing industry. Last fall you had a washout down at Jim-town which was criminally inexcusable in its character, but I passed silently over the occurrence in order that you might redeem yourself. One of your conductors, an over-grown bald-headed pelican from Laramie, a man of no literary ability and who could not write a poem to save his measly polluted soul from perdition, once started the train out of Wahoo when I was within one quarter of a mile of the depot and left me gazing thoughtfully down the track with a 150 pound hand trunk to carry back home with me. Another time when my pass and pocket had expired at about the same moment and I undertook to travel on my voluptuous shape, a red-headed conductor whose soul never walked upon the sunlit hills of potent genius caught me by the bosom of my pants and forcibly ejected me from the train while it was in motion, and with such vigor and enthusiasm that I rolled down an embankment 100 feet with frightful rapidity and loss of life. A large bottle of tansy and sweet spirit hear my prayer, which I had concealed about my person to keep off malaria and rattlesnakes, was frightfully crushed and segregated. Besides all this my feelings were hurt and outraged, and so was the portico of my pantaloons. I hushed these matters up. I kept them out of the papers so far as possible in order that your soulless corporation might have a new lease of life. I now ask you whether in view of this you will or will not stand in the pathway of your company's success. Will you refuse me a pass and call down upon yourself the avalanche of my burning wrath, or will you grant me an annual, and open up such an era of prosperity for the J. I. M. C. R. O. W. Railway as it never before knew? Do you want the aid and encouragement of the *Bugle Horn* and success, or do you want its opposition and a pauper's grave beneath the blue-eyed Johnny jump-ups in the valley? Should you enclose the pass I would feel very grateful to you for any little suggestions during the year as to what my fearless and outspoken opinion should be relative to your company. Hoping to hear from you favorably in the cotiguous ultimately, I beg leave to wish you a very pleasant *bon vivant*.

Very sincerely yours,

EPHRAIM BATES,
Molder of Public Sentiment.

A Father's Plan to Save his Son.

Originality of conception and vigor in execution alike characterize the expedient adopted a few days ago by a Parisian father to obtain his only son's exemption from the conscription of 1882. The youth, it appears, had drawn a "bad number," and the prospect of his exposure to the perils and fatigue of military service plunged his mother into such dark depths of despair that her husband, unable to endure the contemplation of her sore affliction, made up his mind one day to take a measure which could not fail to avert the threatened separation of mother and son. While they were weeping in one another's arms he suddenly clasped them both in a convulsive embrace, murmured the words "Adieu!" and rushed from his house to the nearest bridge over the Seine, whence he sprang head foremost into the river. Fortunately, some boatmen, who saw him fall, promptly put out from the quay and succeeded with considerable difficulty in rescuing him alive but insensible. He was conveyed to the Morgue and there stripped in order to be subjected to the usual restorative process of violent friction. In accordance with the regulations of that institution his clothes were searched, with a view to establishing his identity, and in his pocket-book was found a sheet of note paper upon which he had written down his name, address and the following touching sentence: "The child shall not be parted from his mother; he is a widow's only son." Never yet, in all probability, has a tale of sublime self-sacrifice been told in so few words.

Falsified Wine.

One of the chief means of disguising a falsified wine is the use of various colouring-matters, which are now offered everywhere in France by private trade circulars. Public attention has been directed to this in Paris; and it is stated that, although chemistry is powerless to discover the presence of these dyes, there nevertheless exists a simple mean of detecting them which cannot just now be too widely known. Some of the wine must be heated, and, when it boils, a piece of white flannel should be well dipped in it, and allowed to dry. If the flannel, when washed, still retains a reddish tinge, it is stated to be proof positive that the colour of the wine has been artificially obtained.

A city chap, who had escorted a country girl to the theatre, thinking to please her went out and bought some apples. When he placed them in her lap she spoke up loud enough to be heard all about, "What do you take me for—a cider mill?" City chap collasped; he couldn't stand the press.

evening now wishes he had stopped, and participated in the enjoyments.

"It's no use to feel of me wrist, docther," said Pat, when the physician began taking his pulse; "the pain is not there, it's in me hid entoirely."

"I can't do it," never did anything. "I will do it," has worked miracles. This little point is nicely illustrated by the man who was trying to crack a safe.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

"Jewelled garters are all the rage," says a fashion authority. Yes, we've noticed 'em—or at least there were some in a show window marked seventy-five dollars.

Dealers have advanced a quarter of a cent on waste paper. Send along your Spring poetry, write it on one side of the sheet, and use the heaviest legal cap.

A young lady in a Boston office is so particular about her personal appearance that she always takes a peep in the mirror before answering a call at the telephone.

To be rid of a pretended friend, get yourself into trouble.—*New Orleans Picayune.* There is another way, not perhaps so efficacious, but cheaper at the money. Lend him $2.50.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

In the game of life whiskey "plays the deuce," the waiter "holds the tray," the chimney-sweep "follows soot," the cook "cleans out the pot," and the jolly tar "sweeps the deck."

A Wisconsin woman who was lost in the woods for three days, says she didn't suffer so very much, but was greatly annoyed by her absence of mind in not bringing along a small looking-glass.

Last week an Ohio man on his travels found a shell on the Gettysburg battle-field. He took it home and put it on the stove to see if it was real. It was genuine. But the stove is the most glaring imitation you ever looked at.

"Don't go to bed with cold feet," is the advice of a hygienic authority. How's a fellow to help it? Not one wife in forty knows enough to warm her feet before getting into bed. (Taking the word of our friends for it.

A fashionable New York belle boasted, on her return from Europe, that while there she had some of the most celebrated men at her feet. It is more satisfactory to employ a first-class chiropodist than to goad your brother to profanity when he uses his razor.

When you want to tickle a woman stick a handsome ostrich plume under her nose.—*Erratic Enrique.* Spicer says he stuck a moustache under a young lady's nose to tickle her ten years ago, and he has had to pay her board ever since.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

The young lady who, after boarding round in Massachusetts as a schoolmarm, went to Minnesota and was expelled because she whipped the children with pieces of plank from the side of a house, ought to have been excused, for she was only boarding round.

"Will the coming man use both hands?" is a question asked by a scientific exchange. We shouldn't wonder if it would make some difference whether the coming man is going to pick his teeth on the steps of a hotel, or handle a pick in the sewer-gang.

A Story of Turkish Prisoners.

The *Daily News* Marseilles correspondent writes: "There has just been arrested at Jusgat, in the province of Sivas (Asiatic Turkey), the governor of the prison of that town, who had hit upon a singularly ingenious means of enriching himself. This official had organized in the establishment over which he had the honor to preside a select band of prisoners, whose duty it was to sally forth in the dead of night and despoil the surrounding country. Eight or ten used to be let out of the prison at midnight with full instructions as to the dwellings to be attacked and robbed. At dawn they would return, share the booty with the governor, and repose till evening. This daring game lasted several months, until the gang accidentally went to the wrong house. The owner of this house was an opulent Armenian, and he kept on the premises a strapping Kurdish peasant. The latter appears to have been a light sleeper, for, on the night in question, hearing a noise outside, he stepped forth with his gun and engaged in a brisk "tir aux voleurs." The marauders, turned, ran, closely pursued by the Armenian household, quite at a loss to understand what induced them to fly along the road leading towards the prison. Arrived at the prison gate, the robbers knocked, and were quietly admitted by the governor. The inquiry subsequently made proved that this way of doing things had been going on for nearly a year.

Canals on the Planet Mars.

A curious discovery, made by Signor Schiaparelli, Director of the Royal Observatory at Milan, seems to start again that old and unanswerable question, "Are the planets inhabited?" This Italian astronomer is one of the most assiduous watchers of the planet Mars. It was he who, in 1877-8 first detected the many dusky bands which traverse and subdivide the ruddy portions of the martial orb. Again, in 1879-80, when the position of the planet was favorable, he re-identified these strange lines; but during last January and February he has been able to observe and map out in more than twenty instances duplications of the dark streaks "covering the equatorial region of Mars with a mysterious network, to which there is nothing remotely analogous on the earth." The Italian astronomer has styled them "canals," for they bear the appearance of long sea-ways, dug through the martial continent, as if a mania for short cuts had seized the inhabitants of the planet, and everybody residing there had become an active M. de Lesseps.

When at home, a Chinaman is a Mongolian. When in the United States he is a Mustgolian.

Learned at the Mouth of the Gaboon River.

The bark Cardenas, Capt Yates, fifty-six days from Gaboon, on the west coast of Africa, consigned to Yates, Porterfield & Co., 116 Wall street, laden with a cargo of basswood, ebony, rubber and ivory, arrived at port the other day. Capt. Yates has been for years trading with Africa and running along the west coast for a thousand miles or so above and below the equatorial line and picking up trade with the natives. He has seen many strange sights in his time, but they became so familiar to him that he seldom cared to relate anything about them when he returned to New York. This trip, however, he was tempted to tell the story he heard at the French settlement at the mouth of the Gaboon River of how a cutter flying the French flag was boarded by a lot of pirates and gutted of everything she possessed. "It was in the latter part of February," said the captain, "that the pirates belonging to the tribes known as the Pangawys and the Bakellas sailed out from the coast settlement and started up the Gaboon River in canoes. Some miles up they sighted a French cutter flying the French flag, and being strong in number and armed with guns sold them by the colonists, they made an attack upon the vessel, boarding it with a fierce and savage demonstration of voice and manner and completely overwheming the crew. When news of the outrage reached the French colony a force was sent out to capture the pirates and take revenge. They went up the Gaboon River as far as its junction with the River Como, encountering on the way an attack from the natives on the banks, who were no doubt in sympathy with the pirates. In this attack the surgeon of the French force was killed and three soldiers wounded. A fruitless attempt was made to penetrate the dense woods in which the pirates took refuge, and in their exasperation the French set to work and burnt down the village of Ninga Ninga, a sort of trading depot on the Gaboon River. The result of this destruction was to ruin the trade of the river for some time to come, and the natives fully realized this fact, and are consequently down on the pirates, so that the thing is not likely to be one of common occurrence.

The French colony has been established at the mouth of the Gaboon for the last thirty years. Other nationalities are also represented there, and, of course, they all take a common interest in preserving themselves from attacks such as that which has been related. While not making a regular practice of cannibalism, the natives invariably eat up such victims as fall to them in war. There is a king or chief at frequent intervals, the removal of one or the other being effected by instant decapitation. They can easily take refuge from a government like France or England by retreating to the impenetrable forests back of their settlements, where they can live on plantains and bananas and the fruit of the mango tree, growing ready to their hands, for a whole year. It is really impossible, except at great trouble and expense, to exact proper reparation for an outrage like that perpetrated on the French. The well disposed natives, however, don't like it, for it breaks up business, and the supplies they have been accustomed to rely on are not forthcoming, and they feel the lack greatly." Capt Yates in the course of his narrative mentioned the fact that he had brought back from Africa the preserved body of a young gorilla and also of a small chimpanzee, whose face so resembled that of a little human infant that it gave a peculiar shock to his feelings.

ALL SORTS.

A young lady, not well versed in music, wants to know if dance music is written in foot notes.

A lawyer is about the only man that ever made anything by opposing a woman's will.

"It has always been my aim in life to imitate a good example," as the counterfeiter remarked while working on a new set of dies.

One by one the ancient heroes are smashed. It turns out that Ajax had a bad case of rheumatism when he defied the lightning.

A fashion item says: "Trains just now are rather short." A railroad man tells us that is explained by the fact that summer travel has not begun yet.

"Free of charge—an empty gun." There's where you made a mistake. It's the empty guns that have added to the angelic pepulation.

Here is one we thought of sending to London *Punch*: Why is a small morsel of bread smaller in French than in English? Because it is morceau (more so.)

And now they say Damala was a commercial drummer. Might have known it! Nobody but a drummer would have had the cheek to marry Bernhardt.

"I find I have been hugging a delusion," said Harry to James, his successful rival in the suit for the hand of Miss B., a day or two after the marriage. "So do I!" responded James. Now, just what did James mean?

They have been raising parsnips in Ohio as much as three feet long. When they raise them as long as six feet they won't be fit for anything less than a Cabinet appointment.

Should Jumbo die,
Who will deny
But what his ghost would soon be seen
In parcels neat
Upon the street,
Put up as "oilymargarine?"

"Men," says a lady writer, "live faster than women." That's a fact. A man's birthdays come upon him with a rapidity that surprises him after he passes thirty; but a woman, particularly if she is single, after reaching twenty five or thereabout lives so slow that she doesn't seem to grow any older. A man will live ten years while a woman is passing from her twenty-fifth to her twenty-sixth year. It is a little singular, we know, but it is a fact to which experience has brought ample attestation,

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 25, 1882.

THE ELECTIONS.

The decree has gone forth, and a general election for the House of Commons will take place on the 20th June next, the nominations to be held on the 13th. Already the two great political parties are stripping for the fray, preparatory to the coming fierce and exciting struggle. North Hastings will be no exception to the general rule. Although for some time it appeared likely that our present member, Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, would be allowed to "walk the course," that was knocked in the head yesterday by a meeting in Stirling when William Coe, Esq., of Madoc, was induced by his friends to allow himself to be put in the field in opposition. Mr. Coe is perhaps as well known, if not better, than any other man in the Riding, for his exertions in having the iron wealth of North Hastings developed, and this alone will make him a worthy opponent. Hon. M. Bowell is expected here in a few days, and the campaign will undoubtedly be at once opened.

We observe that James Haggerty, Esq., of Huntingdon, has been appointed Returning Officer for the Riding.

The Canada Southern Railway has again made some fast time on their line. On Thursday, 11th inst., a special Vanderbilt train ran from Amherstburg to St Thomas, a distance of 111 miles in 117 minutes, making a stop of five minutes at Ridgetown out of the 117. The same train completed the distance of 26 miles from St. Thomas to Tilsonburg, in 24 minutes. This will compare quite favorably with the Grand Junction between Belleville and this village.

RAILWAY SMASH-UP!

Fortunate Escape from Serious Consequences.

What was probably the worst smash-up that has yet occurred on this end of the Grand Junction division befel the afternoon train from Madoc on Tuesday last. The heavy train, consisting of eight or nine cars of iron ore, besides freight cars and the regular passenger coach, was just passing over the little bridge in the swamp about a quarter of a mile on this side of the lake, when the engine and tender jumped the track from some cause, and seven of the ore cars immediately followed suit, the first two or three being piled up on the top of each other in a decidedly unæsthetic manner. Fortunately the coach escaped, although the passengers were considerably shaken up and alarmed, and well they might be, as the track on either side at that point is lined with water to the depth of three or four feet, and had it overturned a serious catastrophe would undoubtedly have had to be reported. As it was, no one was injured.

A Review reporter visited the wreck that evening, and found a Grand Trunk auxiliary train and a force of about fifty men engaged in clearing away the *debris* of broken trucks, wheels, and track. The tender of the engine was completely wrecked, the latter also being disabled, while the forward ore cars were more or less converted into kindling wood. The men worked at a great disadvantage on account of the swamp on either side, every portion of the wreck having to be taken straight out on the track. They worked all night and until eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning before the obstruction was all removed, and the track repaired so that trains could pass over, and although they passed up and down yesterday, it was not until this morning that regular order was restored. Mr. Barnum is deserving of credit for the admirable manner in which his buses connected with the trains at the bridges, during the time the track was blockaded.

HUNTINGDON COUNCIL.

Town Hall, Moira, 28th April '82.

Council met on the above date. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. An account was received from W. T. White, amounting to $7, for coffin and shell for burying John Reed, a pauper, who died on the 19th inst. On motion said account was ordered to be paid. A By-law was prepared and passed annexing to S. S. No. 10 all that portion of S. S. No. 13 lying west of and including lots 15 in the 8th 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th concessions; also a By-law annexing to Union S. S. No. 3, Hungerford, all that portion of said S. S. No. 13 lying east of said lot 15 in the said concessions, and also in the 13th and 14th concessions. Accounts were presented from G. H. Boulter and J. S. Sprague, Medical Practitioners, for $5 each for examining Thomas Justice, a lunatic, which amount will be reimbursed by the County in accordance with the Statute in that behalf. The Auditors' report was taken up, read and adopted. Moved by M. Robinson, seconded by James Foster, that Isaac Peck be paid for trouble and loss sustained through the Moreland fire.—Carried. Council adjourned to meet on Monday, 29th day of May, 1882.

Rathbun & Sons' mill and lumber yard, Deseronto, is lighted with electricity. One light is 75 feet high.

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

This Association met in Madoc, May 18th and 19th. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted, after which the report of Committee on Promotion Examinations was read and approved, and the action of the Committee endorsed. It was then moved by Mr. Mackintosh, seconded by Mr. Hicks, and carried, that in order that there might be no suspicion of unfairness, the examination papers for promotion to Fourth classes instead of being sent to the teachers should be sent to prominent gentlemen at each centre, not specially interested in any one school. The gentlemen named were: For Stirling, Dr. Boulter; West Huntingdon, Jas. Haggarty, Esq.; Springbrook, H. Webb, Esq.; Marmora, T. P. Pearce, Esq.; Madoc, A. B. Ross, Esq.; Best's School, W. McLellan, Esq.; Queensboro', D. Thompson, Esq.; Bridgewater, Jas. Tuttle, Esq.; Fair's School, Thos. Fair, Esq.

The following were then appointed presiding examiners: Stirling—Messrs. Mills, Armour, Miss Henry; West Huntingdon—Messrs. Morton, Ostrom, Miss McIninch; Springbrook—Messrs. Minchin, Lott, Barragar; Marmora—Messrs. Campbell, O'Donnell, Thompson; Madoc—Messrs. Hicks, Wood, Miller, Miss Riddell; Best's School—Messrs. Beall, Peters, Miss Hales; Queensboro'—Mr. Henderson, Misses M. Brown, Britton; Bridgewater—Mr. Baker, Misses Breeze, VanBlaricund: Fair's School—Messrs. Solmes, Meikiejohn, Metcalf.

The printed regulations for the examinations were then adopted. Mr. Morton was appointed Delegate to the Provincial Association. Mr. Beall having been unable to prepare for the discussion of the subject assigned to him, read instead an article from the *Century Magazine*, entitled "Hints on Reading," after which the Association adjourned.

In the afternoon, after Roll Call, Miss Wootton taught a Primary Reading Class in a manner that could not fail to be instructive to those who saw and heard it. A short discussion on the subject followed. After a reading by Miss McDermid, Dr. McLellan introduced the subject of Intelligent Teaching of the Simple Rules. After a few introductory remarks, he began at the foundation of Arithmetic, showing how to give ideas of numbers by presenting objects arranged so as to catch the attention. He then gave hints on the methods of teaching the simple rules, and, before he closed, dwelt at some length on the importance of the Unitary Method.

After a short intermission, Mr. Hicks introduced the subject of History, dealing with it generally. He called attention to the fact that the purpose in teaching this as other subjects is to prepare the pupils to work for themselves.

Mr. Mackintosh then took up the subject of Grammar and Composition, but owing to the lateness of the hour, was unable to finish.

In the evening, Dr. McLellan delivered a most eloquent address on "Teacher and Parent in Relation to the School," to a large and deeply interested audience, who showed their appreciation of the lecture by frequent applause, and by the hearty vote of thanks tendered the lecturer at the close.

On Friday, after the minutes of previous day's session had been read and approved and the roll called, Mr. Mackintosh addressed the teachers on the approaching Uniform Promotion Examinations. After this address he resumed the discussion of Grammar and Composition, giving many valuable suggestions as to the proper teaching of these important subjects. Mr. Jenkins then discussed the Geography of North America, which he would teach by means of both map and map-sketch. After a short discussion, Dr. McLellan took up the subject of "Reading, and How to Improve it." He dwelt on the importance of Reading, calling it the key which unlocks the doors of all other knowledge. He advised teachers in teaching it to beginners to combine the word phonic with the word method, and analyse all simple words. The subject of School Management was discussed by Mr. Miller, who gave many valuable hints on the management of pupils both in the school and at home, dwelling specially on the necessity of getting the parents enterested in the school. In the afternoon, after a reading by Mr. Hicks, Dr. McLellan discussed the subject of Good and Bad Questioning, giving examples of both. He spoke first of the objects of questioning, then the qualifications of the questioner, and lastly of the characteristics of good questions. Dr. Dafoe then gave a most valuable address on Hygiene, for which he received the thanks of the Association. The Question Drawer was then opened and questions answered by Dr. McLellan and Mr. Mackintosh. A Reading by Miss Riddell followed, after which it was moved by Mr. Hicks, seconded by Mr. Miller, and carried unanimously, "That the thanks of this Association be tendered to Dr. McLellan, for his valuable assistance in making this a successful meeting." To this Dr. McLellan briefly replied.

This being the first meeting of the Association since the death of Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the following resolutions, moved by Mr. Mackintosh, seconded by Mr. Wood, were passed:—

"That this Association desires to put on record its deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the Province generally, and the cause of Education in particular, by the death of Rev. Dr. Ryerson, to whose wise conception and great administrative abilities we owe our unrivalled system of national education."

"That this Association tender their sympathy to the widow and family of Dr. Ryerson; and, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to them."

After singing the National Anthem, the Association adjourned.

Holloway's Pills.—The Great Need.—The blood is the life and on its purity depends our health, if not our existence. These Pills thoroughly cleanse this vital fluid from all contaminations, and by that power strengthen and invigorate the whole system, healthy stimulate sluggish organs, repress over-excited action, and establish order of circulation and secretion throughout every part of the body. The balsamic nature of Holloway's Pills commends them to the favor of debilitated and nervous constitutions which they soon resuscitate. They dislodge all obstructions, in the bowels and elsewhere, and are, on that account, much sought after for promoting regularity of action in young females and delicate persons who are naturally weak, or who for some cause have become so.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the united townships of Huntingdon, Limerick and Cashel, will hold its first sitting in the Orange Hall, Millbridge, on Tuesday, 20th of June next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., when appeals against the Assessment will be heard and tried in accordance with the Statutes. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

CHAS. DONALDSON,
Tp. Clerk, Tudor *et al.*

Millbridge, 16th May, 1882. 268-3t

TWO HORSES,

—AND—

ONE PAIR OF

Pleasure Bob-sleighs,

for sale on reasonable terms.

Six months' credit on furnishing approved notes.

All parties indebted are requested to pay up at once.

CHAS. S. MITCHELL.

Madoc, May 22nd, 1882.

Removed

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER

—AND—

JEWELER,

has removed his shop during the building of the new block to

FIRST DOOR NORTH

—IN THE—

Madoc House Building,

formerly Lewis T. Wolle's

MINING OFFICE,

MADOC, - ONT.

AUCTION SALE.

THE undersigned will sell by Public Auction, at his residence, Madoc, on

Saturday, June Third, 1882,

—all his—

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Stoves, Etc.,

—ALSO—

TWO HORSES,

—AND—

ONE PAIR OF

PLEASURE BOB-SLEIGHS.

The whole will be sold without reserve.

For full list of articles see bills.

Terms.—All sums of $20 and under, cash; over that amount, Six Months' Credit on furnishing approved notes.

CHAS. S. MITCHELL.

Madoc, May, 25th, 1882.

DISTRICT MEETING!

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of L. O. District, No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the Lodge room of No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on Saturday, May 27th, at the hour of 1:30 p.m. A full attendance is requested.

HUGH KETCHESON,
District Master.

Madoc, May 17th, 1882.

POCKET BOOK LOST!

ON Wednesday, 17th inst., between Malone and Madoc, a Pocket Book containing $75 or $80 in money, and three notes given by the following parties in favor of the undersigned: E. L. Weiss, $50; Jas. Conway, $110; and one made by Thos. Bouck, for $50, in favor of D. Ross, or bearer. All parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing or trading in any way for the same, as they will not be paid. $25 Reward will be given for the recovery of the above.

C. S. MITCHELL,
Madoc Village.

NEW TINSHOP IN MADOC!

:OXO:

THE undersigned wishes to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that he will open out on Monday next 15th inst., in the NEW BUILDING, 2 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S, a new and first class stock of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

—AND—

GENERAL TINWARE,

and respectfully solicits a share of the Public Patronage.

All kinds of work in my line done on the shortest notice, in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable prices.

Madoc, May 10th, 1882. GEORGE A. ROLLINS.

MADOC BOOT & SHOE STORE.

:o:

Stock now complete in all lines of

Women's Fine Kid, Goat, Calf, Buffs and Split,

in Buttoned and Balmorals. A splendid assortment of

CHILDREN'S BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Our Men's Wear has never been equal to the splendid stock we have now on hand. To name over the different styles and prices would take several columns, so we must content ourselves by telling our numerous customers that we have now what will please and suit them. Our stock of

MEN'S READY MADE CLOTHING,

is by far the cheapest we have ever handled, and we can guarantee any one who calls on us to give them styles and prices that cannot fail to meet with their approbation. In

MEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS,

our stock is complete. Drop in and see us and our old standard motto—"No trouble to show goods,"—will be fully carried out.

JOHN GRANT,
MRS. WRIGHT'S BLOCK.

Madoc, April 6th, 1882.

JOHN DALE & SON.

We are now passing into stock full lines of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE, &C.

Our Spring Stock will be complete in a few days.

We are showing the

LARGEST STOCK

—OF—

HARDWARE

in North Hastings which will be sold at

"ROCK BOTTOM PRICES."

Hardware Store one door north of Dry Goods Store.

John Dale & Son.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,
BELLEVILLE,

WILL make his last branch office trip to Madoc Village on the First Tuesday in June.

Those who desire his services will find it to their advantage to call at his office in Belleville.

Mr. Walker tenders his sincere thanks to the people of Madoc and vicinity for their kind treatment and liberal patronage for the past fifteen years.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel—next door to Bank of Commerce.

WALL PAPERS

4c,—6c,—8c,—10c,

PER ROLL AT

Wilson's Drug Store.

THORLEY'S

Horse and Cattle

FOOD,

—AT—

Wilson's Drug Store,

MADOC.

NOTICE!

COURT of REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Village of Madoc will hold its first sitting in the Town Hall in the said Village of Madoc, on Tuesday, the 6th day of June next, at the hour of Ten o'clock a. m., when appeals against the Assessment will be heard and tried in accordance with the Statutes.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

NEW — FIRM!

THE undersigned having purchased the stock and goodwill of Mr. John Harper, begs to solicit a continuance of the patronage of the public. They will keep constantly on hand a full supply of

CHOICE GROCERIES,

AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds, including

FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL
AND PORK

at the lowest possible prices.

—ALSO—

C|R|O|C|K|E|R|Y

of different kinds.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Remember the stand—Harper's Block, St. Lawrence St.

CHAMBERS & M'KINNEY.

Madoc, November 3rd, 1881.

NEW BUSINESS!

Having purchased the business lately carried on by FOSTER and RIED, I am prepared to offer a full stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready Made Clothing

I also carry a full stock of GROCERIES, & BOOTS & SHOES, which will be sold cheap.

Millinery! Millinery!

Having secured the services of MISS ELLIOTT, this department will be kept complete with a choice selection of the latest styles of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, and other Parisian Novelties.

Madoc, May 6th, 1882.

M. McLEAN.

D. A. JOHNSTON, M. D., C. M.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Queen's University, Kingston.—Office, Bridgewater, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

STEAM FITTING.

THE undersigned is now prepared to do all kinds of steam fitting, on shortest notice.
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

Local Lines.

—Six pounds Tea Dust for $1.00 at John Dale & Son's.

—Marmora Court of Revision was held on Monday last.

—The Court of Revision for this village will be held on the 6th of June.

—The first drive of saw logs for the season is expected at Belleville this week.

—Rev. Mr. Macfarlane's discourse Sunday evening will be on the "Unpardonable Sin."

—"England's Mission and Destiny," is Rev. Mr. Hutton's theme for Sunday evening.

—Watkin, of Belleville, has already shipped 4,000 boxes of cheese to Liverpool this season.

—Two or three of our young sports visited Kingston yesterday, to witness the military review.

—You can get two papers of Seeds, genuine and true to name, for 5 cents at Deans' Drug Store.

—Work was commenced at Weiss' new block on Tuesday, tearing down the old building.

—An exchange says trees have begun to blow. So have some of our fellows who have been fishing.

—Messrs. S. Munson and C. J. Pusey, two of our old mining acquaintances, were in the village this week.

—Mr. S. B. Burdett, of Belleville, was in the village this week on political business, we are informed.

—A large number of trout and salmon fry are to be placed in the lakes in the northern part of this county this week.

—The Waters gang were around again a few evenings ago, and kicking up a row as usual. The police dispersed them.

—The annual district meeting of L. O. District No. 2, will be held at Hazzard's Corners next Saturday. See advt. for particulars.

—Mr. R. S. Henderson was removed from the village on Friday last, having somewhat recovered. We understand he was taken to Friends at Napanee.

—An unusually large crowd was in the village on Saturday last, and a noisy one as well towards evening. The merchants enjoyed a large day's business.

—The watering cart made its first appearance for the season on Saturday last. It is of immense benefit to the business people on Durham street, and ought to be liberally supported.

—The *Intelligencer* says a large frame building which is to be used as a temporary hotel at Winnipeg, has been built at Flint & Holton's and will at once be shipped to boomland. It will afford accommodation for 630 persons.

—Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Limerick, preached two excellent sermons in the Canada Methodist Church here on Sabbath last, besides conducting a funeral service at Hazzard's. Rev. Mr. Macfarlane conducted Sacramental services at the Limerick appointments.

—Some of our enterprising citizens are talking of organizing a company to erect a derick for hoisting drunken men into their wagons when they begin to get troublesome. We would suggest that they gag them as well until they are fairly out of the village.

—Mr. C. S. Mitchell offers a reward of $25 for the recovery of his pocket-book and contents, advertised in these columns. We hope no one is rascal enough to keep them, especially the notes which are good to no one but the owner, when such a liberal reward is offered for honesty.

Removed

Mr. E. L. Weiss has removed his jewelry store to the Madoc House building, in the room formerly occupied by Lewis T. Wolle for the Bethlehem Mining Co., where he will be found during the building of the new block.

A Spring Medley.

The front gate swings in the misty light,
And swears at the burden it's got to bear;
From the old woodshed come the sounds of fight,
The cats are pulling each other's hair.

The rats are piping loud at the pond,
And the bull-frog's squeak in the barn is heard;
While the festive skeeter is growing fond,
And sips the claret his trunk has stirr'd.

The awful ye of the "fresh-fish" fiend
Cracks the surrounding atmosphere;
The loafer who 'gainst the lamp-post leaned
Is swilling a schooner of lager beer.

The fierce war-cry of the shanty-man
Rings wildly out on the calm night-air,
As he "whoops'er up" in the wild can-can,
Or gently smashes things with a chair.

'Way down the lane where the taters grow,
The beetles are roosting upon the fence;
Waiting with moistened jaws in a row,
For th' expected blow-out a few weeks hence

—*Grip.*

Runaway.

Mr. N. M. Maybee's team indulged in a runaway on Monday evening, near Hazzard's Corners, while bringing a load of lumber to the village. The neck yoke breaking was the cause. One of the horses was severely hurt A farmer in attempting to stop them was also knocked down and hurt.

Aestheticism.

A number of ladies and gentlemen of this village left for Belleville on Tuesday evening to see and hear the great æsthetic apostle, Mr Oscar Wilde. We shall expect the just too awfully big lovely and divinely beautiful sunflowers will be at a premium here this season, if the teachings of the great "Renaissance" have had any effect.

Midland Railway of Canada.

The traffic of the above Railway for the week ending May 13th, 1882, was as follows:

Passengers and mails, $5,550.33; freight, $13,350.05; total, $18,900.38, as compared with $12,711.03 for the corresponding week of 1881, being an increase of $3,189.35; and the aggregate traffic to date is $314,989.05, being an increase of $98,603.89 over 1881.

Township Affairs.

The next meeting of the Township Council will be held in the Town Hall, in this village, on Monday next, 29th inst. The Court of Revision will be held at the same place the following day, Tuesday, 30th, at 10 o'clock a. m. Notice has been given by advertisement in these columns, that at the Council meeting a certain road will be closed, and also a certain new road opened.

A Great Convenience.

We learn that the track of the Grand Junction has been extended at Belleville to make connection with the station of the Grand Trunk, and passengers and baggage from this line can now be left at the other station without going into the city or incurring the troublesome portage between one line and the other. The travelling public will appreciate this deference to their convenience on the part of the Midland authorities.

Our Sidewalks.

We must congratulate the Street Surveyor, Mr. Tuller, for the excellent work he is doing for our village sidewalks. The disgracefully dilapidated condition in which they were is only apparent after one has gone over the new walks just laid down. The removal of the unsightly steps at Mr. Sinclair's, the Windsor House, and O'Flynn & O'Hara's corner adds much to the appearance of the street as well as comfort to pedestrians, and the lowering of the platform leading to the post office considerably lessens the danger of that walk. Go on with the "good work," Mr. Street Surveyor, and both you and a liberal minded Council will reap your reward.

Something Wrong.

The following letter has been handed us by Mr. Coe, which he lately received from his foreman at the Wollaston mine, and shows a bad state of affairs back north. Evidently something is needed out there, either the black fly preventative or——missionaries. The only excuse for the writer of the letter is that it his first summer in the country:—

"Please send the things out per letter at once, also trace harness, and get a bottle of black fly preventative from Deans, and send some one out with it at once or I shall be eaten up. There is a new kind out this season with cross beaks. My God how they bite! You will get a letter on Tuesday night. H. JOHNSON."

Ontario and Quebec Railway.

Work to be Commenced at Once.

The *Mail* says that the money necessary to build the Ontario and Quebec railway has been paid down, and the road is now under contract, to be finished by January, 1884. The line will run north of Toronto and connect with the Credit Valley, of which it will in fact be a continuation. A station will be built at Yorkville near the tollgate, and it is expected that it will be completed in about six weeks. The branch between Kingston and Perth will probably be finished in a few months.

KINGSTON, May 19.—A gentleman who returned from New York yesterday says that on Tuesday last a meeting of the Canadian Pacific railway syndicate was held in New York, at which Mr. Hugh Ryan, of Perth, was taken into the company. Mr. Ryan is a contractor of high reputation, a railroad builder, and director of the Kingston Locomotive Works. It was decided to proceed at once with the Ontario and Quebec railway from Toronto to Ottawa, the link from Perth to Sharbot lake being taken up first. Five millions of dollars will be spent upon this work, two millions of which are now placed at Mr. Ryan's disposal. It is the policy of the syndicate to give the control and management of the different divisions of their work to separate members. Thus, Mr. Van Horne has charge of the lines in Manitoba and the North-West, Mr. McIntyre looks after the Canada Central, its extensions, and the Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, and Mr. Ryan will be responsible for the Ontario and Quebec.

Methodist District Meeting.

The annual District meeting of the Belleville District, composed of ministers and laymen in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada, is to be held in Bridge St. Methodist Church on Wednesday, the 31st inst., and the Ministerial Association of the District will meet in Holloway St. Church on the 30th inst., at 2 p. m. The following is the published programme of the Ministerial Association meeting:—The first session will be occupied with essays, addresses and discussions. The evening session will commence at 7:30, and will be devoted to the same kind of work. The following have consented to give essays or addresses on the subjects prefixed to their names:—Opening Address, Rev. W. Young; Entire Sanctification, Rev. E. Clement; Juvenile Delinquency, Rev. J. W. Savage; Is the Punishment of Sin Eternal? Rev. S. J. Shorey; The Nature and Characteristics of the Resurrection Body, Rev. P. D. Will; Christ our Model as a Preacher, Rev. R. N. Burns; Missionary Meetings, and the Way to Make them a Success, Rev. R. Walker; The New Testament on Future Punishment, Rev. W. E. Smith; Optional, Rev. J. Macfarlane; The Relation of the Church to the World, Rev. R. C. Wilkinson.

T. & O. Railway Notes.

Chief Engineer Bailey visited the works here last week and we understand expressed himself as highly pleased with the manner in which it had been done.

Engineer Sykes, in charge of the construction between here and Bridgewater, expects to remove his headquarters to the latter place in a few weeks, on the commencement of work on the contract east.

Mr. J. B. Campbell, the right-of-way man, was in the village last week.

Upwards of 400 men were paid on this contract the last pay-day. Mr. Parr informs us they have now about 200 men at work and about 60 double teams. The pay sheets for the last few months have averaged between $6000 and $7000 per month, and since the commencement of work on this contract, the contractors have paid out between $50,000 and $60,000. We ought to hear no more of "hard times" in this neighborhood for some time.

The barbed wire fences have been completed for a few miles on this end of the line.

The grading between Madoc and Bridgewater is expected to be completed in a few weeks, the only extensive work then remaining being the bridges, principally the one over Black Creek, near Bridgewater, and the completion of that over Deer Creek here. The work on these will last some two or three months yet.

MARRIED.

PYEAR—JONES.—On Wednesday, May 24th, by Rev. B. L. Hutton, Richard Pyear to Miss Matilda Jones, both of Bridgewater.

DIED.

BREAKELL.—On Saturday, 20th inst., Mr. Henry Breakell, of this village, aged 24 years and 7 months.

THE LADIES FRIEND CARPET SWEEPER
is the BEST SWEEPER made.

It allows no dust to raise, sweeps perfectly back and forward, makes scarcely any noise, saves the Carpet, saves health—because no dust.

BICYCLES! - BICYCLES!

Men's Steel Bicycles, Boys' Bicycles and Velocipedes, Girls' Doll Carriages
The Best ever made in Canada.
Ask for our adjustable Window and Door Screens, and take no other, because ours are cheapest, handsomest, most easily placed or removed. Also Cheese Safes, Provision Safes. *Manufactured by OTTER SWEEPER CO., Otterville, Ont.* 264.

Hardware!

Intending purchasers will find our Stock very complete in
Blacksmiths' Supplies, Carpenters' Tools, Carriagemakers' Hardware, House Furnishings, Builders' Hardware, and Miners' Supplies,

—ALSO—

LINSEED OILS,
TURPENTINE,
DRYERS,
DRY PAINTS,
TUBE COLORS,
WHITE LEAD, BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.

We also manufacture and keep on hand
IRONCLAD BOTTOM MILK CANS, MILK PANS
AND A FULL LINE OF SUNDRY TINWARE.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

MADOC, April 13th, 1882.

SPRING GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We are showing a large and well selected stock of

WALL PAPER,

—AND—

WINDOW BLINDS,

which will be sold very cheap.

D. C. CLARKE.

THE BEST YET!

FORSYTH'S PATENT PUMP!

Manufactured by W. FORSYTH, Peterboro',

—ALSO—

FORSYTH'S IMPROVED FANNINGMILL & SEED SEPARATOR

The undersigned has opened a branch office for the above articles in REED'S BLOCK, MADOC, where a stock will be kept on hand. Orders for Fanningmills or Pumps may be left at the Windsor House: W. J. G., *Agent, Madoc.*

W. FORSYTH,
Box 61, Peterboro', Ontario.

Madoc, April 12th, 1882.

Still on Its Travels.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an ".
—*Boston Globe.*

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find his $.
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair cross'd over neath Allah's protection,
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that $.
—*Somerville Journal.*

But he met a jockey from Yankee-land,
Before he had covered a league of ground,
And he traded the donkey to him off hand,
For a "hoss" that wouldn't draw a $.
—*Marquette Mining Journal.*

That donkey was seen by a Yankee man,
Who raised his voice and loud did holler,
"How much'll you take for that 'ere beast,
In gold or silver or paper $?"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Arab raised his head and looked,
And then to himself took a quiet laugh,
For he knew the man was a Yankee scribe,
In search of a newspaper ¶.
—*Toronto Truth.*

The Arab knew, when the man said "ere,"
He belonged to the dickering Yankee nation;
And believing Yankees never swap fair,
He paid no heed to the ?
—*Boston Globe.*

But soon was spied a Texas chap,
Who wore long hair and had a swagger;
"Look here, pard, I want that beast,"
And in the Arab stuck his ?
—*New Bedford Evening News.*

As good fortune would have it, the ? glanced,
Or it might have settled the Arab's hash;
And seizing the obelisk, the latter chanced
To make on the Texan a fatal ———.
—*Brooklyn Chronicle.*

So the ass was saved, and the obelisk too;
And homeward the Arab made his way;
To Allah his thanks he gave anew,
That a . had come to the hapless fray.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fresh and keen, and decidedly chilly, blows the October wind. The men have all deserted us, and gone out shooting. The women are scattered through the house.

Crossing the hall and the smaller drawing-room, I meet no one, and entering the larger apartment beyond, seek my favorite seat in the bow-window, where, book in hand, I ensconce myself behind the curtains, and, stretching myself upon a lounge, prepare to be lazily happy. The lace draperies falling round me entirely conceal me from view; I can see right into the conservatory without turning my head, and the seductive breath of flowers stealing towards me adds one more thrill to my enjoyment

Steadily I turn page after page. I feel I am growing interested; a very little later I feel I am growing sleepy. My lids droop. Putting my book down upon my lap, with of course the settled intention of taking it up again directly, I yawn mildly.

The door opens: with a start I become aware of Bebe's entrance. To admit I am present means conversation, and conversation with this drowsy fit upon me means misery. I therefore keep breathless silence, and Bebe, all unconscious, saunters past me, basket and scissors in hand, and goes into the conservatory.

I watch her dreamily, as with a business-like air she drags the light garden-ladder forward, and, mounting, commences to clip my very choicest blossoms for her own secret purposes.

One by one they fall into her basket. Has she no conscience? Or has she forgotten it is already October, and the flowers grow scarce? I confess to some faint indignation as I regard her, and have almost decided on rising to remonstrate with her in person, when a firm but hasty footstep upon the gravel outside excites my curiosity.

A moment later Lord Chandos pushes open the door of the conservatory, and, entering, stops short, his gaze fixed upon Miss Beatoun.

As for Bebe, between looking suddenly round and surprised at his unexpected presence there, she loses all idea of balance, and is in the act of coming with undue hurry to the ground, when Lord Chandos, stepping quickly forward, catches her and lifts her lightly down, Perhaps he is a trifle longer in the performance of this deed than is strictly necessary.

"Oh! how could you frighten one so" exclaims Bebe, coloring, and speaking ungratefully, as it seems to me, considering he has just saved her from a heavy fall. "I thought you were out shooting with the others."

"So I was; but—I forgot something, and had to return for it."

"What did you forget?—your pipe?"

"No, my gun," replies he, in the most barefaced fashion possible.

"Oh!" cries Miss Beatoun, lengthily, and then they both laugh.

"Why don't you admit at once you had no intention of shooting to-day? it would have been much honester."

"Because admissions are dangerous. It is always better policy to leave people in doubt. Yet, as I never class you in my own mind under the head of 'people,' I will confess to you it is not so much forgetfulness causes my presence here just now as a settled determination not to remember. My conscience was anything but clean when I said I had mislaid something, and should come back to find it."

"Was it really your gun?"

"No; I think I put it on cartridges, or a handkerchief, or—I am not clear what."

"And why? What was your motive? I fancied you an indefatigable sportsman—one impossible to turn aside from your prey."

"Shall I tell you my motive?" asks Chandos, in such an utterly changed low tone that Miss Beatoun, standing near the ladder, lays her hand suddenly upon it to steady herself, and retreats a step.

"Better not," she says, in a voice that trembles apprehensively, in spite of all her efforts to be calm. "Remember what you said a moment since: 'Admissions are dangerous.' Better leave me in doubt."

"I cannot. Besides, you are not in doubt. You know what it is I am going to say. I have come back here again to-day to tell you how I have tried, and found it impossible, to crush the love I bear you."

At this juncture I become aware I am in for a scene. The certainty is horrible to me. I am in such an unhappy position as enables me to see them without myself being seen. I can also hear every word they utter. In fact, there are but very few yards between us.

With shame I now recollect that Bebe once said to me that never would I be accused of "pouncing" upon delicate situations; yet, if I go out now, I shall cover them both with everlasting confusion.

What shall I do? I put my fingers in my ears as a last resource and tightly close my eyes, but somehow they will not keep shut. Every now and then I cannot help glancing to see if they are gone or going; I cannot resist removing my fingers to hear if the conation has taken a cooler turn.

Every moment I linger only makes my declaring myself more difficult. I end by giving in, and staring and listening with all my might.

Ah! why does Bebe look so determined? Why can't she yield gracefully and be happy? I would at once, were I in her place, and feel no degradation in so doing. She is flushed and miserable to look at, her large eyes seeming larger and darker than usual through pained excitement. Yet still there is so much mistaken pride impressed upon her features as makes me fear for the part she will take in the interview. If she would but listen to her heart's dictation!

"Lord Chandos, I implore you to desist," entreats Bebe, hastily, raising one hand, to prevent his further speech. "It is worse than useless."

But he only imprisons the warning hand and continues: "Nay, hear me—that is all I ask—and then, if I am again to be rejected, be it so. But surely I have been wretched long enough, and you——"

"I will not listen," murmurs Bebe, more deeply agitated. "The answer I gave you when you were poor is the only answer I can *ever* give you now." Her voice dies away, almost to a whisper.

"What do you mean by that?" exclaims Chandos, passionately. "Is the very money that I hailed with delight, principally because I dreamed it might bring me closer to to you, to prove a barrier between us? Presumptuous as it may sound, I dare to believe I am not quite indifferent to you. Your manner when we parted, your eyes when we met again down here, have fostered this belief, and yet you shrink from me."

A little inarticulate cry escapes her. One hand goes to her throat; she tries vainly to withdraw the other from his grasp.

"Contradict me—if you can," he says, in a low but vehement tone.

"This is ungenerous—unmanly," she falters, her words half choked with emotion.

"Contradict me," he reiterates.

"I can; I do," murmurs she, but so weakly that her voice can scarcely be heard.

"Is that the truth, Bebe?" says Chandos, more quietly. "Is pride to come between us now? Darling, listen to me. If you for one moment imagine I think badly of you because you refused to marry a poor man, you wrong me. I think you acted rightly. Even as I asked you that day I felt myself a coward in doing so. Was it honorable of me to seek to drag you down from all the luxuries and enjoyments to which you had been accustomed, to such a life as it was only in my power to offer? Had your answer been different, do you believe we would have been happy? I do not."

"You strike at the root of all romance," protests Bebe, with a rather sad smile.

"I decline to countenance a great deal of rubbish," returns he, vigorously. "Poverty is the surest foe that love can have. I stoutly maintain, in spite of all that poets ever wrote. But now that it no longer stands in the way, Bebe, be my wife, and let us forget the past."

"Do you think we should either of us ever forget it?" demands she, raising a small white mournful face to his. "Do you not see how it would come between us every hour of our lives? Even supposing what you say to be true, that I love you, it would be all the greater reason why I should now refuse to be persuaded into doing as you wish. Could I bear to know day by day, that my husband thought me mercenary?"

"Mercenary! I shall never think you that. How could I? How could any man blame you for shrinking from such a selfish proposal as mine? I tell you again I think you behaved very rightly in the matter.'

"Very rightly, no doubt, and very wisely, and very prudently—for myself," replies Bebe, in a cold, bitter way. "Why seek to disguise the truth? If it be true what you have supposed, that I returned your affection, I only proved myself one of those who fear to endure even the smallest privation for the sake of him they love; and what a love that must be!" She laughs contemptuously. "I fear, Lord Chandos. I am not of the stuff of which heroines are made."

"If, as you hint, I am wrong," exclaims Chandos, eagerly catching at a last chance, "if all along I have been deceiving myself in the belief that you cared for me, let me begin again now, and at least try to obtain your affection. If, when——"

"Enough has been said," interrupts she, icily—"too much Let my hand go, Lord Chandos. I want to find Mrs. Carrington."

(Mrs. Carrington is almost on the verge of lunacy by this time between fright and disappointment.)

"Is there then, no hope?" asks Chandos, sternly. "Am I to understand that you again reject me?"

"Yes, as you put it in that light. It is your own fault," bursts out Bebe, passionately. "I told you not to speak."

"Had all the world told me the same thing, I would still have spoken. Death itself is preferable to suspense. If my persistence has caused you any annoyance, Miss Beatoun, I beg you will forgive me."

"I too would be forgiven," falters Bebe, putting out a cold white hand. As he stoops to kiss it she goes on, faintly: "Will you promise me to forget you ever cared for me in—this way?"

"Impossible," returns he, abruptly, and, turning, walks out of the conservatory through the door by which he entered.

Now, is it not provoking? I feel my heart touched with pity for Lord Chandos, with resentment towards his cruel love, until, glancing towards the latter, who has stood motionless since his departure, with head bent and hands loosely clasped, the resentment fades, and compassion of the deepest takes its place.

I would give all the world to be able to go to meet and comfort her, to twine my arms around her neck, to express my sympathy. But how can I? What a treacherous creature she would think me! How mean! nothing but a pitiful eavesdropper!

Slowly she raises her head, and, breathing a heavy sigh, advances until she stands within the drawing-room.

She is awfully close to me now; I can almost touch her. How on earth am I to meet her again with this secret on my mind? If I go on feeling as I do now, I shall betray myself a thousand times within an hour.

Two large tears gather in her eyes and roll mournfully downwards.

I can bear it no longer. Whatever comes of it. I must make my presence known, and, springing from my couch, I dash aside the thick lace curtains and reveal myself.

Uttering a sharp cry, she recedes a little, then checks herself to stare at me with mingled haughtiness and astonishment.

"Yes, I was here all the time," I cry, imploringly, "and I heard every word. I was lying on this sofa, and nothing escaped me. Of course you will never forgive me for it, but indeed I did not mean to listen."

"Oh, Phyllis!"

There is such a world of reproach in her tone that I become distracted. I move towards her and break into a speech of the most incoherent description, my words falling from me with the rapidity of desparation.

"Yes, it is true," I say. "You may look at me as if you hated me, but what was I to do? When first you came in I was in a dazy, half sleepy sort of state, and not until you and Chandos were in the very middle of your discussion did I fully awake to the horrors of my situation. Had I declared myself then, it surely would have been worse; and, besides, I hoped, I believed you would have been kind to him at the end, and dreaded lest my unexpected appearance should put a stop to his proposal. However"—pathetically—"I suppose you will never forgive me."

"Oh, Phyllis, it is all over now!" is poor Bebe's unlooked for reply, as she throws herself into my arms, with a burst of grief. She is forgetful of all but her trouble. How paltry a thing in comparison with it is my small misdemeanor!

"No, no," I reply, soothingly, patting the back of her neck, which is all I can get at. "Remember the very last thing he said—that it would be 'impossible' to forget you."

"Ah! so he said. But when he has time to reflect he will see how cold and detestable were my words. He will be glad of his escape from any one so unloving. I myself wonder now, Phyllis, how I could have so spoken to him."

"I could have killed you as I listened," I say, vindictively. "How you brought yourself to behave so badly to the dear fellow is more than I can understand. And he looked so nice all the time, and was so delightfully in earnest! Oh, I know I would have given in long before he had time to say one-half what he said to you. Bebe, what made you so cold? I could have gone in and shaken you with all my heart."

"I wish you had," replies she dolefully. "Yet, perhaps things are better as they are. At all events, he cannot think meanly of me. I have shown him that, whatever else I may be, I am not a mere money-lover."

"Well, for all that, I think it a foolish thing to cut off one's nose to vex one's face," return I, with much truth and much vulgarity.

"I am not vexing any one," says Bebe.

"Yes, you are. You meant to vex Lord Chandos, and you succeeded. And you are vexing yourself dreadfully, And all for what? For that miserable thing called pride. Now, I never had any of that troublesome commodity about me, and I believe the want of it adds greatly to one's enjoyment."

"Had I accepted him I would have been wretched," murmurs she, with a sigh. Then, breaking down again: "And now that I have refused him, I am wretched too; so there is no comfort anywhere."

"I shall always for the future hate that conservatory," exclaim I, half crying. "And what was the use of my wishing at the Deacon's Well, if this is the only answer I'm to receive?"

"Was your wish about me?"

"Yes. I hoped Lord Chandos would again ask you to marry him. And see, it has happened. I forgot to wish at the same moment that you might be endowed with a little common sense. It never occurred to me that you would be rash enough to murder your happiness a second time."

"What a good little thing you are, Phyllis, to think about it at all! Well, let us not speak of it again to-day. I do not choose he shall see me with reddened lids, like a penitent. And if I cry any more I shall have to borrow some rouge from the blooming Going to color my pale cheeks. See, I still can laugh!"

"You will marry him yet," retort I, with conviction, refusing to notice the negative shake of the head she bestows upon me as she quits the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Harriet, I am freezing rapidly: will you ring the bell, as you are so near it, and let us get some more coals? Tynon seems to think we require none."

Harriet withdraws her hand reluctantly from where it is lying, warm and perdu, beneath the silky Skye snoozing on her lap, and does as she is bidden

It is terribly cold. Suddenly, and without the usual warning, winter has come upon us. We sit shivering around the fire, and abuse unceasingly the roaring logs because they won't roar faster.

Already my guests talk of leaving; already countless invitations to spend the coming Christmas in the homes of others have reached Marmaduke and me. Indeed, Harriet and Bebe—whose mother does not return to England until the coming spring—will take no refusal,

Dora's marriage is arranged to come off about the middle of the ensuing month; and even now the illustrious personage who deigned to make me presentable on my entrance into fashionable life is busying herself about the *trousseau*. It seems to me a dreary month in which to celebrate a wedding, but Sir George and Dora do not see it in this light, and talk gayly of all the delights to be culled from a winter in Rome.

"Where is Lady Blanche?" I ask, suddenly, awakening to the fact that for some hours I have not seen her.

"She complained of a headache shortly after the departure of the shooting-party," says Dora, who is as usual tatting, "and went to her own room."

"Dear me! I hope it is nothing serious," I say, anxiously, my conscience accusing me of some slight neglect. "I thought she did look rather pale when I met her in the hall."

"I don't think you need be uneasy, dear," remarks Harriet, mildly, with a suspicious twinkle in her eyes; "Blanche's headaches never come to anything. Probably she will be quite herself again by dinner-time."

"Perhaps she felt a little dull—when the gentlemen were gone," suggests dear Dora, very innocently, without raising her white lids.

Harriet laughs maliciously, and pulls her Skye's ears; and, thus encouraged, our gentle Dora smiles.

"It seems rude, though, not to inquire for her, does it not?" say I with hesitation. "I think I will just run up and ask if there is nothing that I can do for her."

So saying, I put down my work—a wonderful piece of imagination in the shape of a beaded collar for Cheekie, Bebe's fox-terrior, which ever since its arrival has evinced a decided preference for me beyond its mistress—and, going up-stairs, knock at the door of the "round" room that Blanche occupies.

"Come in," returns her ladyship's voice, carelessly, evidently thinking she is addressing one of the domestics.

I turn the handle and enter.

At the farther end of the room, robed in a pale blue dressing-gown richly trimmed with lace, sits Blanche, looking by no means so ill as I had expected to see her. Indeed, the clearness of her eyes and the general air of liveliness about her agree badly with her tale of headache.

She has before her a tiny writing-table, and in her hand a very elaborate pink sheet of note-paper, heavily monogramed. It is covered with close writing, and as I open the door she is in the act of folding it. As her eyes meet mine, however, with a sudden want of presence of mind, scarcely worthy of her, she hesitates, and finally ends by putting it hastily between the leaves of her blotter.

She has flushed slightly, and looks put out. Altogether I cannot help seeing that my visit is as ill-timed as it is unwelcome.

She rises to meet me, and in doing so throws a goodly amount of elegant languor into her face and form.

"I was so sorry to hear of your not feeling well," I hasten to say as sympathetically as I can. "I came to see if I could do anything for you."

"So good of you"—with a weary smile—"so kind to take all this trouble! But, thank you, no. I am a perfect martyr to these attacks, and I find when seized with one that rest and entire freedom from conversation are the only cures. I have such a wretched head," putting her hand pathetically to her forehead. "At such times as these I am utterly useless, and the worst companion possible."

"A headache must be a miserable thing," say I, thinking all the while how uncommonly well she bears hers.

"Yes," resignedly. "You never have one. I suppose."

"Oh, never; I hardly know what it means—the sensation you speak of. I am so desperately healthy, you see. I dare say it comes from living in the country all my life and never keeping late hours. Perhaps"—smiling—"when I get to London I shall learn all too soon."

"I hope not, for your own sake,"

"I fear you will be terribly *ennuyee* up here all by yourself. If you would come down to the library it would be much more cheerful for you. There is a good lounge there; and you need not talk unless you wish it."

"Thank you very much, but indeed I am better where I am. I hate inflicting myself upon my friends when I am so hopelessly out of spirits. Perhaps by and by—towards evening—I shall lose this feeling of heaviness. I generally do, indeed, if I remain perfectly quiet during the day. Until then, dear Mrs. Carrington, I must ask you to excuse me. But"—going back to her own seat, withdrawing the coquettish little note from its concealment, and proceeding to fold it into a cocked-hat with elaborate openness—"will you not sit down for a few minutes?"

I accept the hint.

"No, indeed. I will leave you to get a little sleep, so that we may be the more sure of seeing you among us this evening."

Much pleased with this speech, which sounds to my own ears particularly graceful, I move towards the door and vanish.

"Well, how is she?" asks Bebe, coming upon me unexpectedly, and speaking in a suppressed and agitated tone, as though some one were dead or dying in the next room. "Is she anything better, poor darling? Does the doctor hold out the faintest chance of her recovery? Speak, and relieve my burning anxiety!"

"I don't believe she is ill at all," I return, in high disgust. "She looks perfectly well, and her color quite as bright as ever."

"A hectic flush, dearest. I fear our sweet friend is in a bad way. How could you look at her without seeing the ravages of disease? Dear Phyllis, I doubt you are sadly wanting in discernment. What did our 'stricken deer' say to you?"

"Oh, she put on an affected drawl, and called herself a wretched being, and pressed her forehead tragically, and was meekly resigned in every way, and looked most provokingly healthy all the time. I know I was not half as sympathetic as I ought to have been."

Bebe breaks into merry laughter. We have turned a corner, and are on our way down stairs, by this. "Look here, Phyllis!" cries she: "you may take my word for it, the fair Blanche is this moment in as sound health as you or I."

"But why, then, immure herself into her room and act the martyr?"

"Tired of our company, probably, dear. We all understand Blanche's vapors by this time. The men have gone out, you see, not to return until dinner-hour, and women are so terribly insipid. My lady's dresses want renovating, it may be, and surely this is a capital opportunity to see to them. *Voila tout.*"

"And could she not say so? Why tell a lie about such a trifle?"

"Blanche has a talent for lying. A pity to let it run altogether to waste, is it not? She enjoys a little mystery now and then; and, besides, she would die of chagrin if she thought we knew she ever spent an hour upon the *doing up* of her things. We all have our 'little weaknesses,'" says Miss Beatoun, comically, as we enter the drawing-room.

Somehow, the remembrance of that pink note and the faint confusion exhibited by Blanche Going on my entrance into her room lingers in my mind. I feel a vague dislike to the monogramed epistle. For whom was it meant?

Off and on during the remainder of the day this question haunts me, and only a supreme effort of the will prevents my connecting it with the name of "Marmaduke."

Surely surely, I cannot be becoming that most detestable of all things, a jealous, suspicious wife!

I am unhappy and restless in spite of all my endeavors to be otherwise. I wander through the house conversing in feverish gayety with any one I chance to meet, longing eagerly, I scarcely know why, for the return of the sportsmen. Yet, as the twilight falls and the shades of evening gather, instead of waiting for their coming I leave Dora in full possession of the tea-tray, and, quitting the drawing-room, go up-stairs to pass a solitary and purposeless hour in my boudoir—the pretty little sanctum, all blue and silver, that associations have endeared to me.

Finding myself as restless here, however, as elsewhere, I leave it as the clock chimes half-past six, and, turning into the picture gallery, begin to stare stupidly enough upon the grim cavaliers and immodest shepherdesses, who in their turn stare back at me.

Suddenly I become conscious that some cold air is blowing upon me, and, raising my eyes, perceive the lower window to be partly open. I shiver, and involuntarily move forward to close it.

Outside this window runs a balcony, reached by stone steps from the ground beneath, and as I draw nearer to it sounds coming from thence fall upon my ears—first a woman's voice, and then a man's.

Their words, though softly uttered, are thoroughly distinct; a fragment of their conversation, unchecked by the chill wind, passes close by me and makes itself heard.

"So *you* thought *once*. You cannot have altogether forgotten the old times—the past memories——"

It is Blanche Going's voice, and the accent strikes me as being reproachfully, nay *tenderly*, impassioned.

For a moment my heart stops beating. A cold dampness covers my face. I *cannot* move. I hardly dare to breathe. Oh, to whom are these words addressed? *Whose* voice will give her back an answer?

Sir Mark speaks; and with a relief that through its intensity is for the instant acutest pain, I stagger against the wall near me and stand motionless to recover calm.

"Can anything be more melancholy than 'old times?'" murmurs Sir Mark, lightly, without the faintest trace of tenderness in his tone. "Believe me, we can have no real happiness in this life until we have learned successfully how to forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is no record of the Good Samaritan distributing tracts. He made tracks, but they were in the direction of the man who had fallen by the wayside.

An honest old man of Dundee went to set himself on a settee; he sat down with a bump, but sprang up with a jump. "That seat is reserved," said the bee.

"Cane-bottomed chairs," repeated the countryman, studying the upholster's sign. "Cain bottom chairs did he? I want to know! Can't hardly believe it, but then these 'ere city chaps knows. Won't our dominie be took back, though, when I tell 'im."

An old farmer was in town last week looking for an editor's table on which to build a hen's nest. He explained that he had learned from the papers that the biggest eggs were always laid on the editor's table, and he wished to ascertain whether the papers lied or not.

In English Burmah a Burman may decorate his kilt with any number of representations of the peacock. An Upper Burman would be promptly put in jail—he would even run some risk of being killed outright—if he ventured upon one. Peacocks are for personages of the Burman blood-royal.

Before the vessel carrying the elephant Jumbo got under way recently off Gravesend a bottle of whiskey was presented to the big African passenger, who, having allowed the full contents to be poured into his proboscis, closed the valve tightly, carried the draught to his mouth without spilling a drop, and made his customary sign for more.

The Jewish population of the world now numbers about 7,000,000 persons, of whom over 5,500,000 are in Europe. Of these latter, Russia has about 2,700,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,500,000; Germany, 650,000; and Roumania, 400,000. Thus these four States contain about 5,250,000 of Jews, Turkey only 100,000, England and Holland 70,000 each, and France but 50,000.

Education does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's looks, with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's act of forbearance, with birds'-nests admired but not touched, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence and deeds of virtue.

The number of oysters which an oyster-park will yield is considerable. One of about ten acres at Arcachon gave five million young oysters in one favorable season from four hundred thousand old ones laid down the year before. In this locality the French Government maintains reserved banks of five hundred acres, which are fished only every three years, and in 1879 as many as twenty-five million oysters were gathered from them.

A MIDNIGHT MARVEL.

A Young Woman Somnambulist Falls From a Third Story Window—What a Neighbor Saw—A Mysterious Appearance at the Door—Miraculous Escape.

A thrilling event happened some nights since in Montreal which has since been the subject of conversation among those immediately concerned, but has been most jealously concealed from the general public. A young woman engaged as a domestic servant with a family living on St. Antoine street near St. Martin, has been in the habit of walking in her sleep. Her bedroom is in the third story or attic and its window is some thirty feet or more from the sidewalk. During her somnambulistic wanderings on on the night in question she went to the window, broke throught the double window and fell with a heavy thud on the sidewalk below. This was after midnight, and a neighbor living across the street observed a white figure prostrate on the sidewalk. He watched it, he could not see it distinctly. It crawled slowly out into the middle of the street, which was in a shockingly muddy condition, and then turned along toward the city. The movements of this white figure were peculiar, but he naturally believed it to be a large white dog. The figure, however, appeared to rise up and stagger onward like a drunken woman. The somnambulist must have turned again, for the girl says when she regained consciousness she was standing at the corner of Chatham street, attired in her nightgown. She rose and returned to the house, rang the bell and waited for the appearance of her astonished mistress.

The window was examined and the opening was large enough for her body to go through, while her hands and one arm were somewhat cut by the glass during the breakage.

The lady had just two hours before heard a noise, which for the moment startled her. Her husband was away from home at the time, and the prospect of burglars was not agreeable, but she soon went to sleep again. When the bell rang at that strange hour she thought it must be her husband returning, but this seemed extremely improbable. After a short consultation she rose up, dressed herself, and went down stairs to the front door. She unlocked it to find the trembling form of her servant waiting on the threshold, pale and benumbed with the cold. Her nightdress was besmeared with mud from her having crawled through the filthy street. The mystery seemed inexplicable, and the poor girl was put to bed again.

Learning that Dr. Gardner had been sent to attend her, a reporter called upon him. He replied to a question, "Yes, I was called to see Mrs. ———'s servant girl. I only saw her once; the poor girl was covered with bruises, but she sustained no very serious injuries."

"But how could she have fallen such a distance and escape so?" asked the reporter.

"It is very remarkable," the doctor replied. "I saw the window, which is some thirty feet from the ground, and the hole in it is large enough for her body to pass through. I have no doubt at all that she fell from there to the wooden sidewalk below. She had no bones fractured nor did she sustain any internal injuries. The difficulty was to keep her in bed at all. She wanted to go about her work the very next day. She was very badly bruised, though, in different parts of her body."

Siberia Overrun with Mice.

After all, the Czar is not to have all his own way in Asia. While a dull world has been imagining that the British Government was taking no steps to prevent that consummation, the whole edifice of the Russian Empire is, it appears, on the point of collapse. With an amount of astuteness that does him every credit, Lord Ripon has kept silent on the matter, but the Calcutta *Englishman* at lasts lets the cat—or rather the mice—out of the bag. These are England's allies in the grand work of staying the course of Russian aggression. Afghan help might be treacherous, not to mention its costliness; Persian aid does not count for much, the Chinese would probably not appear in the field until a few years after the struggle had terminated. As for the Turkomans, what bribe have we to offer those predacious people compared to that blissful looting of India which Russia could tangle before their eyes? An ally had plainly to be looked for in some new quarter, and, almost without the looking for, this kind friend has already appeared. Our Calcutta cotemporary reports that countless myriads of Indian mice have made their way to South-Eastern Siberia, plundering granaries and destroying crops wherever they go. On they march, relentless, remorseless, through Fergana, through Semiretchausk, and right up to the shores of Lake Balkasch. The affrighted people know not what to do to stem the devastating deluge, and even the dauntless Russian warriors turn pale when the cry goes forth, "The mice are coming!" Rome was saved by geese; perhaps history will hereafter relate how the English Empire, after being very nearly lost by human geese, was saved by mice.—*London Globe.*

Poor Children.

We owe more to poor children than we think. Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get. Luther sang ballads in the street to get the funds for an education. Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it alone. Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed and worked very hard. Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom at work. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning and do washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school teacher. Captain Eads was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of those people have been idle or whiled away their time at street corners, or at games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.

This is the way to arrange that Hindoo paragraph: When a Hindoo swears he takes hold of the tail of a cow. In this country when a man takes hold of the tail of cow he swears.

HOUSEHOLD FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

Fortune comes well to all that comes not late.

They who live in history only seem to walk the earth again.

Despatch is the soul of business and method the soul of despatch.

That which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

Whatever poet, orator or sage may say of it, old age is still old age.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

The country is lyric, the town dramatic. When mingled they make the most perfect musical drama.

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.

Out of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves into low spirits and indignation about troubles that will never come.

A fisherman's prayer when he put to sea was: "Keep me, O God, my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." That is a suitable prayer for the young beginning their voyage over the sea of life.

Principle now-a-day has degenerated so much into expediency that it has given rise to the following comparison: "Now-a-day principle is a kind of ballast, like the ballast in a balloon, which must be thrown overboard if the traveller wishes to rise. It keeps you steady, but it keeps you down."

Quaint old Andrew Fuller writes truly that contentment consisted not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire: not in multiplying wealth, but in substracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear men's clothing in getting them, spoil men's teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly in eating them.

Social Detective Service.

He:

If he was at the lodge last night, look in his pockets for theatre tickets.

If he saw the other one yesterday, there will be a hair or traces of powder on his vest pattern.

If he brings home to his wife a "peacemaker" at midnight, he was not "working on those books."

If he thinks she "ought to visit mother, for she needs rest and recreation," it will be found the governess is good-looking.

If he is gay and tender all day, he will not be at home till 1 A. M. Then is the time to get a new bonnet.

She:

If she "just despises him" he is the one she intends to marry.

If she dotes on her "dear Marie," that part of feminine anatomy which is the home of envious jealousy, could it be opened, would be found seething and bubbling.

If she "made this cake in a mortal hurry, in fact, just threw it together," it was the work of hours, and she is proud of it.

If she "just threw on those old duds fearing it might rain, and only intended an informal call," she is bedecked in her best holiday attire.

If she is at tea time "tired to death, worked hard all day long," she read a novel on the lounge or was at the matinee.

If she is troubled with delicate nerves, requiring considerable medical attention, the family physician is a handsome man.—*St. Louis Post.*

GLEANINGS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Plug up mice holes with soap. The mice will not go through.

A small piece of charcoal, in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Cut bread fine for filling for fowls; this is better than to crumble it. No sogginess.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much.

Milk cans or pans not kept clean, are liable to impart to the milk a dangerous fermentive poison.

It is a mistaken idea to cover a carpet with drugget in the belief that it saves it. What wears out carpets is the grinding on the floor, and the protection should come from beneath.

Water which has stood in an open dish over night should not be used for cooking or drinking, as it will have absorbed many foul gases. Cover the glass or pitcher in which water stands if you wish to keep it pure.

Flour is like butter, it absorbs smells readily. It should not be kept in a place where there are onions, fish, vegetables decaying or other odorous substances, nor in a damp room or cellar. Keep in a cool, airy room, where not exposed to a freezing temperature, nor at above 70°, and always sift before using.

A Parrot Story.

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, interspersed with acrobatic feats. At the end of each trick the sailors said, "Now isn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?" With each act of the performance their astonishment increased, and they kept muttering "Wonder what he'll do next?" The parrot heard this exclamation so often that he picked it up off-hand, as it were. Presently the Japanese undertook to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks ignited at both ends, but, having his attention distracted by a movement in the audience, he allowed one of the sticks to drop. Unfortunately it fell upon a heap of fire-crackers, bombs, &c., which exploded, blew out the walls, blew off the roof, scattered the audience in all directions, and sent the parrot, minus its tail-feathers and one eye, about four hundred yards. As the bird came down with a flop, it shrieked, "Wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

DARWIN.

The Last Days of the Celebrated Naturalist.

Mr. Darwin, whose health had not for many years been good, had been suffering from a weak heart for some little time past, with recurring fits of faintness, but he was not sufficiently ill to be confined to his room, nor, indeed, until within a fortnight, to the house. About two months since the symptoms developed themselves in a more aggravated form, and about a month ago he was forbidden to walk up or down stairs, as the exertion was considered too much for him. A chair was accordingly constructed on which he was conveyed to and from his bedroom on the upper floor, but with rare exceptions he was sufficiently well to leave his room and be carried to his study, from which he walked to the adjoining rooms, or when the weather was favorable, for a short distance into the grounds he loved so well. During this period he never ceased from pursuing such work as his strength would admit of his doing, and even so late as Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, he was in his stady examining a plant which he had instructed one of his servants to bring him. At half-past 8 he was carried up to his room where he read for a short time before going to bed. About midnight, however, he was attacked with pain in the chest, faintness, and nauseau and a carriage was at once dispatched to St Mary Cray for Dr. Alfrey, who as quickly as possible was in attendance, and stayed with him to the end. After the arrival of the medical gentleman, and the administration of such remedies as were necessary, Mr. Darwin rallied somewhat, and the pain left him, but he remained in an extremely distressed condition of weakness until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when his death took place. In the meantime Dr. Moxon had been sent for from town, but he only arrived a very short time before Mr. Darwin's decease. The patient remained quite conscious until within a quarter of an hour of his death, at which Mrs. Darwin, his son, Mr. Frank Darwin, who has for some time acted as his secretary, and his two daughters, Miss Darwin and Mrs. Litchfield were present. At the moment of his death, he was sitting, supported by his son, by the side of the bed, on which he was reverently laid so soon as it was found that all was over.

About five-and-twenty or thirty years since, Mr. Darwin went through a long course of hydropathic treatment at Malvern and had a special bath made for him at Down which he constantly used for a couple of years afterward. In the village of Down, which is between six and seven miles from Bromley, and near Cudham, he was scarcely ever seen, as he confined himself almost exclusively to the grounds adjoining his home, in which most of the experiments of which the world have had the advantage were made. It was here that he pursued his close study of the habits of worms which form the subject of his latest work, minutely adjusted frames of three feet square being fixed in various places to enable him to follow their exact habits under varying circumstances; and here it was also that he pursued those researches the results of which were afterward given in his remarkable book on "The Movements of Plants."—*London Standard.*

Improvement in Steel Manufacture.

A promising test was recently made of the Griffith low-pressure fixed vertical converter in the presence of a number of prominent English iron and tin-plate manufacturers. Blows were made with a maximum blast pillar of 4½ lb. per square inch, each blow taking an average of twenty minutes. The yields were good, and the steel produced of excellent quality, soft and ductile, suitable for merchant bars or tin plates. Some of the steel was worked and yielded during the test. No spiegeleisen was used, the only addition being 1 per cent. of ferro-manganese. The advantages claimed for the process are its simplicity and small cost of plant, and that no skilled labor is required to work it. It can be worked by an ordinary blowing-engine giving a maximum blast pressure of 5 lb. per square inch. A 2-ton converter working ten hours per day, will make 120 tons of soft steel per week; the cost of such converter, under favorable circumstances, being about $1,250, thus placing a steel-making plant in the hands of small manufacturers. These converters can be increased in size and worked in duplicate to any extent. An important fact in this converter is that it can be worked with four or six tuyeres fixed horizontally. By a simple mechanical arrangement, a stopper or plug in each tuyere is actuated by steam or air, and shuts the tuyere at the proper time. There is also a slag hole, which runs the cinder off during the early stage of the blow, relieving the metals of some of its impurities, thus reducing the time in operation to a minimim. The dephosphorizing process may also be applied to this method, which the inventor thinks is likely to take the place of the more costly plants, and eventually do away with the wasteful and laborious puddling process.

A Better Bite.

An ingenious tramp, thinking to wring tears and money assistance from the stoniest hearts with a new scheme, gave it an experimental trial in the North End. He has decided not to patent the invention. He told a North End lady of his unfortunate condition, and asked if he might eat some of the grass in the yard. The lady, not less amused than surprised said:

"Certainly."

He went out, and getting down on all fours commenced on the grass after the neglected and never popular fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently not enjoying the diet any more than that ancient sinner of olden time. Presently the tramp's anxious eye caught sight of the servant girl beckoning to him from the back yard. He thought a rich reward for his humility was in store and instantly responded.

"Did you motion to me?" said he.

"Yes."

"What did you want?" He now wore a look of most hopeful expectancy.

"You may go in the back yard if you want to. The grass is taller there."

"We'll shake once more for the quinine," as the ague said to the victim.

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk on an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

"They tell me Brown has a great ear for music," said Fenderson. "Yes," replied Fogg. "I knew he had a great ear, two of them, in fact; but I did not know that they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing flies off the top of his head."

Cured a 20 Year's Invalid.

Nov 422 Eutaw Street, Baltimore Maryland.—Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly twenty years. Your "Favorite Prescription" has cured her. Gratefully,

R. T. McCAY.

"I can't get up early," said a poor victim to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at 4 in the morning."

To Consumptives,

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

At a restaurant: Waiter advances, "Ros' beef corn beef, 'n kale, veal pot-pie, bos——"Gimme a piece o' pie 'n cup o' cider." Advancing to the next customer, "Ros' beef, corn beef 'n kale, veal-pot——" "Gimme a piece 'o pie 'n cup o' tea." To the next, "Pie and cider, or pie and tea?" That waiter "sized up" his crowd.

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Warehouse 10 and 12 King-st East, Toronto

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

For Purifying the Blood.

This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa arising from internal ulceration and uterine diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

so pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults

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The undersigned has for sale in various counties in this province

HALF-A-DOZEN IMPROVED FARMS

which may be purchased at a moderate price and upon most favourable terms of payment. Full particulars will be given upon application. Intending purchasers will do well to state their wants to the advertiser who will probably be able to suit them.

A. M. COSBY,

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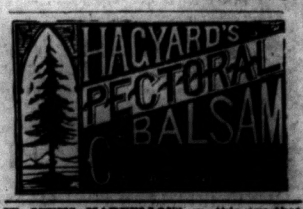

IT SEEMS MARVELLOUS in this age that people should pass a good portion of their lives in misery for the want of a little medical knowledge. For instance, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, also Nervous and Muscular Power may be easily cured by the use of Preston Mineral Water, A NATURAL REMEDY, pure and unadulterated as it gushes from the bowels of mother earth. Hundreds of sufferers after using everything obtainable have been permanently cured in a short time by the use of this simple natural remedy which actually contains all of the virtues of nearly all of the known mineral waters combined, in addition to the invaluable qualities peculiarly its own. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Diseases, and General Debility, all succumb to this wonderful Natural Mineral Water. IT NEVER FAILS. Do not throw away your money and health on ignorant quacks or patent nostrums, worthless and injurious as they are expensive, but use this cheap, healthful and invigorating remedy furnished by mother nature, for the use of afflicted mankind. Ask your druggist for it, Preston Mineral Water. Take no other. A. H. DIXON, 307 King-st west, Toronto sole agent for Canada.

N. B.—Preston Mineral Water used in conjunction with Dixon's New Treatment for Catarrh will absolutely eradicate and permanently cure the worst case of Catarrh in a few weeks, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. Treatise on Catarrh free. Enclose stamp for reply. For sale by all respectable druggists.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS or BLOOD,

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Thanking my past customers for their generous support, and soliciting a continuance of the same, as they may depend on first-class work.

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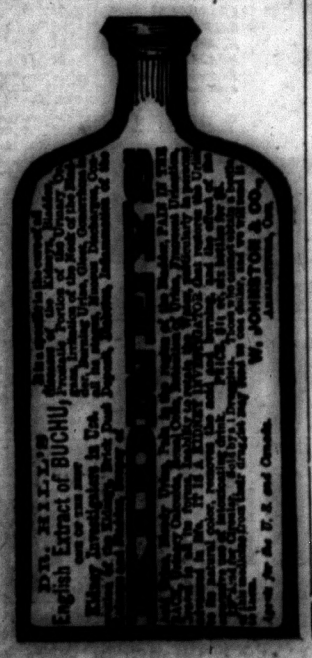
Madoc, Feb., 22nd, 1882.



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Which will be sold at the

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Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

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The undersigned begs to announce to his customers and the public generally, that he has one of the finest stock of Groceries and Liquors in Madoc, consisting of Teas, Sugars, Spices, Oat Meal, Dried Apples, Soda, Starch, Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines, Corned Beef. Tamatoes, Corn Peaches, Pickles, Baking Powder, Corn Starch, Figs, and everything else kept in a first-class Grocery. The Finest brands of Liquors imported direct from the manufacturers. Gooderham and Wort's Proof Rye and Malt Whiskies always in stock.

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This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

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And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

BOWEN & ELLIS

HAVE pleasure in announcing to the people of Madoc and vicinity that they have purchased the stock and good will of Mr. N. D. Peters, and will continue the business in the same stand, O'Flynn Block.

A general stock of

TEAS, SUGARS, PROVISIONS, TOBACCOS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

will be kept constantly on hand. A call solicited.

TERMS CASH.

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Madoc, 7th March, 1882.

All parties indebted to D. Bowen are requested to call and settle at once.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods

ESTABLISHED 1858.

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DESIRES to notify the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity that his stock is now fully complete, but as it is the

LARGEST AND MOST VARIED

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A call will convince every one that the stock is LARGE and NEW, the quality of the Goods GENUINE, and the prices FAIR.

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Just received a case of

SPRING HATS,

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A splendid assortment of

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A good variety in

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See our new

RIBBONS,

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MOIRE, PLAIDS, & SASH RIBBONS.

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Cheapest & Largest ASSORTMENT

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Embroideries commencing at 3 cents a yard. Inspect our stock and note the prices.

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